Shakespeare's Ovid: Being Arthur Golding's Translation Of The Metamorphoses (1904)

Arthur Golding
W. H. D. Rouse

SHAKESPEARE'S OVID BEING ARTHUR GOLDING'S TRANSLATION OF THE METAMORPHOSES EDITED BY W. H. D. ROUSE, LITT.D.

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EDITED BY PROFESSOR GOLLANCZ

THE DE LA MORE PRESS FOLIOS

III. OVID'S METAMORPHOSES

The. xv. Bookes of P. Ouidius Naso, entytuled Metamorphosis, translated oute of *Latin into English meeter, by* Arthur Golding Gentleman,

A worke very pleasaunt
and delectable.

With skill, heede, and judgement, this worke must be read,
For else to the Reader it standes in small stead.

Imprynted at London, by
Willyam Se----

Lo 10.568.5

*

"As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the witty soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare."—*Francis Meres*, 1578.

"Ovidius Naso was the man; and why indeed Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention."
—*Loves Labour's Lost.*

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INTRODUCTION

SHAKESPEARE AND OVID.—Amongst the direct sources of Shakespeare's works, after North's *Plutarch* and Holinshed, probably the most important was Ovid. The *Fasti*, the *Heroides*, and the *Metamorphoses* were just such works as would be most likely to impress a young mind; and Shakespeare's early ambition seems to have been to be the English Ovid, whilst accident made him a dramatist. Thus in his *Lucrece* and his *Venus and Adonis* he directly challenges comparison. His themes are of the same romantic and imaginative stuff; his method the same rich and picturesque description; and the motto upon the title of the *Venus and Adonis* shows that he took the attempt seriously. In this respect he judged truly of his powers, although he enormously underestimated them. Other dramatists have pourtrayed the doings and the fate of men so as to move our souls; but no other has taken us into fairy land, and made imps and fays live before us as Shakespeare has done. Ben Jonson and Middleton have done something for demons and witches; Goethe has realized a devil; but with Shakespeare alone the world of faery seems to be real and reasonable as flesh and blood.

Professor T. S. Baynes has shown by a detailed examination, that Shakespeare knew the grammar-school course.[1] In Holofernes, the poet represents the pedantic teaching which might have been heard in many a country schoolroom; and shows his familiarity with the various methods of instruction then in vogue, the technical terms of rhetoric, and the favourite authors. There are besides many references and allusions in Shakespeare to the classical authors, which in part may, but need not be due to floating knowledge. In particular, it is clear that he knew Ovid in the original. On the title page of *Venus and Adonis*, one of the three works which he published himself under his own name, he places the following motto taken from the *Amores* (I. XV. 35-6), which was not yet translated into English:

> Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
> pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

He makes two quotations from the *Heroides*, and one from the *Metamorphoses*.[2] The selection of Titania as the name of his Fairy Queen seems to be due to the text of the *Metamorphoses*, where it frequently occurs as an epithet of various goddesses, such as Diana, Latona, Circe, Hecate.[3] The name does not occur in Golding's translation, where it is always paraphrased; and it happily sums up the magical and mystic associations of mythology. A large number of tales and episodes found in Ovid are referred to or used by Shakespeare, especially in his earlier plays. In *Titus Andronicus*, for instance, the treatment of Lavinia is borrowed from the "tragic tale of Philomel."[4] To enter now upon detailed examination of his allusions would be out of place.

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[1] T. S. Baynes, *Shakespeare Studies* (Longman, Green & Co., 1896) 178 ff. His essay on *What Shakespeare Learnt at School* occupies a large part of the volume. The latest researches on the subject are summed up and supplemented by H. R. D. Anders, *Shakespeare's Books: A Dissertation on Shakespeare's Reading and the Immediate sources of his Works* (Berlin: Reimer, 1904), Schriften der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft Bd. I.

[2] Her. i., 33-4 in *Taming of the Shrew* iii., 1. 28; Her. ii. 66 in 3; Hen. VI., i., 3. 48; Met. i. 150 in *Tit Andr*, VI., 3. 4; Anders, p. 21.

[3] Baynes, p. 210.

[4] Baynes, p. 216. For details of Shakespeare's debt to Ovid, and the classical writers generally, *see* Baynes 223 ff., and Anders 24 ff., who introduces one or two new points.

THE BODLEIAN OVID.—There is however another piece of evidence which deserves to be mentioned. In the Bodleian library is a copy of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, printed by Aldus in 1502, which bears on the title page the signature 'Wm. Shr.,' and opposite is written in what appears to be a seventeenth century hand: 'This little Booke of Ovid was giuen to me by W. Hall who sayd it was once Will. Shaksperes T.N. 1682.'[1] John Hall, it will be remembered, married Shakespeare's daughter Susanna. The genuineness of the inscriptions has of course been questioned, but there is nothing about them to suggest forgery. It has been pertinently remarked that a forger would hardly have abbreviated the name. He would have been likely, we may add, to write J. Hall instead of W. Hall, and to give more information than the initials T.N. The vague allusiveness is in their favour; and probably they would have been at once accepted, but that the find was felt to be too good to be true. The book has been used by more than one person for study. One has written in a fine minute hand meanings and paraphrases in Latin above the text throughout the earlier part of the volume. Many verses have been underlined, especially in the earlier books, and very few pages but show some marks of use. There are also marginal scribblings and caricatures, which are carelessly done, and do not appear to be so old as the rest.

EARLY TRANSLATIONS OF OVID.—Ovid was a favourite with the early translators. Caxton prepared for the press, but did not print, a translation of the *Metamorphoses*; and Wynkyn de Worde printed in 1513, selections from the *Art of Love*. After the middle of the sixteenth century there are (besides Golding) Turberville's *Heroides* (1567), Underdowne's *Ibis* (1569), and Churchyard's *Tristia* (1580). Later we have Marlowe's *Elegies*, the *Amores* (1597), Browne's *Remedie of Love* (1599), and others in the early years of the seventeenth century.

GOLDING'S OVID.—Besides these, two pamphlets deserve mention as forerunners of Golding. One is "The Pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis," translated by Thomas Peend (1565). The title of the second deserves quoting in full.

"The Fable of Ovid treting of Narcissus, translated out of Latin into Englysh Mytre, with a moral therunto, very pleasante to rede. MDLX.

God resysteth the proud in every place,
But unto the humble he geveth grace
Therefore trust not to riches, beauti nor strength
All these be vayne and shall consume at length.

Imprynted at London by Thomas Hacketh, and are to be sold at hys shop in Cannynge Strete, over agaynste the thre Cranes.

The contents of this pamphlet, which is not paged, are these: The Prenter to the Booke (1 p.); The Argument of the Fable (1 p.); Ovid's Fable (4 pp. in couplets, lines of 12 syllables and 14 syllables alternately); The Moralization of the Fable in Ovid of Narcissus (26 pp. in seven-line stanza). Imprint: *on reverse* Woodcut of Hunters with bows and dogs.

The title suggests Golding's own, so 'pleasant and delectable,' with its doggrell couplet. The publication of the pamphlet may have suggested the work to young Golding; perhaps he may even have owed something to the metre, which differs from Golding's own by a pause in place of a foot in the first

[1] See an article (kindly pointed out to me by Mr. Madan) by F. A. Leo in *Jahrbuch der Shakespeare-Gesellschaft* XVI., 367 ff. The name does not appear to me to be *Shakspere*, as Leo writes it. The two *e*'s, though defective seem to be there, but the *r* is slurred.

line of each couplet. The long line had however already been used for a similar purpose by Thomas Phaer in his *Seven first Bookes of the Eneides of Virgill* 1558, continued in 1562. But if Golding owed a suggestion to his predecessor, he owed little else, as a brief extract will show.

> This man the fearefull hartes, inforcynge to hys nettes
> The caulyng nimphe one daye, beheld that nether ever lettes
> To talke to those that speake, nor yet hathe power of speeche
> Before by Ecco this I mene, the dobbeler of skreeche.

Five years after the publication of the *Fable of Ovid treting of Narcissus*, Golding printed his first attempt on the *Metamorphoses* under the following title:

> The Fyrst Fower Bookes of / P Ouidius Nasos Worke, intitled / Metamorphosis, translated / oute of Latin into Englishe / meter by Arthur Golding / Gent. A woorke very / pleasant and delectable.
>
> With skill, heede, and judgment, thys woorke / must bee red / For els too the reader it stands in small stead.
>
> Imprinted at London by / Willyam Seres. / Anno. 1565.

This is followed by a prose dedication to Robert Earl of Leicester.

> Too the Right Honourable and his singular good Lorde Robert Earle of Leycester, Baron of Denbygyh, Knyght of the moste noble order of the Garter etc., Arthur Goldyng gent. wisheth continuance of health, with prosperous estate and fœlicitie.
>
> If this woorke was fully performed with lyke eloquence and connyng of endyting by me in Englishe, as it was written by Thauthor thereof in his moother toonge, it might perchaunce delight your honor too bestowe some vacant tyme in the reading of it, for the nomber of excellent devises and fyne inventions contrived in the same, purporting outwardly moste pleasant tales and delectable histories, and fraughted inwardlye with most piththie instructions and wholsome examples, and conteynyng bothe wayes moste exquisite connynge and deepe knowledge. Wherefore too countervayle my default, I request moste humblye the benefyte of your L. favor, whereby you are wont not onlye too beare with the want of skill and rudenesse of suche as commit their dooinges too your protection, but also are woont too encourage them to proceede in their paynfull exercises attempted of a zeale and desyre too enryche their native language with thinges not hertoofore published in the same. Thassured hope and confidence wherof, (furthered by the priviledge of the new yeere, which of an auncient and laudable custome, licenceth men too testifye their good willes, not only too their friendes and acquaintance, but also too their betters and superiours, by presentes though never so simple,) giueth me boldnesse too dedicate this my maymed and imperfect translation of the firste fower bookes of Ovides Metamorphosis untoo your honor, and too offer it unto you for a poore Neweyeres gift, I confesse not correspondent too your worthynesse, or my desyre, but yet agreable too the state of the giuer. The which if it maye please you too take in good part, I accompt my former travell herin sufficiently recompensed, and think myself greatly enforced too persever in the full accomplishement of all the whole woorke. And thus beseeching God to send your Honor many prosperous and joyfull Newyeres: I cease too trowble you any further at this tyme. At Cecill House, the xxiij. of December, Anno 1564.
>
> Your good L. most humbly too command
> Arthur Goldyng.

The preface in verse, *To the Reader*, appears in the same form as in the complete work, with a few small differences, the omission of two lines (197-8), and the following four in place of lines 174-7 :

I purpose nowe (if God permit) as here I have beegonne
So through al Ovids turned shapes with restlesse race to ronne
Untill such time as bringing him acquainted with our toong,
He may a lyke in English verse as in his owne bee soong.

When the task was done, these lines had need to be altered to suit the case. The text of the four books is substantially the same as that of the later editions; the chief variants are noted in the Appendix. Each book is separately numbered by folios. The peculiarities of spelling more resemble the first (1567) than the second edition (1575).

A comparison of the *Fower Bookes* and the two first editions will show that the work was revised. There are a very large number of small changes, in words and in order, and corrections of defective metre, which make the second edition on the whole better than the first. Sometimes the second introduces new faults of its own; but these are all due to careless printing. In a few cases a line or a couplet has been recast.

To take a few examples—

Defective Lines.

II.	653	Ed. i. *omits* other		VII.	318	Ed. i. *omits* tryple	
	1091	Ed. ii. „	the		1107	„ „	the *before* Love
III.	809	„ „	you				

Some errors are repeated from the *Fower Bookes*, others (as III. 809) were correct in that issue. There are also a considerable number of smaller misprints, such as the omission of a letter (IV. 256 daugher).

Excesive line: V. 794 Ed. i. *inserts* thereof *after* part.

Words Changed.

I.	115	Ed. i. fertile	Ed. ii.	frutefull
	134	„ Autumne	„	Harvest
	522	„ applie	„	supply
	566	„ workes	„	powres
II.	324	„ brakes	„	brookes
	626	„ God	„	Jove
IX.	452	„ brests	„	wombe

Phrases Revised.

I.	150	Ed. i. had ygrowe	Ed. ii.	high did growe
	302	„ He did remember furthermore	„	And furthermore he cald to mynd
	310	„ He did determine	„	He full determind

Lines Recast.

I.	167-8	Ed. i.	The stepdames fell their husbands sonnes with poyson do assayle.
		„	To see their fathers live so long the children doe bewayle.
		Ed. ii.	With grisly poyson stepdames fell their husbands Sonnes assayle.
		„	The Son inquyres aforehand when his fathers lyfe shall fayle.
I.	489	Ed. i.	Thus by the mightie powre of Gods ere longer time was past,
		Ed. ii.	And thus by Gods almyghtie powre, before long tyme was past,
II.	300	Ed. i.	(The bloud by force of that same heate drawne to the outer part
		„	And there adust from that time forth) became so blacke and swart
		Ed. ii.	(By reason that their bloud was drawne foorth to the owter part
		„	And there bescorched) did becomme ay after black and swart.
IV.	91	Ed. i.	O thou envious wall (they sayd,) why letst those lovers thus?
		Ed. ii.	O spytefull wall (sayd they) why doost part us lovers thus?
IV.	397	Ed. i.	Whome thou vouchsafest for thy wife and bedfellow for too bee.
		Ed. ii.	Whom thou thy wyfe and bedfellow vouchsafest for too bee.

The differences of spelling between the two editions have not been recorded in the notes, but they are sufficiently interesting to deserve notice. Ed. ii. affects double vowels as *bee, hee, thee, wee, doo, too, moother, moorne, hookes* (= locks), *beleefe, greefe, cleere, fierce, field, yeere*. The symbols *ee* and *ée* in the black letter are each a composite type, the latter being accented as a rule; but the same peculiarities show themselves in the Epistle to *Fower Bookes*, where Roman type is used and the two symbols *ee, ée* are separate. This must therefore be regarded as a spelling definitely preferred. Other peculiarities are: *bin, blud, breth, deth, heare, hart, hir, wex* (almost always for *wax*), *vouchsafe*. For the above types Ed. i. prefers the following: *be, he, she, we, doe, to, mother, mourne, lokes, beliefe, griefe, cleare, feirce, (fierce, fiers), field, yeer, bene, blood, flood (blood, flood), breath, death, haire, heart, her, wax, vouchsafe*. But Ed. ii. is not consistent, and probably every variety of spelling is to be found there. It is also to be noticed that in the seventh book of Ed. i. a change takes place in the spelling, which approximates the latter half of Ed. i. to Ed. ii. Some of the peculiarities of Ed. i., VII.-XV. and Ed. ii. appear also in the *Epistle* and *Preface* to Ed. i. *Fower Bookes* uses the double letters, but partakes of the peculiarities of both.

The 'Fower Bookes' present another peculiarity, in beginning many lines with a small letter. This is done very frequently when the sentence runs on from line to line; and its principle may be seen from a comparison of the passage I., 707-809, where a small letter begins the following lines: 709-714 inclusive, 723, 729, 735, 738, 740, 741, 744, 748, 750, 754, 755, 757-61, 766, 769, 774, 777, 778, 780, 784-788, 790, 791, 793, 795, 797-799, 803, 805-807.

In the complete editions, the initial small letter is found now and again, but apparently by accident.

SHAKESPEARE AND GOLDING.—There is no doubt that Shakespeare used Golding.[1] In the *Tempest*,[2] Prospero cries

> Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves!

echoing the words of Golding.[3]

> Ye Ayres and windes: ye Elves of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone
> Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye everychone.

In *Venus and Adonis*,[4] there is a description of the Boar:

> On his bow-back he hath a battle set
> Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes
> His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret . . . .
> His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
> Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter.

with which compare Golding:[5]

> His eies did glister blud and fire: right dreadfull was to see
> His brawned necke, right dredfull was his haire which grew as thicke
> With pricking points as one of them could well by other sticke.
> And like a front of armed Pikes set close in battell ray,
> The sturdie bristles on his back stoode staring up alway.

A description of the storm in *Othello* also recals Golding.[6]

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[1] See Malone's Variorum edition xv. 160; Anders p. 23, from whom I take the quotations.

[2] Tempest V., i. 33.

[3] Golding, vii. 265 = Ovid *Met.* vii. 197.

[4] *V and A* 619 ff.

[5] Golding, viii. 376 = Ovid *Met.* viii. 284 ff.

[6] *Othello* II., i. 188 ff, cp. Golding xi. 550 ff.

GOLDING'S LIFE AND WORKS.—Little is known of the translator's life. Arthur Golding was born about 1536, and died early in the seventeenth century. He was connected by marriage with John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, and a friend of Sir Philip Sidney. He seems to have written nothing original except "A Discourse upon the Earthquake that hapened through this realme of Englande and other places of Christendom, the sixt of Aprill, 1580," and a copy of verses in praise of Baret's *Alveare*, prefixt to that work in the same year. But his translations were many. Amongst them are several of Calvin's works: a 'Treatise concerning offences' (1567), Commentaries upon the Prophet Daniell (1570), Sermons upon the Book of Job (1574), Sermons upon the Epistle of S. Paule too the Ephesians (1577), and from Nicholas Hemming, 'A Postill or Exposition of the Gospel' (1569). He also completed Sir P. Sidney's translation of de Mornay's 'History of Christianity' (1589). One of these was dedicated to the Earl of Leicester. From David Chytraeus he translated 'A Postil or orders Disposing of certaine Epistles usually red in the Church of God' (1570). He touches the drama with his version of Theodore Beza's "Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice . . . finished at Powles Belchamp, in Essex, the 11th day of August, 1575." His classical translations are Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (1565-7, 1575, 1587, 1603, 1612): Justin (1564); Pomponius Mela (1585); Seneca on Benefits (1578); and Caesar (1563, 1565, 1590). He also translated a number of other works, on historical and theological subjects.

THIS EDITION.—This is a reprint of a copy of the First Edition (1567) in the Cambridge University Library, the original spelling being retained, except that *j* and *v* are written for *i* and *u* according to modern custom, and an occasional small letter at the beginning of a line has been replaced by a capital. But all misprints have been corrected, usually from my own copy of the second edition; the exact reading of the first being recorded in the critical notes. Names which the original prints in Roman letters are here printed in Italic, and words wrongly run together have been separated. Abbreviations are expanded: & 'and,' ~~q~~ 'quoth,' and w^{ch}, y^{e}, y^{t}, and so forth unless there was no room in the line. The punctuation is mainly that of the original, but not always. A few faults escaped in the printing are corrected in the notes. These are all mistakes in spelling; it can hardly be hoped that there are no other such, but the text is believed to be accurate. *Enmy* stands once or twice for *emny*, the sheets having been printed off before I discovered that this spelling was deliberately adopted.

It remains to thank my friend, Professor Gollancz, for his assistance and criticism in the compilation of this Introduction.

TO THE RYGHT HONORABLE AND HIS SINGULAR GOOD LORD, ROBERT ERLE OF LEYCESTER; BARON OF DENBYGH, KNYGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c. ARTHUR GOLDING GENT. WISHETH CONTINUANCE OF HEALTH, WITH PROSPEROUS ESTATE AND FELICITIE.

THE EPISTLE

AT length my chariot wheele about the mark hath found the way,
And at their weery races end, my breathlesse horses stay.
The woork is brought too end by which the author did account
(And rightly) with eternall fame above the starres too mount,
For whatsoever hath bene writ of auncient tyme in greeke
By sundry men dispersedly, and in the latin eeke,
Of this same dark Philosophie of turned shapes, the same
Hath Ovid into one whole masse in this booke brought in frame.
Fowre kynd of things in this his worke the Poet dooth conteyne.
That nothing under heaven dooth ay in stedfast state remayne.
And next that nothing perisheth: but that eche substance takes
Another shape than that it had. Of theis twoo points he makes
The proof by shewing through his woorke the wonderfull exchaunge
Of Goddes, men, beasts, and elements, too sundry shapes right straunge,
Beginning with creation of the world, and man of slyme,
And so proceeding with the turnes that happened till his tyme.
Then sheweth he the soule of man from dying to be free,
By samples of the noblemen, who for their vertues bee
Accounted and canonizèd for Goddes by heathen men,
And by the peynes of Lymbo lake, and blysfull state agen
Of spirits in th' Elysian feelds. And though that of theis three
He make discourse dispersedly: yit specially they bee
Discussed in the latter booke in that oration where
He bringeth in Pythagoras disswading men from feare
Of death, and preaching abstinence from flesh of living things.
But as for that opinion which Pythagoras there brings
Of soules removing out of beasts too men, and out of men
Too birdes and beasts both wyld and tame, both too and fro agen:
It is not too be understand of that same soule whereby
Wee are endewd with reason and discretion from on hie:
But of that soule or lyfe the which brute beasts as well as wee
Enjoy. Three sortes of lyfe or soule (for so they termèd bee)
Are found in things. The first gives powre too thryve, encrease and grow,
And this in senselesse herbes and trees and shrubs itself dooth show.
The second giveth powre too move and use of senses fyve,
And this remaynes in brutish beasts, and keepeth them alyve.

Both theis are mortall, as the which receyvèd of the aire
By force of Phebus, after death, doo thither eft repayre.
The third gives understanding, wit, and reason: and the same
Is it alonly which with us of soule dooth beare the name.
And as the second dooth conteine the first: even so the third
Conteyneth both the other twaine. And neyther beast, nor bird,
Nor fish, nor herb, nor tree, nor shrub, nor any earthly wyght
(Save only man) can of the same partake the heavenly myght.
I graunt that when our breath dooth from our bodies go away,
It dooth eftsoones returne too ayre: and of that ayre there may
Both bird and beast participate, and wee of theirs likewyse.
For whyle wee lyve, (the thing itself appeereth to our eyes)
Bothe they and wee draw all one breath. But for too deeme or say
Our noble soule (which is divine and permanent for ay)
Is common too us with the beasts, I think it nothing lesse
Than for too bee a poynt of him that wisdome dooth professe.
Of this I am ryght well assurde there is no Christen wyght
That can by fondnesse be so farre seducèd from the ryght
And finally hee dooth procede in shewing that not all
That beare the name of men (how strong, feerce, stout, bold, hardy, tall,
How wyse, fayre, rych, or hyghly borne, how much renownd by fame,
So ere they bee, although on earth of Goddes they beare the name)
Are for too be accounted men: but such as under awe
Of reasons rule continually doo live in vertues law:
And that the rest doo differ nought from beasts, but rather bee
Much woorse than beasts, bicause they doo abace theyr owne degree.
To naturall philosophye the formest three perteyne,
The fowrth too morall: and in all are pitthye, apt and pleyne
Instructions which import the prayse of vertues, and the shame
Of vices, with the due rewardes of eyther of the same.

Out of the first booke. ¶ As for example, in the tale of Daphnee turnd to Bay
A myrror of virginitie appeere untoo us may,
Which yeelding neyther untoo feare, nor force, nor flatterye,
Doth purchace everlasting fame and immortalitye.

Out of the second. ¶ In Phaetons fable untoo syght the Poet dooth expresse
The natures of ambition blynd, and youthfull wilfulnesse.
The end whereof is miserie, and bringeth at the last
Repentance when it is to late that all redresse is past.
And how the weaknesse and the want of wit in magistrate
Confoundeth both his common weale and eeke his owne estate.
This fable also dooth advyse all parents and all such
As bring up youth, too take good heede of cockering them too much.
It further dooth commende the meane: and willeth too beware
Of rash and hasty promises which most pernicious are,
And not too bee performèd: and in fine it playnly showes
What sorrow too the parents and too all the kinred growes
By disobedience of the chyld: and in the chyld is ment
The disobedient subject that ageinst his prince is bent.
The transformations of the Crow and Raven doo declare
That Clawbacks and Colcariers ought wysely too beware
Of whom, too whom, and what they speake. For sore against his will

Can any freendly hart abyde too heare reported ill
The partie whom he favoureth. This tale dooth eeke bewray
The rage of wrath and jelozie too have no kynd of stay:
And that lyght credit too reports in no wyse should be given,
For feare that men too late too just repentance should bee driven.
The fable of Ocyroee by all such folk is told
As are in serching things too come too curious and too bold.
A very good example is describde in Battus tale
For covetous people which for gayne doo set theyr toongs too sale.

Out of the iij. ¶ All such as doo in flattring freaks, and hawkes, and hownds delyght
And dyce, and cards, and for too spend the tyme both day and nyght
In foule excesse of chamberworke, or too much meate and drink:
Uppon the piteous storie of Acteon ought too think.
For theis and theyr adherents usde excessive are in deede
The dogs that dayly doo devour theyr followers on with speede.
Tyresias willes inferior folk in any wyse too shun
Too judge betweene their betters least in perill they doo run.
Narcissus is of scornfulnesse and pryde a myrror cleere,
Where beawties fading vanitie most playnly may appeere.
And Echo in the selfsame tale dooth kyndly represent
The lewd behaviour of a bawd, and his due punishment.

Out of the iiij. ¶ The piteous tale of Pyramus and Thisbee doth conteine
The headie force of frentick love whose end is wo and payne.
The snares of Mars and Venus shew that tyme will bring too lyght
The secret sinnes that folk commit in corners or by nyght.
Hermaphrodite and Salmacis declare that idlenesse
Is cheefest nurce and cherisher of all volupteousnesse,
And that voluptuous lyfe breedes sin: which linking all toogither
Make men too bee effeminate, unweeldy, weake and lither.

Out of the v. ¶ Rich Piers daughters turnd too Pyes doo openly declare,
That none so bold too vaunt themselves as blindest bayardes are.
The Muses playnly doo declare ageine a toother syde,
That whereas cheefest wisdom is, most meeldnesse dooth abyde.

Out of the vj. ¶ Arachnee may example bee that folk should not contend
Ageinst their betters, nor persist in error too the end.
So dooth the tale of Niobee and of hir children: and
The transformation of the Carles that dwelt in Lycie land,
Toogither with the fleaing of of piper Marsies skin.
The first doo also show that long it is ere God begin
Too pay us for our faults, and that he warnes us oft before
Too leave our folly: but at length his vengeance striketh sore.
And therefore that no wyght should strive with God in word nor thought
Nor deede. But pryde and fond desyre of prayse have ever wrought
Confusion too the parties which accompt of them doo make.
For some of such a nature bee that if they once doo take
Opinion (be it ryght or wrong) they rather will agree
To dye, than seeme to take a foyle: so obstinate they bee.
The tale of Tereus, Philomele, and Prognee dooth conteyne
That folke are blynd in thyngs that too their proper weale perteyne,
And that the man in whom the fyre of furious lust dooth reigne
Dooth run too mischeefe like a horse that getteth loose the reyne.

It also shewes the cruell wreake of women in their wrath
And that no hainous mischiefe long delay of vengeance hath.
And lastly that distresse doth drive a man too looke about
And seeke all corners of his wits, what way too wind him out.
Out of the vij. ¶ The good successe of Jason in the land of Colchos, and
The dooings of Medea since, doo give too understand
That nothing is so hard but peyne and travell doo it win,
For fortune ever favoreth such as boldly doo begin:
That women both in helping and in hurting have no match
When they too eyther bend their wits: and how that for too catch
An honest meener under fayre pretence of freendship, is
An easie matter. Also there is warning given of this,
That men should never hastely give eare too fugitives,
Nor into handes of sorcerers commit their state or lyves.
It shewes in fine of stepmoothers the deadly hate in part,
And vengeaunce most unnaturall that was in moothers hart.
The deedes of Theseus are a spurre too prowesse, and a glasse
How princes sonnes and noblemen their youthfull yeeres should passe.
King Minos shewes that kings in hand no wrongfull wars should take
And what provision for the same they should before hand make.
King Aeacus gives also there example how that kings
Should keepe their promise and their leages above all other things.
His grave description of the plage and end thereof, expresse
The wrath of God on man for sin: and how that nerethelesse
He dooth us spare and multiply ageine for goodmens sakes.
The whole discourse of Cephalus and Procris mention makes
That maried folke should warely shunne the vice of jealozie
And of suspicion should avoyd all causes utterly.
Reproving by the way all such as causelesse doo misdeeme
The chaste and giltlesse for the deedes of those that faultie seeme.
Out of the viij. ¶ The storie of the daughter of King Nisus setteth out
What wicked lust drives folk untoo too bring their wills about.
And of a rightuous judge is given example in the same,
Who for no meede nor frendship will consent too any blame.
Wee may perceyve in Dedalus how every man by kynd
Desyres to bee at libertie, and with an earnest mynd
Dooth seeke too see his native soyle, and how that streight distresse
Dooth make men wyse, and sharpes their wits to fynd their owne redresse.
Wee also lerne by Icarus how good it is too bee
In meane estate and not too clymb too hygh, but too agree
Too wholsome counsell: for the hyre of disobedience is
Repentance when it is too late forthinking things amisse.
And Partrich telles that excellence in any thing procures
Men envie, even among those frendes whom nature most assures.
Philemon and his feere are rules of godly pacient lyfe,
Of sparing thrift, and mutuall love betweene the man and wyfe,
Of due obedience, of the feare of God, and of reward
For good or evill usage shewd too wandring straungers ward.
In Erisicthon dooth appeere a lyvely image both
Of wickednesse and crueltie which any wyght may lothe,
And of the hyre that longs theretoo. He sheweth also playne

That whereas prodigalitie and gluttony dooth reigne,
A world of riches and of goods are ever with the least
Too satisfye the appetite and eye of such a beast.
Out of the ix. ¶ In Hercules and Acheloyes encounters is set out
The nature and behaviour of twoo wooers that be stout.
Wherein the Poet covertly taunts such as beeing bace
Doo seeke by forgèd pedegrees to seeme of noble race.
Who when they doo perceyve no truth uppon their syde too stand,
In stead of reason and of ryght use force and myght of hand.
This fable also signifies that valiantnesse of hart
Consisteth not in woords, but deedes: and that all slyght and Art
Give place too prowesse. Furthermore in Nessus wee may see
What breach of promise commeth too, and how that such as bee
Unable for too wreake theyr harmes by force, doo oft devyse
Too wreake themselves by pollicie in farre more cruell wyse.
And Deyanira dooth declare the force of jealozie
Deceyved through too lyght beleef and fond simplicitie.
The processe following peinteth out true manlynesse of hart
Which yeeldeth neyther untoo death, too sorrow, greef, nor smart.
And finally it shewes that such as live in true renowne
Of vertue heere, have after death an everlasting crowne
Of glorie. Cawne and Byblis are examples contrarie:
The Mayd of most outrageous lust, the man of chastitie.
Out of the x. ¶ The tenth booke cheefly dooth containe one kynd of argument,
Reproving most prodigious lusts of such as have bene bent
Too incest most unnaturall. And in the latter end
It sheweth in Hippomenes how greatly folk offend,
That are ingrate for benefits which God or man bestow
Uppon them in the tyme of neede. Moreover it dooth show
That beawty (will they nill they) aye dooth men in daunger throw:
And that it is a foolyshnesse too stryve ageinst the thing
Which God before determineth too passe in tyme too bring.
And last of all Adonis death dooth shew that manhod stryves
Against forewarning though men see the perill of theyr lyves.
Out of the xi. ¶ The death of Orphey sheweth Gods just vengeaunce on the vyle
And wicked sort which horribly with incest them defyle.
In Midas of a covetous wretch the image wee may see
Whose riches justly too himself a hellish torment bee,
And of a foole whom neyther proof nor warning can amend,
Untill he feele the shame and smart that folly doth him send.
His Barbour represents all blabs which seeme with chyld too bee
Untill that they have blaazd abrode the things they heare or see,
In Ceyx and Alcyone appeeres most constant love,
Such as betweene the man and wyfe too bee it dooth behove.
This Ceyx also is a lyght of princely courtesie
And bountie toward such whom neede compelleth for too flye.
His viage also dooth declare how vainly men are led
Too utter perill through fond toyes and fansies in their head.
For Idols doubtfull oracles and soothsayres prophecies
Do nothing else but make fooles fayne and blynd their bleared eyes.
Dedalions daughter warnes too use the toong with modestee

And not too vaunt with such as are their betters in degree.
Out of the xij. ¶ The seege of Troy, the death of men, the razing of the citie,
And slaughter of king Priams stock without remors of pitie,
Which in the xii. and xiii. bookes bee written, doo declare
How heynous wilfull perjurie and filthie whoredome are
In syght of God. The frentick fray betweene the Lapithes and
The Centaures is a note wherby is given too understand
Out of the xiij. The beastly rage of drunkennesse. ¶ Ulysses dooth expresse
The image of discretion, wit, and great advisèdnesse.
And Ajax on the other syde doth represent a man
Stout, headie, irefull, hault of mynd, and such a one as can
Abyde too suffer no repulse. And both of them declare
How covetouse of glorie and reward mens natures are.
And finally it sheweth playne that wisdome dooth prevayle
In all attempts and purposes when strength of hand dooth fayle.
The death of fayre Polyxena dooth shew a princely mynd
And firme regard of honor rare engraft in woman kynd.
And Polymnestor king of Thrace dooth shew himself to bee
A glasse for wretched covetous folke wherein themselves to see.
This storie further witnesseth that murther cryeth ay
For vengeance, and itself one tyme or other dooth bewray.
The tale of Gyant Polypheme doth evidently prove
That nothing is so feerce and wyld, which yeeldeth not to love.
And in the person of the selfsame Gyant is set out
The rude and homely wooing of a country cloyne and lout.
Out of the xiiij. ¶ The tale of Apes reproves the vyce of wilfull perjurie,
And willeth people too beware they use not for too lye.
Aeneas going downe too hell dooth shew that vertue may
In saufty trauell where it will, and nothing can it stay.
The length of lyfe in Sybill dooth declare it is but vayne
Too wish long lyfe, syth length of lyfe is also length of payne.
The grecian Achemenides dooth lerne us how we ought
Bee thankfull for the benefits that any man hath wrought.
And in this Achemenides the Poet dooth expresse
The image of exceeding feare in daunger and distresse.
What else are Circes witchcrafts and enchauntments than the vyle
And filthy pleasures of the flesh which doo our soules defyle?
And what is else herbe Moly than the gift of stayednesse
And temperance which dooth all fowle concupisence expresse?
The tale of Anaxaretee willes dames of hygh degree
To use their lovers courteously how meane so ere they bee.
And Iphis lernes inferior folkes too fondly not too set
Their love on such as are too hygh for their estate too get.
Out of the xv. ¶ Alemons sonne declares that men should willingly obay
What God commaundes, and not uppon exceptions seeme to stay.
For he will find the meanes too bring the purpose well about,
And in their most necessitie dispatch them saufly out
Of daunger. The oration of Pithagoras implyes
A sum of all the former woorke. What person can devyse
A notabler example of true love and godlynesse
Too ones owne natyve countryward than Cippus dooth expresse?

The turning to a blazing starre of Julius Cesar showes,
That fame and immortalitie of vertuous doing growes.
And lastly by examples of Augustus and a few
Of other noble princes sonnes the author there dooth shew
That noblemen and gentlemen shoulde stryve to passe the fame
And vertues of their aunceters, or else too match the same.
Theis fables out of every booke I have interpreted,
Too shew how they and all the rest may stand a man in sted.
Not adding over curiously the meening of them all,
For that were labor infinite, and tediousnesse not small
Bothe untoo your good Lordship and the rest that should them reede
Who well myght thinke I did the bounds of modestie exceede,
If I this one epistle should with matters overcharge
Which scarce a booke of many quyres can well conteyne at large.
And whereas in interpreting theis few I attribute
The things too one, which heathen men to many Gods impute,
Concerning mercy, wrath for sin, and other giftes of grace,
Describèd for examples sake in proper time and place:
Let no man marvell at the same. For though that they as blynd
Through unbeleefe, and led astray through error even of kynd,
Knew not the true eternall God, or if they did him know,
Yet did they not acknowledge him, but vaynly did bestow
The honor of the maker on the creature: yit it dooth
Behove all us (who ryghtly are instructed in the sooth)
Too think and say that God alone is he that rules all things
And worketh all in all, as lord of lords and king of kings,
With whom there are none other Gods that any sway may beare,
No fatall law too bynd him by, no fortune for too feare.
For Gods, and fate, and fortune are the termes of heathennesse,
If men usurp them in the sense that Paynims doo expresse.
But if wee will reduce their sence too ryght of Christian law,
Too signifie three other things theis termes wee well may draw.
By Gods wee understand all such as God hath plaast in cheef
Estate to punish sin, and for the godly folkes releef.
By fate the order which is set and stablishèd in things
By Gods eternall will and word, which in due season brings
All matters too their falling out, which falling out or end
(Bicause our curious reason is too weake too comprehend
The cause and order of the same, and dooth behold it fall
Unwares too us) by name of chaunce or fortune wee it call.
If any man will say theis things may better lernèd bee
Out of divine philosophie or scripture, I agree
That nothing may in worthinesse with holy writ compare.
Howbeeit so farre foorth as things no whit impeachment are
Too vertue and too godlynesse but furtherers of the same,
I trust we may them saufly use without desert of blame.
And yet there are (and those not of the rude and vulgar sort.
But such as have of godlynesse and lerning good report)
That thinke the Poets tooke their first occasion of theis things
From holy writ as from the well from whence all wisdome springs.
What man is he but would suppose the author of this booke

The first foundation of his woorke from Moyses wryghtings tooke?
Not only in effect he dooth with Genesis agree,
But also in the order of creation, save that hee
Makes no distinction of the dayes. For what is else at all
That shapelesse, rude, and pestred heape which Chaos he dooth call,
Than even that universall masse of things which God did make
In one whole lump before that ech their proper place did take.
Of which the Byble saith that in the first beginning God
Made heaven and earth: the earth was waste, and darknesse yit abod
Uppon the deepe: which holy wordes declare unto us playne
That fyre, ayre, water, and the earth did undistinct remayne
"In one grosse bodie at the first: ¶ For God the father that
"Made all things, framing out the world according too the plat,
"Conceyved everlastingly in mynd, made first of all
"Both heaven and earth uncorporall and such as could not fall
"As objects under sense of sight: and also aire lykewyse,
"And emptynesse: and for theis twaine apt termes he did devyse.
"He called ayer darknesse: for the ayre by kynd is darke.
"And emptynesse by name of depth full aptly he did marke:
"For emptynesse is deepe and waste by nature. Overmore
"He formed also bodylesse (as other things before)
"The natures both of water and of spirit. And in fyne
"The lyght: which beeing made too bee a patterne most divine
"Whereby too forme the fixed starres and wandring planets seven,
"With all the lyghts that afterward should beawtifie the heaven,
"Was made by God both bodylesse and of so pure a kynd,
"As that it could alonly bee perceyvèd by the mynd."
To thys effect are Philos words. And certainly this same
Is it that Poets in their worke confused Chaos name.
Not that Gods woorkes at any tyme were pact confusedly
Toogither: but bicause no place nor outward shape whereby
To shew them too the feeble sense of mans deceytfull syght
Was yit appointed untoo things, untill that by his myght
And wondrous wisdome God in tyme set open too the eye
The things that he before all tyme had everlastingly
Decreëd by his providence. But let us further see
How Ovids scantlings with the whole true patterne doo agree.
The first day by his mighty word (sayth Moyses) God made lyght,
The second day the firmament, which heaven or welkin hyght.
The third day he did part the earth from sea and made it drie,
Commaunding it too beare all kynd of fruits abundantly.
The fowrth day he did make the lyghts of heaven to shyne from hye,
And stablishèd a law in them too rule their courses by.
The fifth day he did make the whales and fishes of the deepe,
With all the birds and fethered fowles that in the aire doo keepe.
The sixth day God made every beast, both wyld and tame, and woormes.
That creepe on ground according too their severall kynds and formes,
And in the image of himself he formed man of clay
Too bee the Lord of all his woorkes the very selfsame day.
This is the sum of Moyses woords. And Ovid (whether it were
By following of the text aright, or that his mynd did beare

Him witnesse that there are no Gods but one) dooth playne uphold
That God (although he knew it not) was he that did unfold
The former Chaos, putting it in forme and facion new,
As may appeere by theis his words which underneath ensew.
"This stryfe did God and nature breake and set in order dew.
"The earth from heaven the sea from earth he parted orderly,
"And from the thicke and foggie aire he tooke the lyghtsome skye."
In theis few lynes he comprehends the whole effect of that
Which God did woork the first three dayes about this noble plat.
And then by distributions he entreateth by and by
More largely of the selfsame things, and paynts them out too eye
With all their bounds and furniture: And whereas wee doo fynd
The terme of nature joynd with God: (according to the mynd
Of lerned men) by joyning so, is ment none other thing,
But God the Lord of nature who did all in order bring.
The distributions being doone right lernedly, anon
Too shew the other three dayes workes he thus proceedeth on.
"The heavenly soyle too Goddes and starres and planets first he gave
"The waters next both fresh and salt he let the fishes have,
"The suttle ayre to flickring fowles and birds he hath assignd,
"The earth too beasts both wylde and tame of sundry sorts and kynd,"
Thus partly in the outward phrase, but more in verie deede,
He seemes according too the sense of scripture too proceede.
And when he commes to speake of man, he dooth not vainely say
(As sum have written) that he was before all tyme for ay,
Ne mencioneth mo Gods than one in making him. But thus
He both in sentence and in sense his meening dooth discusse.
"Howbeeit yit of all this whyle the creature wanting was
"Farre more divine, of nobler mynd, which shoulde the resdew passe
"In depth of knowlege, reason, wit and hygh capacitee,
"And which of all the resdew should the Lord and ruler bee.
"Then eyther he that made the world and things in order set,
"Of heavenly seede engendred man: or else the earth as yet
"Yoong, lustie, fresh, and in her flowre, and parted from the skye
"But late before, the seedes therof as yit hild inwardly.
"The which Prometheus tempring streyght with water of the spring,
"Did make in likenesse to the Goddes that governe every thing."
What other thing meenes Ovid heere by terme of heavenly seede,
Than mans immortall sowle, which is divine, and commes in deede
From heaven, and was inspyrde by God, as Moyses sheweth playne?
And whereas of Prometheus he seemes too adde a vayne
Devyce, as though he ment that he had formèd man of clay,
Although it bee a tale put in for pleasure by the way:
Yit by thinterpretation of the name we well may gather,
He did include a misterie and secret meening rather.
This woord Prometheus signifies a person sage and wyse,
Of great foresyght, who headily will nothing enterpryse.
It was the name of one that first did images invent:
Of whom the Poets doo report that he too heaven up went,
And there stole fyre, through which he made his images alyve:
And therefore that he formèd men the Paynims did contryve.

Now when the Poet red perchaunce that God almyghty by
His providence and by his woord (which everlastingly
Is ay his wisdome) made the world, and also man to beare
His image, and too bee the lord of all the things that were
Erst made, and that he shapèd him of earth or slymy clay:
Hee tooke occasion in the way of fabling for too say
That wyse Prometheus tempring earth with water of the spring,
Did forme it lyke the Gods above that governe every thing.
Thus may Prometheus seeme too bee theternall woord of God,
His wisdom, and his providence which formèd man of clod.
"And where all other things behold the ground with groveling eye:
"He gave too man a stately looke replete with majesty:
"And willd him too behold the heaven with countnance cast on hye,
"Too mark and understand what things are in the starrie skye."
In theis same woordes, both parts of man the Poet dooth expresse
As in a glasse, and giveth us instruction too addresse
Our selves too know our owne estate: as that wee bee not borne
Too followe lust, or serve the paunch lyke brutish beasts forlorne,
But for too lyft our eyes as well of body as of mynd
Too heaven as too our native soyle from whence wee have by kynd
Our better part: and by the sight thereof too lerne too know
And knowledge him that dwelleth there: and wholly too bestow
Our care and travell too the prayse and glorie of his name
Who for the sakes of mortall men created first the same.
Moreover by the golden age what other thing is ment,
Than Adams tyme in Paradyse, who beeing innocent
Did lead a blist and happy lyfe untill that thurrough sin
He fell from God? From which tyme foorth all sorrow did begin.
The earth accursèd for his sake, did never after more
Yeeld foode without great toyle. Both heate and cold did vexe him sore.
Disease of body, care of mynd, with hunger, thirst and neede,
Feare, hope, joy, greefe, and trouble, fell on him and on his seede.
And this is termd the silver age. Next which there did succeede
The brazen age, when malice first in peoples harts did breede,
Which never ceasèd growing till it did so farre outrage,
That nothing but destruction could the heate thereof asswage
For why mens stomackes wexing hard as steele ageinst their God,
Provoked him from day too day too strike them with his rod.
Prowd Gyants also did aryse that with presumptuous wills
Heapt wrong on wrong, and sin on sin lyke howge and lofty hilles
Whereby they strove too clymb too heaven and God from thence too draw,
In scorning of his holy woord and breaking natures law.
For which anon ensewd the flood which overflowèd all
The whole round earth and drowned quyght all creatures great and smal,
Excepting feaw that God did save as seede whereof should grow
Another offspring. All these things the Poet heere dooth show
In colour, altring both the names of persons, tyme and place.
For where according too the truth of scripture in this cace,
The universall flood did fall but sixteene hundred yeeres
And sixandfifty after the creation (as appeeres
By reckening of the ages of the fathers) under Noy,

With whom seven other persons mo like saufgard did enjoy
Within the arke, which at the end of one whole yeere did stay,
Uppon the hilles of Armenie: The Poet following ay
The fables of the glorying Greekes (who shamelessely did take
The prayse of all things too themselves) in fablying wyse dooth make
It happen in Deucalions tyme, who reignd in Thessaly
Eyght hundred winters since Noyes flood or thereupon well nye,
Bicause that in the reigne of him a myghty flood did fall,
That drownde the greater part of Greece, townes, cattell, folk, and all,
Save feaw that by the help of boats atteyned untoo him,
And too the highest of the forkt Parnasos top did swim.
And forbycause that hee and his were driven a whyle to dwell
Among the stonny hilles and rocks until the water fell,
The Poets hereupon did take occasion for too feyne,
That he and Pyrrha did repayre mankynd of stones ageyne.
So in the sixth booke afterward Amphions harp is sayd
The first foundation of the walles of Thebee to have layd,
Bycause that by his eloquence and justice (which are ment
By true accord of harmonie and musicall consent)
He gathered intoo Thebee towne, and in due order knit
The people that disperst and rude in hilles and rocks did sit.
So Orphey in the tenth booke is reported too delight
The savage beasts, and for too hold the fleeting birds from flyght,
Too move the senselesse stones, and stay swift rivers, and too make
The trees too follow after him and for his musick sake
Too yeeld him shadowe where he went. By which is signifyde
That in his doctrine such a force and sweetenesse was implyde,
That such as were most wyld, stowre, feerce, hard, witlesse, rude, and bent
Ageinst good order, were by him perswaded too relent,
And for too bee conformable too live in reverent awe
Like neybours in a common weale by justyce under law.
Considring then of things before reherst the whole effect,
I trust there is alreadie shewd sufficient too detect
That Poets tooke the ground of all their cheefest fables out
Of scripture: which they shadowing with their gloses went about
Too turne the truth too toyes and lyes. And of the selfsame rate
Are also theis: Their Phlegeton, their Styx, their blisfull state
Of spirits in th' Elysian feelds. Of which the former twayne
Seeme counterfetted of the place where damned soules remayne,
Which wee call hell. The third dooth seeme too fetch his pedegree
From Paradyse which scripture shewes a place of blisse too bee.
If Poets then with leesings and with fables shadowed so
The certeine truth, what letteth us too plucke those visers fro
Their doings, and too bring ageine the darkened truth too lyght,
That all men may behold thereof the cleerenesse shining bryght?
The readers therefore earnestly admonisht are too bee
Too seeke a further meaning than the letter gives too see.
The travell tane in that behalf although it have sum payne
Yit makes it double recompence with pleasure and with gayne.
With pleasure, for varietie and straungenesse of the things,
With gaine, for good instruction which the understanding brings.

And if they happening for to meete with any wanton woord
Or matter lewd, according as the person dooth avoord
In whom the evill is describde, doo feele their myndes therby
Provokte too vyce and wantonnesse, (as nature commonly
Is prone to evill) let them thus imagin in their mynd.
Behold, by sent of reason and by perfect sight I fynd
A Panther heere, whose peinted cote with yellow spots like gold
And pleasant smell allure myne eyes and senses too behold.
But well I know his face is grim and feerce, which he dooth hyde
To this intent, that whyle I thus stand gazing on his hyde,
He may devour mee unbewares. Ne let them more offend
At vices in this present woork in lyvely colours pend,
Than if that in a chrystall glasse fowle images they found,
Resembling folkes fowle visages that stand about it round.
For sure theis fables are not put in wryghting to thentent
Too further or allure too vyce: but rather this is ment,
That men beholding what they bee when vyce dooth reigne in stead
Of vertue, should not let their lewd affections have the head,
For as there is no creature more divine than man as long
As reason hath the sovereintie and standeth firme and strong:
So is there none more beastly, vyle, and develish, than is hee,
If reason giving over, by affection mated bee.
The use of this same booke therefore is this: that every man
(Endevoring for too know himself as neerly as he can,
As though he in a chariot sat well ordered) should direct
His mynd by reason in the way of vertue, and correct
His feerce affections with the bit of temprance, least perchaunce
They taking bridle in the teeth lyke wilfull jades doo praunce
Away, and headlong carie him to every filthy pit
Of vyce, and drinking of the same defyle his soule with it:
Or else all headlong harrie him uppon the rockes of sin,
And overthrowing forcibly the chariot he sits in,
Doo teare him woorse than ever was Hippolitus the sonne
Of Theseus when he went about his fathers wrath too shun.
This worthie worke in which of good examples are so many,
This Ortyard of Alcinous in which there wants not any
Herb, tree, or frute that may mans use for health or pleasure serve,
This plenteous horne of Acheloy which justly dooth deserve
Too beare the name of treasorie of knowledge, I present
Too your good Lordship once ageine not as a member rent
Or parted from the resdew of the body any more:
But fully now accomplishèd, desiring you therefore
Too let your noble courtesie and favor countervayle
My faults where Art or eloquence on my behalf dooth fayle.
For sure the marke whereat I shoote is neyther wreathes of bay,
Nor name of Poet, no nor meede: but cheefly that it may
Bee lykèd well of you and all the wise and lerned sort,
And next that every wyght that shall have pleasure for to sport
Him in this gardeine, may as well beare wholsome frute away
As only on the pleasant flowres his rechlesse senses stay.
But why seeme I theis doubts too cast, as if that he who tooke

With favor and with gentlenesse a parcell of the booke
Would not likewyse accept the whole? or even as if that they
Who doo excell in wisdome and in lerning, would not wey
A wyse and lerned woorke aryght? or else as if that I
Ought ay too have a speciall care how all men doo apply
My dooings too their owne behoof? as of the former twayne
I have great hope and confidence: so would I also fayne
The other should according too good meening find successe:
If otherwyse, the fault is theyrs not not myne they must confesse,
And therefore breefly too conclude, I turne ageine too thee
O noble Erle of Leycester, whose lyfe God graunt may bee
As long in honor, helth and welth as auncient Nestors was,
Or rather as Tithonussis: that all such students as
Doo travell too enrich our toong with knowledge heretofore
Not common too our vulgar speech, may dayly more and more
Proceede through thy good furtherance and favor in the same,
Too all mens profit and delyght, and thy eternall fame.
And that (which is a greater thing) our natyve country may
Long tyme enjoy thy counsell and thy travell too her stay.

At Barwicke the xx. of Aprill, 1567.

Your good L. most humbly too commaund
ARTHUR GOLDING.

THE PREFACE.

TOO THE READER.

WOULD not wish the simple sort offended for too bee,
When in this booke the heathen names of feynèd Godds they see.
The trewe and everliving God the Paynims did not knowe:
Which causèd them the name of Godds on creatures too bestowe.
For nature beeing once corrupt and knowledge blynded quyght
By *Adams* fall, those little seedes and sparkes of heavenly lyght
That did as yit remayne in man, endevering foorth to burst
And wanting grace and powre too growe too that they were at furst,
Too superstition did decline: and drave the fearefull mynd,
Straunge woorshippes of the living God in creatures for too fynd.
The which by custome taking roote, and growing so too strength,
Through Sathans help possest the hartes of all the world at length.
Some woorshipt al the hoste of heaven: some deadmens ghostes & bones:
Sum wicked feends: sum woormes & fowles, herbes, fishes, trees & stones.
The fyre, the ayre, the sea, the land, and every roonning brooke,
Eche queachie grove, eche cragged cliffe the name of Godhead tooke.
The nyght and day, the fleeting howres, the seasons of the yeere,
And every straunge and monstruous thing, for Godds mistaken weere.
There was no vertue, no nor vice: there was no gift of mynd
Or bodye, but some God thertoo or Goddesse was assignde.
Of health and sicknesse, lyfe and death, of needinesse and wealth,
Of peace and warre, of love and hate, of murder, craft and stealth,
Of bread and wyne, of slouthfull sleepe, and of theyr solemne games,
And every other tryfling toy theyr Goddes did beare the names.
And looke how every man was bent too goodnesse or too ill,
He did surmyse his foolish Goddes enclyning too his will.
For God perceyving mannes pervers and wicked will too sinne
Did give him over too his lust too sinke or swim therin.
By meanes wherof it came too passe (as in this booke yee see)
That all theyr Goddes with whoordome, theft, or murder blotted bee,
Which argues them too bee no Goddes, but woorser in effect
Than they whoose open poonishment theyr dooings dooth detect.
Whoo seeing *Jove* (whom heathen folke doo arme with triple fyre)
In shape of Eagle, bull or swan too winne his foule desyre?
Or grysly *Mars* theyr God of warre intangled in a net
By *Venus* husband purposely too trappe him warely set?
Whoo seeing *Saturne* eating up the children he begate?
Or *Venus* dalying wantonly with every lustie mate?
Whoo seeing *Juno* play the scold? or *Phœbus* moorne and rew
For losse of hir whom in his rage through jealous moode he slew?
Or else the suttle *Mercurie* that beares the charmed rod
Conveying neate and hyding them would take him for a God?
For if theis faultes in mortall men doo justly merit blame,
What greater madnesse can there bee than too impute the same
Too Goddes, whoose natures ought too bee most perfect, pure and bright,

Most vertuous, holly, chaast, and wyse, most full of grace and lyght?
But as there is no Christen man that can surmyse in mynd
That theis or other such are Goddes which are no Goddes by kynd:
So would too God there were not now of christen men profest,
That worshipt in theyr deedes theis Godds whose names they doo detest.
Whoose lawes wee keepe his thralles wee bee, and he our God indeede.
So long is Christ our God as wee in christen lyfe proceede.
But if wee yeeld too fleshlye lust, too lucre, or too wrath,
Or if that Envy, Gluttony, or Pryde the maystry hath,
Or any other kynd of sinne the thing the which wee serve,
Too bee accounted for our God most justly dooth deserve.
Then must wee thinke the learned men that did theis names frequent,
Some further things and purposes by those devises ment.
By *Jove* and *Juno* understand all states of princely port:
By *Ops* and *Saturne* auncient folke that are of elder sort:
By *Phœbus* yoong and lusty brutes of hand and courage stout:
By *Mars* the valeant men of warre that love too feight it out:
By *Pallas* and the famous troupe of all the Muses nyne,
Such folke as in the sciences and vertuous artes doo shyne.
By *Mercurie* the suttle sort that use too filch and lye,
With theeves, and Merchants whoo too gayne theyr travell doo applye.
By *Bacchus* all the meaner trades and handycraftes are ment:
By *Venus* such as of the fleshe too filthie lust are bent,
By *Neptune* such as keepe the seas: By *Phebe* maydens chast,
And Pilgrims such as wandringly theyr tyme in travell waste.
By *Pluto* such as delve in mynes, and Ghostes of persones dead:
By *Vulcane* smythes and such as woorke in yron, tynne or lead.
By *Hecat* witches, Conjurers, and Necromancers reede:
With all such vayne and devlish artes as superstition breede.
By *Satyres*, *Sylvanes*, *Nymphes* and *Faunes* with other such besyde,
The playne and simple country folke that every where abyde.
I know theis names too other thinges oft may and must agree:
In declaration of the which I will not tedious bee,
But leave them too the Readers will too take in sundry wyse,
As matter rysing giveth cause constructions too devyse.
Now when thou readst of God or man, in stone, in beast, or tree
It is a myrrour for thy self thyne owne estate too see.
For under feyned names of Goddes it was the Poets guyse,
The vice and faultes of all estates too taunt in covert wyse.
And likewyse too extoll with prayse such things as doo deserve.
Observing alwayes comlynesse from which they doo not swarve.
And as the persone greater is of birth, renowne or fame,
The greater ever is his laud, or fouler is his shame.
For if the States that on the earth the roome of God supply,
Declyne from vertue untoo vice and live disorderly,
Too Eagles, Tygres, Bulles, and Beares, and other figures straunge,
Bothe too theyr people and themselves most hurtfull doo they chaunge,
And when the people give themselves too filthie life and sinne,
What other kinde of shape thereby than filthie can they winne?
So was *Licaon* made a Woolfe: and *Jove* became a Bull:
The tone for using crueltie, the toother for his trull.

So was *Elpenor* and his mates transformed intoo swyne,
For following of theyr filthie lust in women and in wyne.
Not that they lost theyr manly shape as too the outward showe:
But for that in their brutish brestes most beastly lustes did growe.
For why this lumpe of flesh and bones, this bodie is not wee:
Wee are a thing which earthly eyes denyed are too see.
Our soule is wee, endewd by God with reason from above:
Our bodie is but as our house, in which wee woorke and move.
Tone part is common too us all, with God of heaven himself:
The toother common with the beastes, a vyle and stinking pelf.
The tone bedect with heavenly giftes and endlesse: toother grosse,
Fraylie, filthie, weake, and borne too dye as made of earthly drosse.
Now looke how long this clod of clay too reason dooth obey,
So long for men by just desert account our selves wee may.
But if wee suffer fleshly lustes as lawlesse Lordes too reigne,
Than are we beastes, wee are no men, wee have our name in vaine.
And if wee be so drownd in vice that feeling once bee gone,
Then may it well of us bee sayd, wee are a block or stone.
This surely did the Poets meene when in such sundry wyse
The pleasant tales of turned shapes they studyed too devyse.
There purpose was too profite men, and also too delyght
And so too handle every thing as best might like the sight.
For as the Image portrayd out in simple whight and blacke
(Though well proportiond, trew and faire) if comly colours lacke,
Delyghteth not the eye so much, nor yet contentes the mynde
So much as that that shadowed is with colours in his kynde:
Even so a playne and naked tale or storie simply told
(Although the matter bee in deede of valewe more than gold)
Makes not the hearer so attent too print it in his hart,
As when the thing is well declarde, with pleasant termes and art.
All which the Poëts knew right well: and for the greater grace,
As Persian kings did never go abrode with open face,
But with some lawne or silken skarf, for reverence of theyr state:
Even so they folowing in their woorkes the selfsame trade and rate,
Did under covert names and termes theyr doctrines so emplye,
As that it is ryght darke and hard theyr meening too espye.
But beeing found it is more sweete and makes the mynd more glad,
Than if a man of tryed gold a treasure gayned had.
For as the body hath his joy in pleasant smelles and syghts:
Even so in knowledge and in artes the mynd as much delights.
Wherof aboundant hoordes and heapes in Poets packed beene
So hid that (saving untoo fewe) they are not too bee seene.
And therfore whooso dooth attempt the Poets woorkes too reede,
Must bring with him a stayed head and judgement too proceede.
For as there bee most wholsome hestes and precepts too bee found,
So are theyr rockes and shallowe shelves too ronne the ship a ground.
Some naughtie persone seeing vyce shewd lyvely in his hew,
Dooth take occasion by and by like vices too ensew.
Another beeing more severe than wisdome dooth requyre,
Beeholding vice (too outward shewe) exalted in desyre,
Condemneth by and by the booke and him that did it make,

And willes it too be burnd with fyre for lewd example sake.
These persons overshoote themselves, and other folkes deceyve:
Not able of the authors mynd the meening too conceyve.
The Authors purpose is too paint and set before our eyes
The lyvely Image of the thoughts that in our stomackes ryse.
Eche vice and vertue seemes too speake and argue too our face,
With such perswasions as they have theyr dooinges too embrace.
And if a wicked persone seeme his vices too exalt,
Esteeme not him that wrate the woorke in such defaultes too halt,
But rather with an upryght eye consyder well thy thought:
See if corrupted nature hane the like within thee wrought:
Marke what affection dooth perswade in every kynd of matter:
Judge if that even in heynous crymes thy fancy doo not flatter.
And were it not for dread of lawe or dread of God above,
Most men (I feare) would doo the things that fond affections move.
Then take theis woorkes as fragrant flowers most full of pleasant juce
The which the Bee conveying home may put too wholsome use:
And which the spyder sucking on too poyson may convert,
Through venym spred in all her limbes and native in hir hart.
For too the pure and Godly mynd, are all things pure and cleene,
And untoo such as are corrupt the best corrupted beene:
Lyke as the fynest meates and drinkes that can bee made by art,
In sickly folkes too nourishment of sicknesse doo convert.
And therefore not regarding snch whose dyet is so fyne
That nothing can digest with them onlesse it bee devine,
Nor such as too theyr proper harme doo wrest and wring awrye
The thinges that too a good intent are written pleasantly:
Through *Ovids* woorke of turned shapes I have with peinfull pace
Past on, untill I had atteynd the end of all my race.
And now I have him made so well acquainted with our toong,
As that he may in English verse as in his owne bee soong.
Wherein although for pleasant style, I cannot make account,
Too match myne author, who in that all other dooth surmount:
Yit (gentle Reader) I doo trust my travell in this cace
May purchace favour in thy sight my dooings too embrace:
Considring what a sea of goodes and Jewelles thou shalt fynd,
Not more delyghtfull too the eare than frutefull too the mynd.
For this doo lerned persons deeme, of *Ovids* present woorke:
That in no one of all his bookes the which he wrate, doo lurke
Mo darke and secret misteries, mo counselles wyse and sage,
Mo good ensamples, mo reprooves of vyce in youth and age,
Mo fyne inventions too delight, mo matters clerkly knit,
No nor more straunge varietie too shew a lerned wit.
The high, the lowe: the riche, the poore: the mayster, and the slave:
The mayd, the wife: the man, the chyld: the simple and the brave:
The yoong, the old: the good, the bad: the warriour strong and stout:
The wyse, the foole: the countrie cloyne: the lerned and the lout:
And every other living wight shall in this mirrour see
His whole estate, thoughtes, woordes and deedes expresly shewd too bee.
Whereof if more particular examples thou doo crave,
In reading the Epistle through thou shalt thy longing have.

Moreover thou mayst fynd herein descriptions of the tymes:
With constellacions of the starres and planettes in theyr clymes:
The Sites of Countries, Cities, hilles, seas, forestes, playnes and floods:
The natures both of fowles, beastes, wormes, herbes, mettals, stones and woods,
And finally what ever thing is straunge and delectable,
The same conveyed shall you fynd most featly in some fable.
And even as in a cheyne, eche linke within another wynds,
And both with that that went before and that that followes binds:
So every tale within this booke dooth seeme too take his ground
Of that that was reherst before, and enters in the bound
Of that that folowes after it: and every one gives light
Too other: so that whoo so meenes too understand them ryght,
Must have a care as well too know the thing that went before,
As that the which he presently desyres too see so sore.
Now too thintent that none have cause heereafter too complaine
Of mee as setter out of things that are but lyght and vaine:
If any stomacke be so weake as that it cannot brooke,
The lively setting forth of things described in this booke,
I give him counsell too absteine untill he bee more strong,
And for too use *Ulysses* feat ageinst the Meremayds song.
Or if he needes will heere and see and wilfully agree
(Through cause misconstrued) untoo vice allured for too bee:
Then let him also marke the peine that dooth therof ensue,
And hold himself content with that that too his fault is due.

FINIS.

¶ THE FIRST BOOKE OF OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS,

translated into Englyshe Meter.

OF shapes transformde to bodies straunge, I purpose to entreate;
Ye gods vouchsafe (for you are they ẏ wrought this wõdrous feate)
To further this mine enterprise. And from the world begunne,
Graunt that my verse may to my time, his course directly runne
Before the Sea and Land were made, and Heaven that all doth hide,
In all the worlde one onely face of nature did abide,
Which *Chaos* hight, a huge rude heape, and nothing else but even
A heavie lump and clottred clod of seedes togither driven
Of things at strife among themselves for want of order due.
No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the shapelesse world did vew.
No Moone in growing did repayre hir hornes with borowed light.
Nor yet the earth amiddes the ayre did hang by wondrous slight
Just peysed by hir proper weight. Nor winding in and out
Did *Amphitrytee* with hir armes embrace the earth about.
For where was earth, was sea and ayre: so was the earth unstable,
The ayre all darke, the sea likewise to beare a ship unable.
No kinde of thing had proper shape, but ech confounded other.
For in one self same bodie strove the hote and colde togither,
The moyst with drie, the soft with hard, the light with things of weight.
This strife did God and Nature breake, and set in order streight.
The earth from heaven, the sea from earth he parted orderly,
And from the thicke and foggie ayre, he tooke the lightsome skie,
Which when he once unfolded had, and severed from the blinde
And clodded heape, He setting ech from other did them binde
In endlesse freendship too agree. The fire most pure and bright,
The substance of the heaven it self, bicause it was so light
Did mount aloft, and set it selfe in highest place of all.
The second roume of right to ayre, for lightnesse did befall.
The earth more grosse drew down with it eche weighty kinde of matter,
And set it self in lowest place. Againe, the waving water
Did lastly chalenge for his place the utmost coast and bound,
Of all the compasse of the earth, to close the stedfast ground.
Now when he in this foresaid wise (what God so ere he was)
Had broke and into members put this rude confused masse:
Then first bicause in every part, the earth should equall bee,
He made it like a mighty ball, in compasse as we see.
And here and there he cast in seas, to whome he gave a lawe
To swell with every blast of winde, and every stormie flawe,
And with their waves continually to beate upon the shore
Of all the earth within their boundes enclosde by them afore.
Moreover, Springs and mighty Meeres and Lakes he did augment,
And flowing streames of crooked brookes in winding bankes he pent.
Of which the earth doth drinke up some, and some with restlesse race,
Do seeke the sea: where finding scope of larger roume and space,
In steade of bankes, they beate on shores. He did cõmaund the plaine

And champion groundes to stretch out wide: and valleys to remaine
Ay underneath: and eke the woods to hide them decently
With tender leaves: and stonie hilles to lift themselves on hie.
And as two Zones doe cut the Heaven upon the righter syde,
And other twaine upon the left likewise the same devide,
The middle in outragious heat exceeding all the rest:
Even so likewise through great foresight too God it seemed best,
The earth encluded in the same should so devided bee,
As with the number of the Heaven, hir Zones myght full agree.
Of which the middle Zone in heate, the utmost twaine in colde
Exceede so farre, that there to dwell no creature dare be bolde.
Betweene these two so great extremes, two other Zones are fixt,
Where temprature of heate and colde indifferently is mixt.
Now over this doth hang the Ayre, which as it is more fleightie
Than earth or water: so ageine than fire it is more weightie.
There hath he placed mist and cloudes, and for to feare mens mindes,
The thunder and the lightning eke, with colde and blustring windes,
But yet the maker of the worlde permitteth not alway,
The windes to use the ayre at will. For at this present day,
Though ech from other placed be in sundry coasts aside:
The violence of their boystrous blasts things scarsly can abide.
They so turmoyle as though they would the world in pieces rend,
So cruell is those brothers wrath when that they doe contend.
And therefore to the morning graye, the Realme of *Nabathie*,
To *Persis* and to other lands and countries that doe lie
Farre underneath the Morning starre, did *Eurus* take his flight
Likewise the setting of the Sunne and shutting in of night
Belong to *Zephyr*. And the blasts of blustring *Boreas* raigne
In *Scythia* and in other landes set under *Charles* his waine.
And unto *Auster* doth belong the coast of all the South,
Who beareth shoures and rotten mistes, continuall in his mouth.
Above all these he set aloft the cleere and lightsome skie,
Without all dregs of earthly filth or grossenesse utterlie.
The boundes of things were scarcely yet by him thus pointed out,
But that appeared in the heaven starres glistring all about,
Which in the said confused heape had hidden bene before.
And to thintent with lively things eche Region for to store,
The heavenly soyle, to Gods and Starres and Planets first he gave.
The waters next both fresh and Salt he let the fishes have.
The suttle ayre to flickring fowles and birdes he hath assignde.
The earth to beasts both wilde and tame of sundrie sort and kinde.
Howbeit yet of all this while the creature wanting was,
Farre more devine, of nobler minde, which should the residue passe
In depth of knowledge, reason, wit, and high capacitie,
And which of all the residue should the Lord and ruler bee.
Then eyther he that made the worlde, and things in order set,
Of heavenly seede engendred Man: or else the earth as yet
Yong, lustie, fresh, and in hir floures, and parted from the skie,
But late before, the seede thereof as yet held inwardlie.
The which *Prometheus* tempring straight with water of the spring
Did make in likenesse to the Gods that governe everie thing.

And where all other beasts behold the ground with groveling eie,
He gave to Man a stately looke replete with majestie.
And willde him to behold the Heaven wyth countnance cast on hie,
To marke and understand what things were in the starrie skye.
And thus the earth which late before had neyther shape nor hew
Did take the noble shape of man and was transformed new.
Then sprang up first the golden age, which of it selfe maintainde,
The truth and right of every thing unforst and unconstrainde.
There was no feare of punishment, there was no threatning lawe
In brazen tables nayled up, to keepe the folke in awe.
There was no man would crouch or creepe to Judge with cap in hand,
They lived safe without a Judge in every Realme and lande.
The loftie Pynetree was not hewen from mountaines where it stood,
In seeking straunge and forren landes to rove upon the flood.
Men knew none other countries yet, than were themselves did keepe:
There was no towne enclosed yet, with walles and ditches deepe.
No horne nor trumpet was in use, no sword nor helmet worne.
The worlde was suche, that souldiers helpe might easly be forborne.
The fertile earth as yet was free, untoucht of spade or plough,
And yet it yeelded of it selfe of every things inough.
And men themselves contented well with plaine and simple foode,
That on the earth by natures gift without their travell stoode,
Did live by Raspis, heppes and hawes, by cornelles, plummes and cherries,
By sloes and apples, nuttes and peares, and lothsome bramble berries,
And by the acornes dropt on ground from *Joves* brode tree in fielde.
The Springtime lasted all the yeare, and *Zephyr* with his milde
And gentle blast did cherish things that grew of owne accorde.
The ground untilde, all kinde of fruits did plenteously avorde.
No mucke nor tillage was bestowde on leane and barren land,
To make the corne of better head and ranker for too stand.
Then streames ran milke, then streames ran wine, and yellow honny flowde
From ech greene tree whereon the rayes of firie *Phebus* glowde.
But when that into *Lymbo* once *Saturnus* being thrust,
The rule and charge of all the worlde was under *Jove* unjust,
And that the silver age came in more somewhat base than golde,
More precious yet than freckled brasse, immediatly the olde
And auncient Spring did *Jove* abridge and made therof anon,
Foure seasons: Winter, Sommer, Spring, and Autumne of and on.
Then first of all began the ayre with fervent heate to swelt.
Then *Isycles* hung roping downe: then for the colde was felt
Men gan to shroud themselves in house: their houses were the thickes,
And bushie queaches, hollow caves, or hardels made of stickes.
Then first of all were furrowes drawne, and corne was cast in ground.
The simple Oxe with sorie sighes, to heavie yoke was bound.
Next after this succeeded streight, the third and brazen age:
More hard of nature, somewhat bent to cruell warres and rage,
But yet not wholy past all grace. Of yron is the last
In no part good and tractable as former ages past.
For when that of this wicked age once opened was the veyne
Therein all mischief rushed forth, then Fayth and Truth were faine
And honest shame to hide their heades: for whom stept stoutly in,

Craft, Treason, Violence, Envie, Pryde and wicked Lust to win.
The shipman hoyst his sailes to wind, whose names he did not knowe:
And shippes thet erst in toppes of hilles and mountaines had ygrowe,
Did leape and daunce on uncouth waves: and men began to bound,
With dowles and diches drawen in length the free and fertile ground,
Which was as common as the Ayre and light of Sunne before.
Not onely corne and other fruites, for sustnance and for store,
Were now exacted of the earth: but eft they gan to digge
And in the bowels of the ground unsaciably to rigge,
For Riches coucht and hidden deepe in places nere to Hell,
The spurres and stirrers unto vice, and foes to doing well.
Then hurtfull yron came abrode, then came forth yellow golde
More hurtfull than the yron farre, then came forth battle bolde
That feightes with both, and shakes his sword in cruell bloudy hand.
Men live by ravine and by stelth: the wandring guest doth stand
In daunger of his host: the host in daunger of his guest:
And fathers of their sonne in laws: yea seldome time doth rest
Betweene borne brothers such accord and love as ought to bee,
The goodman seekes the goodwives death, and his againe seekes shee.
The stepdames fell their husbands sonnes with poyson do assayle.
To see their fathers live so long the children doe bewayle.
All godlynesse lyes under foote. And Ladie *Astrey* last
Of heavenly vertues from this earth in slaughter drownèd past.
And to thintent the earth alone thus should not be opprest,
And heaven above in slouthfull ease and carelesse quiet rest,
¶ Men say that Giantes went about the Realme of Heaven to win
To place themselves to raigne as Gods and lawlesse Lordes therein.
And hill on hill they heaped up aloft unto the skie,
Till God almighty from the Heaven did let his thunder flie,
The dint whereof the ayrie tops on high *Olympus* brake,
And pressed *Pelion* violently from under *Ossa* strake.
When whelmèd in their wicked worke those cursed Caitives lay,
The Earth their mother tooke their bloud yet warme and (as they say)
Did give it life. And for bicause some ympes should still remaine
Of that same stocke, she gave it shape and limmes of men againe.
This offspring eke against the Gods did beare a native spight,
In slaughter and in doing wrong was all their whole delight.
Their deedes declarèd them of bloud engendred for to bee.
The which as soone as *Saturns* sonne from heaven aloft did see,
He fetcht a sigh, and therewithall revolving in his thought
The shamefull act which at a feast *Lycaon* late had wrought,
As yet unknowne or blowne abrode: He gan thereat to storme
And stomacke like an angry *Jove*. And therefore to reforme
Such haynous actes, he sommonde streight his Court of Parliament,
Whereto resorted all the Gods that had their sommons sent.
Highe in the Welkin is a way apparant too the sight.
In starrie nights, which of his passing whitenesse milkie hight:
It is the streete that too the Court and Princely Pallace leades,
Of mightie *Jove* whose thunderclaps eche living creature dreades.
On both the sides of this same waye do stand in stately port
The sumptuous houses of the Pieres. For all the common sort

Dwell scattring here and there abrode: the face of all the skie,
The houses of the chiefe estates and Princes doe supplie.
And sure and if I may be bolde too speake my fancie free
I take this place of all the Heaven the Pallace for to bee.
Now when the Gods assembled were, and eche had tane his place
Jove standing up aloft and leaning on his yvorie Mace,
Right dreadfully his bushie lokes did thrise or foure tymes shake,
Wherewith he made both sea and land and Heaven it self to quake,
And afterward in wrathfull wordes his angrie minde thus brake.
I never was in greater care nor more perplexitie,
How to maintaine my soveraigne state and Princelie royaltie,
When with their hundredth handes a peece the Adderfooted rout
Did practise for to conquere Heaven and for to cast us out.
For though it were a cruell foe: yet did that warre depende
Upon one ground, and in one stocke it had his finall ende;
But now as farre as any sea about the worlde doth winde,
I must destroy both man and beast and all the mortall kinde,
I sweare by *Styxes* hideous streames that run within the ground,
All other meanes must first be sought: but when there can be found
No helpe to heale a festred sore, it must away be cut,
Least that the partes that yet are sound, in daunger should be put,
We have a number in the worlde that mans estate surmount,
Of such whom for their private Gods the countrie folkes account,
As *Satyres*, *Faunes*, and sundry Nymphes, with *Silvanes* eke beside,
That in the woods and hillie grounds continually abide.
Whome into heaven since that as yet we vouch not safe to take,
And of the honour of this place copartners for to make,
Such landes as to inhabite in, we erst to them assignde,
That they should still enjoye the same, It is my will and minde?
But can you thinke that they in rest and safetie shall remaine
When proud *Lycaon* laye in waite by secret meanes and traine,
To have confounded me your Lorde, who in my hand doe beare
The dreadfull thunder, and of whom even you doe stand in feare?
The house was moved at his words and earnestly requirde,
The man that had so traiterously against theyr Lord conspirde.
Even so when Rebels did arise to stroy the Romane name
By shedding of our *Cesars* bloud, the horror of the same
Did perce the heartes of all mankind, and made the world to quake,
Whose fervent zeale in thy behalfe (O August) thou didst take
As thankfully as *Jove* doth heere the loving care of his
Who beckning to them with his hand, forbiddeth them to hisse,
And therewithall through all the house attentive silence is.
Assoone as that his majestie all muttring had alayde,
He brake the silence once againe, and thus unto them sayde:
Let passe this carefull thought of yours: for he that did offende,
Hath dearely bought the wicked Act the which hee did entende.
Yet shall you heare what was his fault and vengeance for the same.
A foule report and infamie unto our hearing came
Of mischiefe used in those times: which wishing all untrew
I did descend in shape of man, th' infamèd Earth to vew.
It were a processe overlong to tell you of the sinne,

That did abound in every place where as I entred in.
The brute was lesser than the truth and partiall in report.
The dreadfull dennes of *Menalus* where savage beasts resort,
And *Cyllen* had I overpast, with all the Pynetrees hie
Of cold *Lyceus*, and from thence I entred by and by
The herbroughlesse and cruell house of late Th'arcadian King,
Such time as twilight on the Earth dim darknesse gan to bring.
I gave a signe that God was come, and streight the common sort
Devoutly prayde, whereat *Lycaon* first did make a sport
And after said: by open proufe ere long I minde to see,
If that this wight a mighty God of mortall creature bee.
The truth shall trie it selfe: he ment (the sequele did declare)
To steale upon me in the night and kyll me unbeware.
And yet he was not so content: but went and cut the throte,
Of one that laye in hostage there which was an *Epyrote:*
And part of him he did to rost, and part he did to stew.
Which when it came upon the borde, forthwith I overthrew
The house with just revenging fire upon the owners hed,
Whoo seeing that, slipt out of doores amazde for feare, and fled
Into the wild and desert woods, where being all alone,
As he endevorde (but in vaine) to speake and make his mone,
He fell a howling: wherewithall for verie rage and moode
He ran me quite out of his wits and waxed furious woode,
Still practising his wonted lust of slaughter on the poore
And sielie cattle, thirsting still for bleud as heretofore.
His garments turnde to shackie heare, his armes to rugged pawes:
So is he made a ravening Woolf: whose shape expressely drawes
To that the which he was before: his skinne is horie graye,
His looke still grim with glaring eyes, and every kinde of waye
His cruell hart in outward shape dooth well it self bewraye.
Thus was one house destroyed quite: but that one house alone
Deserveth not to bee destroyde: in all the Earth is none,
But that such vice doth raigne therein, as that ye would beleve,
That all had sworne and solde themselves too mischiefe, us to greve.
And therefore as they all offende: so am I fully bent,
That all forthwith (as they deserve) shall have due punishment.
These wordes of *Jove* some of the Gods did openly approve,
And with their sayings more to wrath his angry courage move.
And some did give assent by signes. Yet did it grieve them all
That such destruction utterly on all mankinde should fall.
Demaunding what he purposèd with all the Earth to doe,
When that he had all mortall men so cleane destroyde, and whoe
On holie Altars afterward should offer frankinsence,
And whother that he were in minde to leave the Earth from thence
To savage beasts to wast and spoyle bicause of mans offence.
The king of Gods bade cease their thought and questions in that case,
And cast the care thereof on him: within a little space,
He promist for to frame a newe, an other kinde of men
By wondrous meanes, unlike the first to fill the world agen.
And now his lightning he had thought on all the earth to throw,
But that he fearèd least the flames perhaps so hie should grow

As for too set the Heaven on fire, and burne up all the skie.
He did remember furthermore how that by destinie
A certaine tyme should one day come wherein both Sea and Lond
And heaven it self should feele the force of *Vulcans* scorching brond,
So that the huge and goodly worke of all the world so wide
Should go to wrecke: for doubt whereof forthwith he laide aside
His weapons that the *Cyclops* made, intending to correct
Mans trespasse by a punishment contrary in effect.
And namely with incessant showres from heaven ypourèd downe.
He did determine with himself the mortall kinde to drowne,
In *Aeolus* prison by and by he fettred *Boreas* fast,
With al such winds as chafe ỹ cloudes, or break them with their blast,
And set at large the Southerne winde: who straight with watry wings
And dreadfull face as blacke as pitch, forth out of prison flings.
His beard hung full of hideous stormes, all dankish was his head,
With water streaming downe his haire that on his shoulders shead.
His ugly forehead wrinckled was with fogge mistes full thicke,
And on his fethers and his breast a stilling dew did sticke.
Assoone as he betweene his hands the hanging clouds had crusht,
With ratling noyse adowne from heaven the raine full sadly gusht.
The Rainbow *Junos* messenger bedect in sundrie hue,
To maintaine moysture in the cloudes, great waters thither drue:
The corne was beaten to the grounde, the Tilmans hope of gaine,
For which he toyled all the yeare, lay drownèd in the raine.
Joves indignation and his wrath began to grow so hot,
That for to quench the rage therof, his Heaven suffisde not
His brother *Neptune* with his waves was faine to doe him ease:
Who straight assembling all the streames that fall into the seas,
Said to them standing in his house: Sirs get you home apace,
(You must not looke too have me use long preaching in this case.)
Poure out your force (for so is neede) your heads ech one unpende,
And from your open springs, your streames with flowing waters sende
He had no sooner said the word, but that returning backe,
Eche one of them unlosde his spring, and let his waters slacke.
And to the Sea with flowing streames yswolne above their bankes,
One rolling in anothers necke, they rushed forth by rankes.
Hinselfe with his threetyned Mace, did lend the earth a blow,
That made it shake and open wayes for waters forth too flow.
The flouds at randon where they list through all the fields did stray,
Men, beastes, trees, corne, and with their gods, were Churches washt away.
If any house were built so strong, against their force to stond,
Yet did the water hide the top: and turrets in that ponde
Were overwhelmde: no difference was betweene the sea and ground,
For all was sea: there was no shore nor landing to be found.
Some climbed up to tops of hils, and some rowde to and fro
In Botes, where they not long before to plough and Cart did go,
One over corne and tops of townes whom waves did overwhelme
Doth saile in ship, an other sittes a fishing in an Elme.
In meddowes greene were Anchors cast (so fortune did provide)
And crooked ships did shadow vynes, the which the floud did hide.
And where but tother day before did feede the hungry Gote,

The ugly Seales and Porkepisces now to and fro did flote.
The Seanymphes wondred under waves the townes and groves to see,
And Dolphines playd among the tops and boughes of every tree.
The grim and greedy Wolfe did swim among the siely sheepe,
The Lion and the Tyger fierce were borne upon the deepe.
It booted not the foming Boare his crooked tuskes to whet,
The running Hart could in the streame by swiftnesse nothing get.
The fleeting fowles long having sought for land to rest upon,
Into the sea with werie wings were driven too fall anon.
Th'outragious swelling of the Sea the lesser hillockes drownde.
Unwonted waves on highest tops of mountaynes did rebownde.
The greatest part of men were drownde, and such as scapte the floode
Forlorne with fasting overlong did die for want of foode.
Against the fieldes of *Aönie* and *Atticke* lyes a lande,
That *Phocis* hight, a fertile ground while that it was a lande:
But at that time a part of Sea, and even a champion fielde
Of sodaine waters which the floud by forced rage did yeelde.
Where as a hill with forked top the which *Parnasus* hight,
Doth pierce the cloudes and to the starres doth raise his head upright.
When at this hill (for yet the sea had whelmed all beside)
Deucalion and his bedfellow, without all other guide,
Arrived in a little Barke immediatly they went,
And to the Nymphes of *Corycus* with full devout intent
Did honor due, and to the Gods to whom that famous hill
Was sacred, and too *Themis* eke in whose most holie will
Consisted then the Oracles. In all the world so rounde
A better nor more righteous man could never yet be founde
Than was *Deucalion*, nor againe a woman mayde nor wife,
That fearèd God so much as shee, nor led so good a life.
When *Jove* behelde how all the world stoode lyke a plash of raine,
And of so many thousand men and women did remaine
But one of eche, howbeit those both just and both devout,
He brake the cloudes, and did commaund that *Boreas* with his stout
And sturdie blasts should chase the floud, that Earth might see the skie
And Heaven the Earth: the Seas also began immediatly
Their raging furie for to cease. Their ruler laid awaye
His dreadfull Mace, and with his wordes their woodnesse did alaye.
He callèd *Tryton* too him straight his trumpetter, who stoode
In purple robe on shoulder cast, aloft upon the floud.
And bade him take his sounding Trump and out of hand too blow
Retreat, that all the streames might heare, and cease from thence to flow
He tooke his Trumpet in his hand, hys Trumpet was a shell
Of some great Whelke or other fishe, in facion like a Bell
That gathered narrow too the mouth, and as it did descende
Did waxe more wide and writhen still, downe to the nether ende:
When that this Trump amid the Sea was set to *Trytons* mouth,
He blew so loude that all the streames both East, West, North and South,
Might easly heare him blow retreate, and all that heard the sound
Immediatly began to ebbe and draw within their bound.
Then gan the Sea to have a shore, and brookes too fynde a bank,
And swelling streames of flowing flouds within their chanels sanke.

Then hils did ryse above the waves that had them overflow,
And as the waters did decrease the ground did seeme to grow.
And after long and tedious time the trees did shew their tops
All bare, save that upon the boughes the mud did hang in knops.
The worlde restorèd was againe, which though *Deucalion* joyde
Then to beholde: yet forbicause he saw the earth was voyde
And silent like a wildernesse, with sad and weeping eyes
And ruthfull voyce he then did speake to *Pyrrha* in this wise.
O sister, O my loving spouse, O sielie woman left,
As onely remnant of thy sex that water hath bereft,
Whome Nature first by right of birth hath linked to me fast
In that we brothers children bene: and secondly the chast
And stedfast bond of lawfull bed: and lastly now of all,
The present perils of the time that latelye did befall.
On all the Earth from East to West where *Phebus* shewes his face
There is no moe but thou and I of all the mortall race.
The Sea hath swallowed all the rest: and scarsly are we sure,
That our two lives from dreadfull death in safetie shall endure.
For even as yet the duskie cloudes doe make my hart adrad.
Alas poore wretched sielie soule, what heart wouldst thou have had
To beare these heavie happes, if chaunce had let thee scape alone?
Who should have bene thy comfort then? who should have rewd thy mone?
Now trust me truly loving wyfe had thou as now bene drownde,
I would have followed after thee and in the sea bene fownde.
Would God I could my fathers Arte, of claye too facion men
And give them life that people might frequent the world agen.
Mankinde (alas) doth onely now within us two consist,
As mouldes whereby too facion men. For so the Gods doe list.
And with these words the bitter teares did trickle down their cheeke,
Untill at length betweene themselves they did agree too seeke
To God by prayer for his grace, and to demaund his ayde
By aunswere of his Oracle; wherein they nothing stayde,
But to *Cephisus* sadly went, whose streame as at that time
Began to run within his bankes though thicke with muddie slime,
Whose sacred liquor straight they tooke and sprinkled with the same
Their heads and clothes: and afterward too *Themis* chappell came,
The roofe whereof with cindrie mosse was almost overgrowne.
For since the time the raging floud, the worlde had overflowne,
No creature came within the Churche: so that the Altars stood
Without one sparke of holie fyre or any sticke of wood.
Assoone as that this couple came within the chappell doore,
They fell downe flat upon the ground, and trembling kist the floore.
And sayde: if prayer that proceedes from humble hart and minde
May in the presence of the Gods such grace and favor finde
As to appease their worthie wrath, then vouch thou safe to tell
(O gentle *Themis*) how the losse that on our kinde befell,
May now eftsoones recovered bee, and helpe us too repaire
The world, which drowned under waves doth lie in great dispaire.
The Goddesse movèd with their sute, this answere did them make:
Depart you hence: Go hille your heads, and let your garmentes slake,
And both of you your Graundames bones behind your shoulders cast.

They stoode amazèd at these wordes, tyll *Pyrrha* at the last,
Refusing too obey the hest the whych the Goddesse gave,
Brake silence, and with trembling cheere did meekely pardon crave.
For sure she said she was afraid hir Graundames ghost to hurt
By taking up hir buried bones to throw them in the durt.
And with the aunswere here upon eftsoones in hand they go,
The doubtfull woordes wherof they scan and canvas to and fro.
Which done, *Prometheus* sonne began by counsell wise and sage
His cousin germanes fearfulnesse thus gently too asswage.
Well, eyther in these doubtfull words is hid some misterie,
Whereof the Gods permit us not the meaning to espie,
Or questionlesse and if the sence of inward sentence deeme
Like as the tenour of the words apparantly doe seeme,
It is no breach of godlynesse to doe as God doth bid.
I take our Graundame for the earth, the stones within hir hid
I take for bones, these are the bones the which are meanèd heere.
Though *Titans* daughter at this wise conjecture of hir fere
Were somewhat moved: yet none of both did stedfast credit geve,
So hardly could they in their hartes the heavenly hestes beleve.
But what and if they made a proufe? what harme could come therby?
They went their wayes, and veild their heades, and did their cotes untie,
And at their backes did throw the stones by name of bones foretolde.
The stones (who would beleve the thing, but that the time of olde
Reportes it for a stedfast truth?) of nature tough and harde,
Began too warre both soft and smoothe: and shortly afterwarde
Too winne therwith a better shape: and as they did encrease,
A mylder nature in them grew, and rudenesse gan to cease.
For at the first their shape was such, as in a certaine sort
Resembled man, but of the right and perfect shape came short.
Even like to Marble ymages new drawne and roughly wrought,
Before the Carver by his Arte to purpose hath them brought.
Such partes of them where any juice or moysture did abound,
Or else were earthie, turnd too flesh: and such as were so sound
And harde as would not bow nor bende did turne too bones: againe,
The part that was a veyne before, doth still his name retaine.
Thus by the mightie powre of Gods ere longer time was past,
The mankinde was restorde by stones the which a man did cast.
And likewise also by the stones the which a woman threw,
The womankinde repayred was and made againe of new.
Of these are we the crooked ympes, and stonie race in deede,
Bewraying by our toyling life, from whence we doe proceede.
The lustie earth of owne accorde soone after forth did bring,
According to their sundrie shapes eche other living thing,
Assoone as that the moysture once caught heate against the Sunne,
And that the fat and slimie mud in moorish groundes begunne
To swell through warmth of *Phebus* beames, and that the fruitfull seede
Of things well cherisht in the fat and lively soyle indeede,
As in their mothers wombe, began in length of time too grow,
To one or other kinde of shape wherein themselves to show.
Even so when that the seven mouthed *Nile* the watrie fieldes forsooke,
And to his auncient chanell eft his bridled streames betooke,

So that the Sunne did heate the mud, the which he left behinde,
The husbandmen that tilde the ground, among the cloddes did finde,
Of sundrie creatures sundrie shapes: of which they spiéd some
Even in the instant of their birth but newly then begonne,
And some unperfect wanting brest or shoulders in such wise,
That in one bodie oftentymes appeared to the eyes
One halfe thereof alyve too bee, and all the rest beside
Both voyde of lyfe and seemely shape, starke earth to still abyde.
For when that moysture with the heate is tempred equally,
They doe conceyve, and of them twaine engender by and by
All kinde of things. For though that fire with water aye debateth
Yet moysture mixt with equall heate all living things createth.
And so those discordes in their kinde, one striving with the other,
In generation doe agree and make one perfect mother.
And therefore when the mirie earth bespred with slimie mud
Brought over all but late before by violence of the flud,
Caught heate by warmnesse of the Sunne and culmenesse of the skie:
Things out of number in the worlde, forthwith it did applie.
Whereof in part the like before in former times had bene,
And some so straunge and ougly shapes as never erst were sene.
In that she did such Monsters breede, was greatly to hir woe,
But yet thou ougly *Python* wert engendred by hir thoe,
A terror to the newmade folke, which never erst had knowne
So foule a Dragon in their lyfe, so monstrously foregrowne;
So great a ground thy poyson paunch did underneath thee hide.
The God of shooting who no where before that present tide
Those kinde of weapons put in ure, but at the speckled Deare,
Or at the Roes so wight of foote, a thousand shaftes well neere,
Did on that hideous serpent spende: of which there was not one,
But forcèd forth the venimd bloud along his sydes to gone.
So that his quiver almost voyde, he nailde him to the grounde,
And did him nobly at the last by force of shot confounde.
And least that time might of this worke deface the worthy fame,
He did ordeyne in mynde thereof a great and solemne game,
Which of the serpent that he slue of *Pythians* bare the name.
Where who so could the maistrie winne in feates of strength, or sleight
Of hande or foote or rolling wheele, might claime to have of right,
An Oken garland fresh and brave. There was not any wheare
As yet a Bay: by meanes whereof was *Phebus* faine to weare
The leaves of every pleasant tree about his golden heare.
Peneian Daphne was the first where *Phebus* set his love,
Which not blind chaunce but *Cupids* fierce and cruel wrath did move.
The *Delian* God but late before surprisde with passing pride
For killing of the monstrous worme, the God of love espide,
With bowe in hand alredy bent and letting arrowes go:
To whome he sayd, and what hast thou thou wanton baby so
With warlike weapons for to toy? It were a better sight,
To see this kinde of furniture on my two shoulders bright:
Who when we list with stedfast hand both man and beast can wound,
Who tother day wyth arrowes keene, have naylèd to the ground
The serpent *Python* so forswolne, whose filthie wombe did hide

So many acres of the grounde in which he did abide.
Content thy selfe sonne, sorie loves to kindle with thy brand,
For these our prayses to attaine thou must not take in hand.
To him quoth *Venus* sonne againe, well *Phebus* I agree
Thy bow to shoote at every beast, and so shall mine at thee.
And looke how far that under God eche beast is put by kinde,
So much thy glorie lesse than ours in shooting shalt thou finde.
This saide, with drift of fethered wings in broken ayre he flue,
And up the forkt and shadie top of Mount *Parnasus* drue.
There from hys quiver full of shafts two arrowes did he take
Of sundrie workes: tone causeth Love, the tother doth it slake.
That causeth love, is all of golde with point full sharpe and bright,
That chaseth love is blunt, whose steele with leaden head is dight.
The God this firèd in the Nymph *Peneis* for the nones
The tother perst *Apollos* hart and overraft his bones.
Immediatly in smoldring heate of Love the tone did swelt,
Againe the tother in hir heart no sparke nor motion felt.
In woods and forrests is hir joy the savage beasts to chase,
And as the price of all hir paine too take the skinne and case.
Unwedded *Phebe* doth she haunt and follow as hir guide,
Unordred doe hir tresses wave scarce in a fillet tide.
Full many a wooer sought hir love: she lothing all the rout,
Impacient and without a man walkes all the woods about.
And as for *Hymen*, or for love, and wedlocke often sought,
She tooke no care, they were the furthest end of all hir thought.
Hir father many a time and oft would saye, my daughter deere
Thow owest mee a sonneinlaw too bee thy lawfull feere.
Hir father many a tyme and oft would say, my daughter deere
Of Nephewes thou my debtour art, their Graundsires heart to cheere.
She hating as a haynous crime the bond of bridely bed,
Demurely casting downe hir eyes, and blushing somwhat red,
Did folde about hir fathers necke with fauning armes: and sed,
Deere father, graunt me whyle I live my maidenhead for to have,
As too *Diana* heretofore hir father freely gave.
Thy father (*Daphne*) could consent to that thou doest require,
But that thy beautie and thy forme impugne thy chaste desire;
So that thy will and his consent are nothing in this case,
By reason of the beautie bright that shineth in thy face.
Apollo loves and longs too have this *Daphne* to his Feere,
And as he longs he hopes, but his foredoomes doe fayle him there.
And as light hame when corne is reapt, or hedges burne with brandes,
That passers by when day drawes neere throwe loosely fro their handes;
So intoo flames the God is gone and burneth in his brest,
And feedes his vaine and barraine love in hoping for the best.
Hir heare unkembd about hir necke downe flaring did he see
O Lord and were they trimd (quoth he) how seemely would shee bee?
He sees hir eyes as bright as fire the starres to represent,
He sees hir mouth which to have seene he holdes him not content.
Hir lillie armes mid part and more above the elbow bare,
Hir handes, hir fingers and hir wrystes, him thought of beautie rare.
And sure he thought such other partes as garments then did hyde,

Excelled greatly all the rest the which he had espyed.
But swifter than the whyrling winde shee flees and will not stay,
To give the hearing to these wordes the which he had to say.
I pray thee Nymph *Penæis* stay, I chase not as a fo:
Stay Nymph: the Lambes so flee ỹ Wolves, the Stags ỹ Lions so:
With flittring fethers sielie Doves so from the Gossehauke flie,
And every creature from his foe. Love is the cause that I
Do followe thee: alas alas how woulde it grieve my heart,
To see thee fall among the briers, and that the bloud should start
Out of thy tender legges, I wretch the causer of thy smart.
The place is rough to which thou runst, take leysure I thee pray,
Abate thy flight, and I my selfe my running pace will stay.
Yet would I wishe thee take advise, and wisely for to viewe
What one he is that for thy grace in humble wise doth sewe.
I am not one that dwelles among the hilles and stonie rockes,
I am no sheepehearde with a Curre, attending on the flockes:
I am no Carle nor countrie Clowne, nor neathearde taking charge
Of cattle grazing here and there within this Forrest large.
Thou doest not know poore simple soule, God wote thou dost not knowe,
From whome thou fleest. For if thou knew, thou wouldste not flee me so.
In *Delphos* is my chiefe abode, my Temples also stande
At *Glaros* and at *Patara* within the *Lycian* lande.
And in the Ile of *Tenedos* the people honour mee.
The king of Gods himself is knowne my father for to bee.
By me is knowne that was, that is, and that that shall ensue,
By mee men learne to sundrie tunes to frame sweete ditties true.
In shooting I have stedfast hand, but surer hand had hee
That made this wound within my heart that heretofore was free.
Of Phisicke and of surgerie I found the Artes for neede
The powre of everie herbe and plant doth of my gift proceede.
Nowe wo is me that neare an herbe can heale the hurt of love
And that the Artes that others helpe their Lord doth helpelesse prove.
As *Phœbus* would have spoken more, away *Penæis* stale
With fearefull steppes, and left him in the midst of all his tale.
And as shee ran the meeting windes hir garments backewarde blue,
So that hir naked skinne apearde behinde hir as she flue,
Hir goodly yellowe golden haire that hanged loose and slacke,
With every puffe of ayre did wave and tosse behind hir backe.
Hir running made hir seeme more fayre. The youthfull God therefore
Coulde not abyde to waste his wordes in dalyance any more.
But as his love advysed him he gan to mende his pace,
And with the better foote before the fleeing Nymph to chace.
And even as when the greedie Grewnde doth course the sielie Hare
Amiddes the plaine and champion fielde without all covert bare,
Both twaine of them do straine themselves and lay on footemanship,
Who may best runne with all his force the tother to outstrip,
The tone for safetie of his lyfe, the tother for his pray,
The Grewnde aye prest with open mouth to beare the Hare away,
Thrusts forth his snoute, and gyrdeth out, and at hir loynes doth snatch,
As though he would at everie stride betweene his teeth hir latch:
Againe in doubt of being caught the Hare aye shrinking slips,

Upon the sodaine from his Jawes, and from betweene his lips:
So farde *Apollo* and the Mayde: hope made *Apollo* swift,
And feare did make the Mayden fleete devising how to shift.
Howebeit he that did pursue of both the swifter went,
As furthred by the feathred wings that *Cupid* had him lent:
So that he would not let hir rest, but preased at hir heele
So neere that through hir scattred haire shee might his breathing feele.
But when she sawe hir breath was gone and strength began to fayle,
The colour faded in hir cheekes, and ginning for to quayle,
Shee looked too *Penæus* streame, and sayde, nowe Father dere,
And if yon streames have powre of Gods, then help your daughter here.
O let the earth devour me quicke, on which I seeme to fayre,
Or else this shape which is my harme by chaunging straight appayre.
This piteous prayer scarsly sed: hir sinewes waxed starke,
And therewithall about hir breast did grow a tender barke.
Hir haire was turned into leaves, hir armes in boughes did growe,
Hir feete that were ere while so swift, now rooted were as slowe.
Hir crowne became the toppe, and thus of that she earst had beene,
Remayned nothing in the worlde, but beautie fresh and greene.
Which when that *Phœbus* did beholde (affection did so move)
The tree to which his love was turnde he coulde no lesse but love.
And as he softly layde his hand upon the tender plant,
Within the barke newe overgrowne he felt hir heart yet pant.
And in his armes embracing fast hir boughes and braunches lythe,
He proferde kisses too the tree: the tree did from him writhe.
Well (quoth *Apollo*) though my Feere and spouse thou can not bee,
Assuredly from this time forth yet shalt thou be my tree.
Thou shalt adorne my golden lockes, and eke my pleasant Harpe,
Thou shalt adorne my Quyver full of shaftes and arrowes sharpe,
Thou shalt adorne the valiant knyghts and royall Emperours:
When for their noble feates of armes like mightie conquerours,
Triumphantly with stately pompe up to the Capitoll,
They shall ascende with solemne traine that doe their deedes extoll.
Before *Augustus* Pallace doore full duely shalt thou warde,
The Oke amid the Pallace yarde aye faythfully to garde,
And as my heade is never poulde nor never more without
A seemely bushe of youthfull haire that spreadeth rounde about:
Even so this honour give I thee continually to have
Thy braunches clad from time to tyme with leaves both fresh and brave.
Now when that *Pean* of this talke had fully made an ende,
The Lawrell to his just request did seeme to condescende,
By bowing of hir newe made boughes and tender braunches downe,
And wagging of hir seemely toppe, as if it were hir crowne.
There is a lande in *Thessalie* enclosd on every syde
With wooddie hilles, that *Timpe* hight, through mid whereof doth glide
Penæus gushing full of froth from foote of *Pindus* hye,
Which with his headlong falling downe doth cast up violently,
A mistie steame lyke flakes of smoke, besprinckling all about
The toppes of trees on eyther side, and makes a roaring out
That may be heard a great way off. This is the fixed seate,
This is the house and dwelling place and chamber of the greate

And mightie Ryver: Here he sittes in Court of Peeble stone,
And ministers justice to the waves and to the Nymphes eche one,
That in the Brookes and waters dwell. Now hither did resorte,
(Not knowing if they might rejoyce and unto mirth exhort
Or comfort him) his Countrie Brookes, *Sperchius* well beseene,
With sedgie heade and shadie bankes of *Poplars* fresh and greene:
Enipeus restlesse swift and quicke, olde father *Apidane*,
Amphrisus with his gentle streame, and *Aeas* clad with cane:
With dyvers other Ryvers moe, which having runne their race,
Into the Sea their wearie waves do lead with restlesse pace.
From hence the carefull *Inachus* absentes him selfe alone,
Who in a corner of his cave with doolefull teares and mone
Augments the waters of his streame, bewayling piteously
His daughter *Io* lately lost. He knewe not certainly
And if she were a live or deade. But for he had hir sought,
And coulde not finde hir any where, assuredly he thought
She did not live above the molde, ne drew the vitall breath:
Misgiving worser in his minde, if ought be worse than death.
It fortunde on a certaine day that *Jove* espide this Mayde
Come running from hir fathers streame alone: to whome he sayde:
O Damsell worthie *Jove* himselfe like one day for to make
Some happie person whome thou list unto thy bed to take.
I pray thee let us shroude our selves in shadowe here togither,
Of this or that (he poynted both) it makes no matter whither,
Untill the whotest of the day and Noone be overpast.
And if for feare of savage beastes perchaunce thou be agast
To wander in the Woods alone, thou shalt not neede to feare,
A God shall bee thy guide to save thee harmlesse every where.
And not a God of meaner sort, but even the same that hath
The heavenly scepter in his hande, who in my dreadfull wrath
Do dart downe thunder wandringly: and therefore make no hast
Too runne away. She ranne apace, and had alreadie past
The Fen of *Lerna* and the feeld of *Lincey* set with trees:
When *Jove* intending now in vaine no lenger tyme to leese,
Upon the Countrie all about did bring a foggie mist,
And caught the Mayden whome poore foole he used as he list.
Queene *Juno* looking downe that while upon the open field,
When in so fayre a day such mistes and darknesse she behelde,
Did marvell much: for well she knewe those mistes ascended not
From any Ryver, moorishe ground, or other dankishe plot.
She lookt about hir for hir *Jove* as one that was acquainted
With such escapes and with the deede had often him attainted.
Whome when she founde not in the heaven, onlesse I gesse amisse,
Some wrong agaynst me (quoth she) now my husbande working is.
And with that worde she left the Heaven, and downe to earth shee came,
Commaunding all the mistes away. But *Jove* foresees the same,
And to a Cow as white as milke his Leman he convayes.
She was a goodly Heefar sure: and *Juno* did hir prayse,
Although (God wot) she thought it not: and curiously she sought,
Where she was bred, whose Cow she was, who had hir thither brought,
As though she had not knowne the truth. Hir husband by and by

(Bycause she should not search to neare) devisde a cleanly lie,
And tolde hir that the Cow was bred even nowe out of the grounde.
Then *Juno* who hir husbands shift at fingers endes had founde,
Desirde to have the Cow of gift. What should he doe as tho?
Great cruelnesse it were too yeelde his Lover to hir so.
And not to give would breede mistrust. As fast as shame provoked,
So fast agayne a tother side his Love his minde revoked:
So much that Love was at the poynt to put all shame to flyght,
But that he feared if he should denie a gift so light,
As was a Cowe to hir that was his sister and his wyfe,
Might make hir thinke it was no Cow, and breede perchaunce some strife.
Now when that *Juno* had by gift hir husbands Leman got,
Yet altogether out of feare and carelesse was she not.
She had him in a jelousie, and thoughtfull was she still,
For doubt he should invent some meanes to steale hir from hir: till
To *Argus* olde *Aristors* sonne she put hir for to keepe.
This *Argus* had an hundreth eyes: of which by turne did sleepe
Alwayes a couple, and the rest did duely watch and warde,
And of the charge they tooke in hande had ever good regarde.
What way so ever *Argus* stood with face, with backe, or side,
To *Iö* warde, before his eyes did *Iö* still abide.
All day he let hir graze abroade: the Sunne once under ground,
He shut hir up and by the necke with wrythen With hir bound.
With croppes of trees and bitter weedes now was she dayly fed,
And in the stead of costly couch and good soft featherbed,
She sate a nightes upon the ground, and on such ground whereas
Was not sometime so much as grasse: and oftentymes she was
Compeld to drinke of muddie pittes: and when she did devise,
To *Argus* for to lift hir handes in meeke and humble wise,
She sawe she had no handes at all: and when she did assay
To make complaint, she lowed out, which did hir so affray,
That oft she started at the noyse, and would have runne away.
Unto hir father *Inachs* banckes she also did resorte,
Where many a tyme and oft before she had beene wont to sporte.
Now when she looked in the streame, and sawe hir horned hed,
She was agast and from hir selfe would all in hast have fled.
The Nymphes hir sisters knewe hir not nor yet hir owne deare father,
Yet followed she both him and them, and suffred them the rather
To touch and stroke hir where they list, as one that preaced still
To set hir selfe to wonder at and gaze upon their fill.
The good olde *Inach* pulze up grasse and too hir straight it beares.
She as she kyst and lickt his handes did shed forth dreerie teares.
And had she had hir speach at will to utter forth hir thought,
She would have tolde hir name and chaunce and him of helpe besought.
But for bicause she could not speake, she printed in the sande,
Two letters with hir foote, whereby was given to understande
The sorrowfull chaunging of hir shape. Which seene, straight cryed out
Hir father *Inach*, wo is me, and clasping hir about
Hir white and seemely Hecfars necke and christal hornes both twaine,
He shricked out full piteously, Now wo is me again.
Alas art thou my daughter deare, whome through the worlde I sought

And could not finde? and now by chaunce art to my presence brought?
My sorrow certesse lesser farre a thousande folde had beene
If never had I seene thee more, than thus to have thee seene.
Thou standst as dombe and to my wordes no answere can thou give,
But from the bottom of thy heart full sorie sighes dost drive
As tokens of thine inwarde griefe, and doolefully dost mooe
Unto my talke, the onely thing leaft in thy powre to dooe.
But I mistrusting nothing lesse than this so great mischaunce,
By some great mariage earnestly did seeke thee to advaunce,
In hope some yssue to have seene betweene my sonne and thee.
But now thou must a husband have among the Heirds I see,
And eke thine issue must be such as other cattels bee.
Oh that I were a mortall wight as other creatures are,
For then might death in length of time quite rid mee of this care.
But now bycause I am a God, and fate doth death denie,
There is no helpe but that my griefe must last eternallie.
As *Inach* made this piteous mone quick sighted *Argus* drave
His daughter into further fieldes to which he could not have
Accesse, and he himselfe a loof did get him to a hill,
From whence he sitting at his ease viewd every way at will.
Now could no lenger *Jove* abide his Lover so forlorne:
And thereupon he cald his sonne that *Maia* had him borne,
Commaunding *Argus* should be kild. He made no long abod,
But tyde his feathers to his feete, and tooke his charmed rod,
(With which he bringeth things a sleepe, and fetcheth soules from Hell)
And put his Hat upon his head: and when that all was well
He leaped from his fathers towres, and downe to earth he flue
And there both Hat and winges also he lightly from him thrue,
Retayning nothing but his staffe, the which he closely helde
Betweene his elbowe and his side, and through the common fielde
Went plodding lyke some good plaine soule that had some flocke to feede.
And as he went he pyped still upon an Oten Reede.
Queene *Junos* Heirdmann farre in love with this straunge melodie
Bespake him thus: Good fellow mine, I pray thee heartely
Come sitte downe by me on this hill, for better feede I knowe
Thou shalt not finde in all these fieldes, and (as the thing doth showe)
It is a coole and shadowie plot, for sheepeheirds verie fitte.
Downe by his elbow by and by did *Atlas* nephew sit.
And for to passe the tyme withall for seeming overlong,
He helde him talke of this and that, and now and than among,
He playd upon his merrie Pipe to cause his watching eyes
To fall a sleepe. Poore *Argus* did the best he could devise
To overcome the pleasant nappes: and though that some did sleepe,
Yet of his eyes the greater part he made their watch to keepe.
And after other talke he askt (for lately was it founde)
Who was the founder of that Pype that did so sweetely sounde.
Then sayde the God, there dwelt sometime a Nymph of noble fame
Among the hilles of *Arcadie*, that *Syrinx* had to name.
Of all the Nymphes of *Nonacris* and Fairie farre and neere,
In beautie and in parsonage thys Ladie had no peere.
Full often had she given the slippe both to the *Satyrs* quicke

And other Gods that dwell in Woods, and in the Forrests thicke,
Or in the fruitfull fieldes abrode. It was hir whole desire
Too follow chaste *Dianas* guise in Maydenhead and attire.
Whome she did counterfaite so nighe, that such as did hir see
Might at a blush have taken hir, *Diana* for to bee,
But that the Nymph did in hir hande a bowe of Cornell holde,
Whereas *Diana* evermore did beare a bowe of golde.
And yet she did deceyve folke so. Upon a certaine day
God *Pan* with garland on his heade of Pinetree, sawe hir stray
From Mount *Lyceus* all alone, and thus to hir did say.
Unto a Gods request, O Nymph, voucesafe thou to agree
That doth desire thy wedded spouse and husband for to bee.
There was yet more behinde to tell: as how that *Syrinx* fled
Through waylesse woods and gave no eare to that that *Pan* had sed,
Untill she to the gentle streame of sandie *Ladon* came,
Where, for bicause it was so deepe, she could not passe the same,
She piteously to chaunge hir shape the water Nymphes besought:
And how when *Pan* betweene his armes, to catch y Nymph had thought,
In steade of hir he caught the Reedes newe growne upon the brooke,
And as he sighed, with his breath the Reedes he softly shooke,
Which made a still and mourning noyse, with straungnesse of the which
And sweetenesse of the feeble sounde the God delighted mich,
Saide certesse *Syrinx* for thy sake it is my full intent
To make my comfort of these Reedes wherein thou doest lament:
And how that there of sundrie Reedes with wax together knit,
He made the Pipe which of hir name the Greekes call *Syrinx* yet.
But as *Cyllenius* would have tolde this tale, he cast his sight
On *Argus*, and beholde his eyes had bid him all good night.
There was not one ~~that one~~ that did not sleepe: and fast he gan to nodde.
Immediately he ceast his talke, and with his charmed rodde
So stroked all his heavie eyes that earnestly they slept.
Then with his Woodknife by and by he lightly to him stept,
And lent him such a perlous blowe, where as the shoulders grue
Unto the necke, that straight his heade quite from the bodie flue.
Then tombling downe the headlong hill his bloudie coarse he sent,
That all the way by which he rolde was stayned and besprent,
There liste thou *Argus* under foote, with all thy hundreth lights,
And all the light is cleane extinct that was within those sights,
One endelesse night thy hundred eyes hath nowe bereft for aye.
Yet would not *Juno* suffer so hir Heirdmans eyes decay:
But in hir painted Peacocks tayle and feathers did them set,
Where they remayne lyke precious stones and glaring eyes as yet.
She tooke his death in great dispight and as hir rage did move,
Determinde for to wreeke hir wrath upon hir husbandes Love.
Forthwith she cast before hir eyes right straunge and ugly sightes,
Compelling hir to thinke she sawe some Fiendes or wicked sprightes.
And in hir heart such secret prickes and piercing stings she gave hir,
As through the worlde from place to place with restlesse sorrow drave hir.
Thou *Nylus* wert assignd to stay hir paynes and travelles past,
To which as soone as *Iö* came with much a doe at last,
With wearie knockles on thy brim she kneeled sadly downe,

And stretching foorth hir faire long necke and christall horned crowne,
Such kinde of countnaunce as she had she lifted to the skie,
And there with sighing sobbes and teares and lowing doolefully
Did seeme to make hir mone to *Jove*, desiring him to make
Some ende of those hir troublous stormes endured for his sake,
Hee tooke his wife about the necke, and sweetely kissing prayde,
That *Iös* penance yet at length might by hir graunt be stayde.
Thou shalt not neede to feare (quoth he) that ever she shall grieve thee
From this day forth. And in this case the better to beleve mee,
The *Stygian* waters of my wordes unparciall witnesse beene.
Assoone as *Juno* was appeasde, immediately was seene
That *Iö* tooke hir native shape in which she first was borne,
And eke became the selfe same thing the which she was beforne.
For by and by she cast away hir rough and hairie hyde,
In steede whereof a soft smouth skinne with tender flesh did byde.
Hir hornes sank down, hir eies and mouth were brought in lesser roome,
Hir handes, hir shoulders, and hir armes in place againe did come.
Hir cloven Clees to fingers five againe reduced were,
On which the nayles lyke pollisht Gemmes did shine full bright and clere.
In fine, no likenesse of a Cow save whitenesse did remaine
So pure and perfect as no snowe was able it to staine.
She vaunst hir selfe upon hir feete which then was brought to two,
And though she gladly would have spoke: yet durst she not so do,
Without good heede, for feare she should have lowed like a Cow.
And therefore softly with hir selfe she gan to practise how
Distinctly to pronounce hir wordes that intermitted were.
Now as a Goddesse is she had in honour everie where,
Among the folke that dwell by *Nyle* yclad in linnen weede.
Of her in tyme came *Epaphus* begotten of the seede
Of myghtie *Jove*. This noble ympe nowe joyntly with his mother,
Through all the Cities of that lande have temples tone with toother.
There was his match in heart and yeares the lustie *Phaëton*,
A stalworth stripling strong and stout the golden *Phœbus* sonne.
Whome making proude and stately vauntes of his so noble race,
And unto him in that respect in nothing giving place,
The sonne of *Iö* could not beare: but sayde unto him thus.
No marvell though thou be so proude and full of wordes ywus.
For everie fonde and trifling tale the which thy mother makes
Thy gyddie wit and hairebrainde heade forthwith for gospell takes.
Well, vaunt thy selfe of *Phœbus* still, for when the truth is seene,
Thou shalt perceyve that fathers name a forged thing to beene.
At this reproch did *Phaëton* wax as red as any fire:
Howbeit for the present tyme did shame represse his ire.
Unto his mother *Clymen* straight he goeth to detect
The spitefull wordes that *Epaphus* against him did object.
Yea mother (quoth he) and which ought your greater griefe to bee,
I who at other times of talke was wont too be so free
And stoute, had neere a worde to say, I was ashamde to take
So fowle a foyle: the more because I could none answere make.
But if I be of heavenly race exacted as ye say,
Then shewe some token of that highe and noble byrth I pray,

And vouche mee for to be of heaven. With that he gently cast
His armes about his mothers necke, and clasping hir full fast,
Besought hir as she lovde his life, and as she lovde the lyfe
Of *Merops*, and had kept hir selfe as undefiled wyfe,
And as she wished welthily his sisters to bestowe,
She would some token give whereby his rightfull Syre to knowe,
It is a doubtfull matter whither *Clymen* moved more
With this hir *Phaëtons* earnest sute exacting it so sore,
Or with the slaunder of the brute layde to hir charge before,
Did holde up both hir handes to heaven, and looking on the Sunne,
My right deare childe I safely sweare (quoth she to *Phaëton*)
That of this starre the which so bright doth glister in thine eye:
Of this same Sunne that cheares the world with light indifferently
Wert thou begot: and if I fayne, then with my heart I pray,
That never may I see him more unto my dying day.
But if thou have so great desire thy father for to knowe,
Thou shalt not neede in that behalfe much labour to bestowe.
The place from whence he doth arise adjoyneth to our lande.
And if thou thinke thy heart will serve, then go and understande
The truth of him. When *Phaëton* heard his mother saying so,
He gan to leape and skip for joye. He fed his fansie tho,
Upon the Heaven and heavenly things: and so with willing minde,
From *Aethiop* first his native home, and afterwarde through *Inde*
Set underneath the morning starre he went so long, till as
He founde me where his fathers house and dayly rising was.

Finis primi Libri.

THE SECONDE BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

THE Princely Pallace of the Sunne stoode gorgeous to beholde
On stately Pillars builded high of yellow burnisht golde,
Beset with sparckling Carbuncles that like to fire did shine.
The roofe was framed curiously of Yvorie pure and fine.
The two doore leaves of silver cleare a radiant light did cast:
But yet the cunning workemanship of things therein farre past
The stuffe wherof the doores were made. For there a perfect plat,
Had *Vulcane* drawne of all the worlde: Both of the sourges that
Embrace the earth with winding waves, and of the stedfast ground,
And of the heaven it selfe also that both encloseth round.
And first and formest in the Sea the Gods thereof did stande
Loude sounding *Tryton* with his shirle and writhen Trumpe in hande:
Unstable *Proteu* chaunging aye his figure and his hue,
From shape to shape a thousande sithes as list him to renue:
Aegeon leaning boystrously on backes of mightie Whales
And *Doris* with her daughters all: of which some eut the wales
With splaied armes, some sate on rockes and dride their gossly haire,
And some did ryde uppon the backes of fishes here and theare.
Not one in all poyntes fully lyke an other could ye see,
Nor verie farre unlike, but such as sisters ought to bee.
The Earth had townes, men, beasts, and Woods with sundrie trees and rods,
And running Ryvers with their Nymphes and other countrie Gods.
Directly over all these same the plat of heaven was pight,
Upon the two doore leaves, the signes of all the Zodiak bright,
Indifferently six on the left and six upon the right.
When *Clymens* sonne had climbed up at length with weerie pace,
And set his foote within his doubted fathers dwelling place,
Immediately he preaced forth to put him selfe in sight,
And stoode aloofe. For neere at hande he could not bide the light.
In purple Robe and royall Throne of Emeraudes fresh and greene
Did *Phebus* sitte, and on eche hande stoode wayting well beseene,
Dayes, Monthes, yeares, ages, seasons, times, and eke the equall houres.
There stoode the springtime with a crowne of fresh and fragrant floures:
There wayted Sommer naked starke all save a wheaten Hat:
And Autumne smerde with treading grapes late at the pressing Fat.
And lastly quaking for the colde, stood Winter all forlorne,
With rugged heade as white as Dove, and garments all to torne,
Forladen with the Isycles that dangled up and downe
Uppon his gray and hoarie bearde and snowie frozen crowne.
The Sunne thus sitting in the middes did cast his piercing eye,
(With which full lightly when he list he all thinges doth espye)
Upon his childe that stood aloofe agast and trembling sore
At sight of such unwoonted thinges, and thus bespake him thore.
O noble ympe, O *Phaëton* which art not such (I see)
Of whome thy father should have cause ashamed for to bee:
Why hast thou traveld to my court? what is thy will with mee?

Then answerde he, of all the worlde O onely perfect light,
O Father *Phœbus*, (if I may usurpe that name of right,
And that my mother for to save hir selfe from worldely shame,
Hyde not hir fault with false pretence and colour of thy name)
Some signe apparant graunt whereby I may be knowne thy Sonne,
And let mee hang no more in doubt. He had no sooner donne,
But that his father putting off the bright and fierie beames
That glistred rounde about his heade like cleare and golden streames,
Commaunded him to drawe him neere, and him embracing sayde:
To take mee for thy rightfull Sire thou neede not be afrayde.
Thy mother *Clymen* of a truth from falshood standeth free.
And for to put thee out of doubt, aske what thou wilt of mee,
And I will give thee thy desire, the Lake whereby of olde
We Gods do sweare (the which mine eyes did never yet beeholde)
Beare witnesse with thee of my graunt: he scarce this tale had tolde,
But that the foolish *Phaëton* straight for a day did crave
The guyding of his winged Steedes, and Chariot for to have.
Then did his Father by and by forethinke him of his oth.
And shaking twentie tymes his heade, as one that was full wroth,
Beespake him thus: thy wordes have made me rashly to consent
To that which shortly both of us (I feare mee) shall repent.
Oh that I might retract my graunt, my sonne I doe protest
I would denie thee nothing else save this thy fond request.
I may disswade, there lyes herein more perill than thou weene:
The things the which thou doest desire of great importance beene:
More than thy weakenesse well can wielde, a charge (as well appeares)
Of greater weight, than may agree with these thy tender yeeres.
Thy state is mortall, weake and frayle, the thing thou doest desire
Is such, whereto no mortall man is able to aspire.
Yea foolish boy thou doest desire (and all for want of wit)
A greater charge than any God coulde ever have as yit.
For were there any of them all so overseene and blinde
To take upon him this my charge, full quickly should he finde
That none but I could sit upon the fierie Axeltree.
No not even he that rules this wast and endlesse space we see,
Not he that darts with dreadfull hande the thunder from the Skie,
Shall drive this chare. And yet what thing in all the world perdie
Is able to compare with *Jove?* Now first the morning way
Lyes steepe upright, so that the steedes in coolest of the day
And beeing fresh have much a doe to climbe against the Hyll.
Amiddes the heaven the gastly heigth augmenteth terror still.
My heart doth waxe as colde as yse full many a tyme and oft
For feare to see the Sea and land from that same place aloft.
The Evening way doth fall plump downe requiring strength to guide
That *Tethis* who doth harbrowgh mee within hir sourges wide
Doth stand in feare least from the heaven I headlong down should slide.
Besides all this, the Heaven aye swimmes and wheeles about full swift
And with his rolling dryves the starres their proper course to shift.
Yet doe I keepe my native course against this brunt so stout,
Not giving place as others doe: but boldely bearing out
The force and swiftnesse of that heaven that whyrleth so about.

Admit thou had my winged Steedes and Chariot in thine hande:
What couldste thou doe? dost think thy selfe well able to withstand
The swiftnesse of the whyrled Pooles? but that their brunt and sway
(Yea doe the best and worst thou can) shall beare thee quite away?
Perchaunce thou dost imagine there some townes of Gods to finde,
With groves and Temples richt with giftes as is among mankinde.
Thou art deceyved utterly: thou shalt not finde it so.
By blinde bywayes and ugly shapes of monsters must thou go.
And though thou knewe the way so well as that thou could not stray,
Betweene the dreadfull bulles sharp hornes yet must thou make thy way.
Against the cruell Bowe the which the *Aemonian* archer drawes:
Against the ramping Lyon armde with greedie teeth and pawes:
Against the Scorpion stretching farre his fell and venymd clawes:
And eke the Crab that casteth forth his crooked clees awrie
Not in such sort as th'other doth, and yet as dreadfully.
Againe thou neyther hast the powre nor yet the skill I knowe
My lustie coursers for too guide that from their nosetrilles throwe
And from their mouthes the fierie breath that breedeth in their brest.
For scarcely will they suffer mee who knowes their nature best
When that their cruell courages begin to catch a heate.
That hardely should I deale with them, but that I know the feate.
But least my gift should to thy griefe and utter perill tend,
My Sonne beware, and (whyle thou mayst) thy fonde request amend.
Bycause thou woulde be knowne to bee my childe, thou seemst to crave
A certaine signe: what surer signe I pray thee canst thou have
Than this my feare so fatherly the which I have of thee,
Which proveth me most certainly thy father for to bee?
Beholde and marke my countenaunce. O would to God thy sight
Coulde pierce within my wofull brest, to see the heavie plight,
And heapes of cares within my heart. Looke through the worlde so round
Of all the wealth and goodes therein: if ought there may be found
In Heaven or Earth or in the Sea, aske what thou lykest best,
And sure it shall not be denide. This onely one request
That thou hast made I heartely beseech thee to relent,
Which for to tearme the thing aright is even a punishment,
And not an honour as thou thinkest: my *Phaëton* thou dost crave,
In stead of honour, even a scourge and punishment for to have.
Thou fondling thou, what dost thou meane with fawning armes about
My necke thus flattringly to hang? Thou needest not to dout.
I have alreadie sworne by *Styx*, aske what thou wilt of mee
And thou shalt have. Yet let thy next wish somewhat wiser bee.
Thus ended his advertisement: and yet the wilfull Lad
Withstood his counsell, urging still the promisse that he had,
Desiring for to have the chare as if he had beene mad.
His father having made delay as long as he could shift,
Did lead him where his Chariot stood, which was of *Vulcans* gift.
The Axeltree was massie golde, the Bucke was massie golde,
The utmost fellies of the wheeles, and where the tree was rolde.
The spokes were all of sylver bright, the Chrysolites and Gemmes
That stood uppon the Collars, Trace, and hounces in their hemmes
Did cast a sheere and glimmering light, as *Phœbus* shone thereon.

Now while the lustie *Phaëton* stood gazing here upon,
And wondered at the workemanship of everie thing: beeholde
The earely morning in the East beegan mee to unfolde
Hir purple Gates, and shewde hir house bedeckt with Roses red.
The twinckling starres withdrew which by the morning star are led:
Who as the Captaine of that Host that hath no peere nor match,
Dooth leave his standing last of all within that heavenly watch.
Now when his Father sawe the worlde thus glister red and trim,
And that his waning sisters hornes began to waxen dim,
He had the fetherfooted howres go harnesse in his horse.
The Goddesses with might and mayne themselves thereto enforce.
His fierifoming Steedes full fed with juice of Ambrosie
They take from Maunger trimly dight: and to their heades doe tie
Strong reyned bits: and to the Charyot doe them well appoint.
Then *Phœbus* did with heavenly salve his *Phaëtons* head annoint,
That scorching fire coulde nothing hurt: which done, upon his haire
He put the fresh and golden rayes himselfe was wont to weare.
And then as one whose heart misgave the sorrowes drawing fast,
With sorie sighes he thus bespake his retchlesse sonne at last.
(And if thou canst) at least yet this thy fathers lore obay:
Sonne, spare the whip, and reyne them hard, they run so swift away
As that thou shalt have much a doe their fleeing course to stay.
Directly through the Zones all five beware thou doe not ride,
A brode byway cut out a skew that bendeth on the side,
Contaynde within the bondes of three the midmost Zones doth lie:
Which from the grisely Northren beare, and Southren Pole doth flie.
Keepe on this way: my Charyot rakes thou plainely shalt espie.
And to thintent that heaven and earth may well the heate endure,
Drive neyther over high nor yet too lowe. For be thou sure,
And if thou mount above thy boundes, the starres thou burnest cleane.
Againe beneath thou burnst the Earth: most safetie is the meane.
And least perchaunce thou overmuch the right hand way should take
And so misfortune should thee drive upon the writhen Snake,
Or else by taking overmuche upon the lefter hand,
Unto the Aultar thou be driven that doth against it stand:
Indifferently betweene them both I wish thee for to ride.
The rest I put to fortunes will, who be thy friendly guide,
And better for thee than thy selfe as in this case provide.
Whiles that I prattle here with thee, behold the dankish night
Beyond all *Spaine* hir utmost bound is passed out of sight.
We may no lenger tariance make: my wonted light is cald,
The morning with hir countnance cleare the darknesse hath appald.
Take raine in hand, or if thy minde by counsell altred bee,
Refuse to meddle with my Wayne: and while thou yet art free,
And doste at ease within my house in safegarde well remaine,
Of this thine unadvised wish not feeling yet the paine,
Let me alone with giving still the world his wonted light,
And thou thereof as heretofore enjoy the harmelesse sight.
Thus much in vaine: for *Phaëton* both yong in yeares and wit,
Into the Chariot lightly lept, and vauncing him in it
Was not a litle proud that he the brydle gotten had.

He thankt his father whom it grievde to see his childe so mad.
While *Phebus* and his rechelesse sonne were entertalking this,
Aeõus, *Aethon*, *Phlegon*, and the firie *Pyrois*
The restlesse horses of the Sunne began to ney so hie
Wyth flaming breath, that all the heaven might heare them perfectly,
And with their hoves they mainly beate upon the lattisde grate.
The which when *Tethis* (knowing nought of this hir cousins fate)
Had put aside, and given the steedes the free and open scope
Of all the compasse of the Skie within the heavenly Cope:
They girded forth, and cutting through the Cloudes that let their race,
With splayed wings they overflew the Easterne winde a pace.
The burthen was so lyght as that the Genets felt it not.
The wonted weight was from the Waine, the which they well did wot.
For like as ships amids the the Seas that scant of ballace have,
Doe reele and totter with the wynde, and yeeld to every wave:
Even so the Waine for want of weight it erst was wont to beare,
Did hoyse aloft and scayle and reele, as though it empty were.
Which when the Cartware did perceyve, they left the beaten way,
And taking bridle in the teeth began to run astray.
The rider was so sore agast, he knew no use of Reyne,
Nor yet his way: and though he had, yet had it ben in vayne,
Bicause he wanted powre to rule the horses and the Wayne.
Then first did sweat cold Charles his Wain through force of *Phebus* rayes
And in the Sea forbidden him to dive in vaine assayes.
The Serpent at the frozen Pole both colde and slow by kinde,
Through heat waxt wroth, and stird about a cooler place to finde.
And thou *Boõtes* though thou be but slow of footemanship,
Yet wert thou faine (as Fame reports) about thy Waine to skip.
Now when unhappy *Phaëton* from top of all the Skie
Behelde the Earth that underneath a great way off did lie,
He waxed pale for sodaine feare, his joints and sinewes quooke,
The greatnesse of the glistring light his eyesight from him tooke.
Now wisht he that he never had his fathers horses see,
It yrkt him that he thus had sought to learne his piedegre.
It grievde him that he had prevailde in gaining his request.
To have bene counted *Merops* sonne he thought it now the best.
Thus thinking was he headlong driven, as when a ship is borne
By blustring windes, hir saileclothes rent, hir sterne in pieces torne,
And tacling brust, the which the Pilote trusting all to prayre
Abandons wholy to the Sea and fortune of the ayre.
What should he doe? much of the heaven he passed had behinde
And more he saw before: both whiche he measurde in his minde,
Eft looking forward to the West which to approch as then
Might not betide, and to the East eft looking backe agen.
He wist not what was best to doe, his wittes were ravisht so.
For neither could he hold the Reynes, nor yet durst let them go,
And of his horses names was none that he remembred tho.
Straunge uncoth Monsters did he see dispersed here and there
And dreadfull shapes of ugly beasts that in the Welkin were.
There is a certaine place in which the hidious Scorpion throwes
His armes in compasse far abrode, much like a couple of bowes,

With writhen tayle and clasping cles, whose poyson limmes doe stretch
On every side, that of two signes they full the roume doe retch.
Whome when the Lad beheld all moyst with blacke and lothly swet,
With sharpe and nedlepointed sting as though he seemde to thret,
He was so sore astraught for feare, he let the bridels slacke.
Which when the horses felt lie lose upon their sweating backe,
At rovers straight throughout the Ayre by wayes unknowne they ran
Whereas they never came before since that the worlde began.
For looke what way their lawlesse rage by chaunce and fortune drue:
Without controlment or restraint that way they freely flue.
Among the starres that fixed are within the firmament
They snatcht the Chariot here and there. One while they coursing went
Upon the top of all the skie: anon againe full round
They troll me downe to lower wayes and neerer to the ground.
So that the Moone was in a Maze to see hir brothers Waine
Run under hirs: the singed clouds began to smoke amaine.
Eche ground the higher that it was and nearer to the Skie,
The sooner was it set on fire, and made therewith so drie,
That every where it gan to chinke. The Medes and Pastures greene
Did seare away: and with the leaves, the trees were burned cleene.
The parched corne did yeelde wherewith to worke his owne decaie.
Tushe, these are trifles. Mightie townes did perish that same daie
Whose countries with their folke were burnt: and forests full of wood
Were turnde to ashes with the rocks and mountains where they stood.
Then *Athe*, *Cilician Taure*, and *Tmole*, and *Oeta* flamed hie,
And *Ide* erst full of flowing springs was then made utter drie.
The learned virgins daily haunt, the sacred *Helicon*,
And Thracian *Hemus* (not as yet surnamde *Oeagrion*,)
Did smoke both twaine: and *Aetna* hote of nature aye before,
Encreast by force of *Phebus* flame, now raged ten times more.
The forkt *Parnasus*, *Eryx*, *Cynth*, and *Othrys* then did swelt
And all the snow of *Rhodope* did at that present melt.
The like outrage Mount *Dindymus*, and *Mime* and *Micale* felt.
Cytheron borne to sacred use, with *Osse*, and *Pindus* hie
And *Olymp* greater than them both did burne excessively.
The passing colde that *Scithie* had defended not the same
But that the barren *Caucasus* was partner of this flame.
And so were eke the Airie Alpes and *Appennyne* beside,
For all the Cloudes continually their snowie tops doe hide.
Then wheresoever *Phaeton* did chaunce to cast his vew,
The world was all on flaming fire. The breath the which he drew,
Came smooking from his scalding mouth as from a seething pot.
His Chariot also under him began to waxe red hot.
He could no lenger dure the sparkes and cinder flyeng out.
Againe the culme and smouldring smoke did wrap him round about.
The pitchie darkenesse of the which so wholy had him hent,
As that he wist not where he was, nor yet which way he went.
The winged horses forcibly did drawe him where they wolde.
The Aethiopians at that time (as men for truth upholde)
(The bloud by force of that same heate drawne to the outer part
And there adust from that time forth) became so blacke and swart.

The moysture was so dried up in *Lybie* land that time
That altogither drie and scorcht continueth yet that Clyme.
The Nymphes with haire about their eares bewayld their springs and lakes.
Bœtia for hir *Dyrces* losse great lamentation makes.
For *Amimone Argos* wept, and *Corinth* for the spring
Pyrene, at whose sacred streame the Muses usde to sing.
The Rivers further from the place were not in better case.
By *Tanais* in his deepest streame did boyle and steme apace.
Old *Penew* and *Caycus* of the countrie *Teuthranie*,
And swift *Ismenos* in their bankes by like misfortune frie.
Then burnde the *Psophian Erymanth:* and (which should burne ageine)
The Trojan *Xanthus* and *Lycormas* with his yellowe veine.
Meander playing in his bankes aye winding to and fro,
Migdonian Melas with his waves as blacke as any slo,
Eurotas running by the foote of *Tenare* boyled tho.
Then sod *Euphrates* cutting through the middes of *Babilon:*
Then sod *Orontes*, and the Scithian swift *Thermodoon*,
Then *Ganges*, *Colchian Phasis*, and the noble *Istre*,
Alpheus and *Sperchius* bankes with flaming fire did glistre.
The golde that *Tagus* streame did beare did in the chanell melt.
Amid *Cayster* of this fire the raging heat was felt
Among the quieres of singing Swannes that with their pleasant lay
Along the bankes of Lidian brakes from place to place did stray.
And *Nyle* for feare did run away into the furthest Clyme
Of all the world, and hid his heade, which to this present tyme
Is yet unfound: his mouthes all seven cleane voyde of water beene.
Like seven great valleys where (save dust) could nothing else be seene,
By like misfortune *Hebrus* dride and *Strymon* both of *Thrace.*
The Westerne Rivers *Rhine* and *Rhone* and *Po* were in like case:
And *Tyber* unto whome the Goddes a faithfull promise gave
Of all the world the Monarchie and soveraigne state to have.
The ground did cranie everie where, and light did pierce to hell
And made afraide the King and Queene that in that Realme doe dwell.
The Sea did shrinke and where as waves did late before remaine,
Became a Champion field of dust and even a sandy plaine.
The hilles erst hid farre under waves like Ilelandes did appeare
So that the scattred Cyclades for the time augmented were.
The fishes drew them to the deepes: the Dolphines durst not play
Above the water as before, the Seales and Porkpis lay
With bellies upward on the waves starke dead, and fame doth go
That *Nereus* with his wife and daughters all were faine as tho
To dive within the scalding waves. Thrise *Neptune* did advaunce
His armes above the scalding Sea with sturdy countenaunce:
And thrise for hotenesse of the Ayre, was faine himselfe to hide.
But yet the Earth the Nurce of things enclosde on every side
(Betweene the waters of the Sea and Springs that now had hidden
Themselves within their Mothers wombe) for all the paine abidden,
Up to the necke put forth hir head, and casting up hir hand,
Betweene hir forehead and the sunne as panting she did stand
With dreadfull quaking all that was she fearfully did shake,
And shrinking somewhat lower downe with sacred voyce thus spake.

O King of Gods, and if this be thy will and my desart,
Why doste thou stay with deadly dint thy thunder downe to dart?
And if that needes I perish must through force of firie flame,
Let thy celestiall fire O God I pray thee doe the same.
A comfort shall it be to have thee Author of my death.
I scarce have powre to speak these words (the smoke had stopt hir breath)
Behold my singed haire: behold my dim and bleared eye,
See how about my scorched face the scalding embers flie.
Is this the guerdon wherewithall ye quite my fruitfulnesse?
Is this the honor that yee gave me for my plenteousnesse
And dutie done with true intent? for suffring of the plough
To draw deepe woundes upon my backe, and rakes to rend me through?
For that I over all the yeare continually am wrought?
For giving foder to the beasts and cattell all for nought?
For yeelding corne and other foode wherewith to keepe mankinde?
And that to honor you withall sweete frankinsence I finde?
But put the case that my desert destruction duely crave:
What hath thy brother: what the Seas deserved for to have?
Why doe the Seas his lotted part thus ebbe and fall so low,
Withdrawing from thy Skie to which it ought most neare to grow?
But if thou neyther doste regarde thy brother, neyther mee,
At least have mercy on thy heaven, looke round about and see
How both the Poles begin to smoke: which if the fire appall,
To utter ruine (be thou sure) thy pallace needes must fall.
Behold how *Atlas* ginnes to faint, his shoulders though full strong,
Unneth are able to uphold the sparkling Extree long.
If Sea and Land doe go to wrecke, and heaven it selfe doe burne:
To olde confused *Chaos* then of force we must returne.
Put to thy helping hand therefore to save the little left,
If ought remaine before that all be quite and cleane bereft.
When ended was this piteous plaint, the Earth did hold hir peace:
She could no lenger dure the heate but was compelde to cease.
Into hir bosome by and by she shrunke hir cinged heade
More nearer to the Stygian caves, and ghostes of persones deade.
The Sire of heaven protesting all the Gods and him also
That lent the Chariot to his child, that all of force must go
To havocke if he helped not, went to the highest part
And top of all the Heaven from whence his custome was to dart
His thunder and his lightning downe. But neyther did remaine
A Cloude wherewith to shade the Earth, nor yet a showre of raine.
Then with a dreadfull thunderclap up to his eare he bent
His fist, and at the Wagoner a flash of lightning sent,
Which strake his bodie from the life and threw it over wheele
And so with fire he quenched fire. The Steedes did also reele
Upon their knees, and starting up sprang violently, one here,
And there another, that they brast in in pieces all their gere.
They threw the Collars from their neckes, and breaking quite a sunder
The Trace and Harness, flang away: here lay the bridles: yonder
The Extree plucked from the Naves: and in another place
The shevered spokes of broken wheeles: and so at every pace
The pieces of the Chariot torne lay strowed here and there.

But *Phaeton* (fire yet blasing stil among his yellow haire)
Shot headlong downe, and glid along the Region of the Ayre
Like to [a] Starre in Winter nightes (the wether cleare and fayre)
Which though it doe not fall indeede, yet falleth to our sight.
Whome almost in another world and from his countrie quite
The River *Padus* did receyve, and quencht his burning head.
The water Nymphes of *Italie* did take his carkasse dead
And buried it yet smoking still, with *Joves* threeforked flame,
And wrate this Epitaph in the stone that lay upon the same.
Here lies the lusty *Phaeton* which tooke in hand to guide
His fathers Chariot: from the which although he chaunst to slide:
Yet that he gave a proud attempt it cannot be denide.
With ruthfull cheere and heavie heart his father made great mone.
And would not shew himselfe abrode, but mournd at home alone.
And if it be to be beleved, as bruted is by fame,
A day did passe without the Sunne. The brightnesse of the flame
Gave light: and so unto some kinde of use that mischiefe came.
But *Clymen* having spoke as much as mothers usually
Are wonted in such wretched case, discomfortablely,
And halfe beside hir selfe for wo, with torne and scratched brest,
Sercht through the universall world, from East to furthest West,
First seeking for hir sonnes dead coarse, and after for his bones.
She found them by a forren streame, entumbled under stones.
Then fell she groveling on his grave, and reading there his name,
Shed teares thereon, and layd hir brest all bare upon the same.
The daughters also of the Sunne no lesse than did their mother,
Bewaild in vaine with flouds of teares, the fortune of their brother:
And beating piteously their breasts, incessantly did call
The buried *Phaeton* day and night, who heard them not at all,
About whose tumbe they prostrate lay. Foure times the Moone had filde
The Circle of hir joyned hornes, and yet the sisters hilde
Their custome of lamenting still: (for now continuall use
Had made it custome.) Of the which the eldest *Phaetuse*
About to kneele upon the ground, complaynde hir feete were nom.
To whom as fayre *Lampetie* was rising for to com,
Hir feete were held with sodaine rootes. The third about to teare
Hir ruffled lockes, filde both hir handes with leaves in steade of heare.
One wept to see hir legges made wood: another did repine
To see hir armes become long boughes. And shortly to define,
While thus they wondred at themselves, a tender barke began
To grow about their thighes and loynes, which shortly overran
Their bellies, brestes, and shoulders eke, and hands successively,
That nothing (save their mouthes) remainde, aye calling piteously
Upon the wofull mothers helpe. What could the mother doe,
But runne now here now there, as force of nature drue hir too,
And deale hir kisses while she might? she was not so content:
But tare their tender braunches downe: and from the slivers went
Red drops of bloud as from a wound. The daughter that was rent
Cride spare us mother spare I pray, for in the shape of tree
The bodies and the flesh of us your daughters wounded bee.

And now farewell. That word once said, the barke grew over all.
Now from these trees flow gummy teares that Amber men doe call.
Which hardened with the heate of sunne as from the boughs they fal,
The trickling River doth receyve, and sends as things of price
To decke the daintie Dames of Rome and make them fine and nice.
Now present at this monstruous hap was *Cygnus Stenels* son
Who being by the mothers side a kinne to *Phaeton*
Was in condicion more a kinne. He leaving up his charge,
(For in the land of *Ligurie* his Kingdome stretched large)
Went mourning all alone the bankes and pleasant streame of *Po*
Among the trees encreased by the sisters late ago.
Annon his voyce became more small and shrill than for a man.
Gray fethers muffled in his face: his necke in length began
Far from his shoulders for to stretche: and furthermore there goes
A fine red string a crosse the joyntes in knitting of his toes:
With fethers closed are his sides: and on his mouth there grew
A brode blunt byll: and finally was *Cygnus* made a new
And uncoth fowle that hight a Swan, who neither to the winde,
The Ayre, nor *Jove* betakes himselfe, as one that bare in minde
The wrongfull fire sent late against his cousin *Phaeton*.
In Lakes and Rivers is his joy: the fire he aye doth shon
And chooseth him the contrary continually to won.
Forlorne and altogether voyde of that same bodie shene
Was *Phaetons* father in that while which erst had in him bene,
Like as he looketh in Theclypse. He hates the yrkesome light,
He hates him selfe, he hates the day, and settes his whole delight
In making sorrowe for his sonne, and in his griefe doth storme
And chaufe denying to the worlde his dutie to performe.
My lot (quoth he) hath had inough of this unquiet state
From first beginning of the worlde. It yrkes me (though too late)
Of restlesse toyles and thankelesse paines. Let whoso will for me
Go drive the Chariot in the which the light should caried be,
If none dare take the charge in hand, and all the Gods persist
As insufficient, he himself go drive it if he list.
That at the least by venturing our bridles for to guide,
His lightning making childlesse Sires he once may lay aside.
By that time that he hath assayde the unappalled force
That doth remaine and rest within my firiefooted horse,
I trow he shall by tried proufe be able for to tell
How that he did not merit death that could not rule them well.
The Goddes stoode all about the Sunne thus storming in his rage,
Beseching him in humble wise his sorrow to asswage,
And that he would not on the world continuall darkenesse bring,
Jove eke excusde him of the fire the which he chaunst to fling,
And with entreatance mingled threates as did become a King.
Then *Phebus* gathered up his steedes that yit for feare did run
Like flaighted fiendes, and in his moode without respect begun
To beate his whipstocke on their pates and lash them on the sides.
It was no neede to bid him chaufe, for ever as he rides
He still upbraides them with his sonne, and layes them on the hides.

And *Jove* almighty went about the walles of heaven too trie,
If ought were perisht with the fire: which when he did espie
Continuing in their former state, all strong and safe and sound
He went to vew the workes of men, and things upon the ground.
Yet for his land of *Arcadie* he tooke most care and charge.
The Springs and streames that durst not run he set againe at large.
He clad the earth with grasse, the trees with leaves both fresh and grene,
Commaunding woods to spring againe that erst had burned bene.
Now as he often went and came it was his chaunce too light
Upon a Nymph of *Nonacris*, whose forme and beautie bright
Did set his heart on flaming fire. She used not to spinne,
Nor yet to curle hir frisled haire with bodkin or with pinne.
A garment with a buckled belt fast girded did she weare,
And in a white and slender Call slight trussed was hir heare.
Sometime a dart sometime a bow she used for to beare.
She was a knight of *Phebes* troope. There came not at the mount
Of *Menalus* of whome *Diana* made so great account.
But favor never lasteth long. The Sunne had gone that day
A good way past the poynt of Noone: when werie of hir way
She drue to shadowe in a wood that never had bene cut.
Here off hir shoulder by and by hir quiver did she put,
And hung hir bow unbent aside, and coucht hir on the ground
Hir quiver underneth hir head: whom when that *Jove* had found
Alone and wearie, sure (he said) my wife shall never know
Of this escape, and if she do, I know the worst I trow.
She can but chide, shall feare of chiding make me to forslow?
He counterfeiteth *Phebe* streight in countnance and aray,
And says O virgine, of my troope, where dist thou hunt to day?
The Damsell started from the ground and said hayle Goddesse deare,
Of greater worth than *Jove* (I thinke) though *Jove* himself did heare.
Jove heard hir well and smylde thereat, it made his heart rejoyce
To heare the Nymph preferre him thus before himselfe in choyce.
He fell to kissing: which was such as out of square might seeme,
And in such sort as that a mayde could nothing lesse beseeme.
And as she would have told what woods she ranged had for game,
He tooke hir fast betweene his armes, and not without his shame,
Bewrayed playnly what he was and wherefore that he came.
The wench against him strove as much as any woman could:
I would that *Juno* had it seene: for then I know thou would
Not take the deede so heynously: with all hir might she strove:
But what poore wench, or who alive could vanquish mighty *Jove?*
Jove having sped flue straight to heaven. She hateth in hir hart
The guiltlesse fields and wood where *Jove* had playd that naughty part.
Away she goes in such a griefe as that she had welnie
Forgot hir quiver wich hir shaftes and bow that hanged by.
Dictynna garded with hir traine and proude of killing Deere,
In raunging over *Menalus* espying cald hir neere.
The Damsell hearing *Phebe* call, did run away amaine,
She feared least in *Phebes* shape that *Jove* had come againe,
But when she saw the troope of Nymphes that garded hir about,
She thought there was no more deceyt, and came among the rout.

Oh Lord how hard a matter ist for guiltie hearts to shift,
And kepe their countnance? from the ground hir eyes scarce durst she lift.
She prankes not by hir mistresse side, she preases not to bee
The foremost of the companie, as when she erst was free,
She standeth muēt: and by chaunging of hir colour ay,
The treading of hir shooe awrie she plainely doth bewray:
Diana might have founde the fault but that she was a May.
A thousand tokens did appeare apparant to the eye,
By which the Nymphes themselves (men say) hir fault did well espie.
Nine times the Moone full too the worlde had shewde hir horned face
When fainting through hir brothers flames and hunting in the chace,
She found a coole and shadie lawnde, through midst wherof she spide
A shallowe brooke with trickling streame on gravell bottom glide,
And liking well the pleasant place, upon the upper brim
She dipt hir foote, and finding there the water coole and trim,
Away (she sayd) with standers by: and let us bath us here.
Then *Parrhasis* cast downe hir head with sad and bashfull chere.
The rest did strip them to their skinnes: she only sought delay,
Untill that would or would she not hir clothes were pluckt away.
Then with hir naked body straight hir crime was brought to light.
Which yll ashamde as with hir hands she would have hid from sight,
Fie beast (quoth *Cynthia*) get thee hence thou shalt not here defile
This sacred spring, and from hir traine she did hir quite exile.
The Matrone of the thundring *Jove* had incling of the fact,
Delaying till convenient time the punishment to exact.
There is no cause of further stay. To spight hir heart withall,
Hir husbands Leman bare a boy that *Arcas* men did call.
On whome she casting lowring looke with fell and cruell minde
Saide: was there, arrant strumpet thou, none other shift to finde,
But that thou needes must be with barne, that all the world must see
My husbandes open shame and thine in doing wrong to mee?
But neyther unto heaven nor hell this trespasse shalt thou beare.
I will bereve thee of thy shape through pride whereof thou were
So hardy to entyce my Feere. Immediatly with that
She raught hir by the foretop fast and fiercely threw hir flat
Against the grounde. The wretched wench hir armes up mekely cast,
Hir armes began with griesly heare too waxe all rugged fast.
Hir handes gan warpe and into pawes ylfavordly to grow,
And for to serve in stede of feete. The lippes that late ago
Did like the mightie *Jove* so well, with side and flaring flappes
Became a wide deformed mouth, and further least perhaps
Hir prayers and hir humble wordes might cause hir to relent:
She did bereve hir of hir speach. In steade whereof there went
An yrefull horce and dreadfull voyce out from a threatning throte:
But yet the selfe same minde that was before she turnde hir cote,
Was in hir still in shape of Beare. The griefe whereof she showes
By thrusting forth continuall sighes: and up she gastly throwes
Such kinde of handes as then remainde unto the starrie Skie.
And forbicause she could not speake, she thought *Jove* inwardly
To be unthankfull. Oh how oft she daring not abide
Alone among the desert woods, full many a time and tide,

Woulde stalke before hir house in grounds that were hir owne erewhile?
How oft oh did she in the hilles the barking houndes beguile?
And in the lawndes where she hir selfe had chased erst hir game,
Now flie hirselfe to save hir lyfe when hunters sought the same?
Full oft at sight of other beastes she hid hir head for feare,
Forgetting what she was hir selfe, for though she were a Beare,
Yet when she spied other Beares she quooke for verie paine:
And feared Wolves although hir Sire among them did remaine.
Beholde *Lycaons* daughters sonne that *Archas* had to name
About the age of fiftene yeares within the forrest came
Of *Erymanth*, not knowing ought of this his mothers case.
There after pitching of his toyles, as he the stagges did chase,
Upon his mother sodenly it was his chaunce to light,
Who for desire to see hir sonne did stay hirselfe from flight,
And wistly on him cast hir looke as one that did him know.
But he not knowing what shee was began his heeles to show.
And when he saw hir still persist in staring on his face,
He was afrayde, and from hir sight withdrew himselfe a pace,
But when he could not so be rid, he tooke an armed pike,
In full intent hir through the hart with deadly wound to strike.
But God almighty held his hand, and lifting both away
Did disappoint the wicked Act. For straight he did convay
Them through the Ayre with whirling windes to top of all the skie,
And there did make them neighbour starres about the Pole on hie.
When *Juno* shining in the heaven hir husbands minion found,
She swelde for spight: and downe she comes to watry *Tethis* round
And unto olde *Oceanus*, whome even the Gods aloft
Did reverence for their just deserts full many a time and oft.
To whom demaunding hir the cause: And aske ye (quoth she) why
That I which am the Queene of Goddes come hither from the sky?
Good cause there is I warrant you. Another holdes my roome.
For never trust me while I live, if when the night is come,
And overcasteth all the world with shadie darkenesse whole,
Ye see not in the heigth of heaven hard by the Northren Pole
Whereas the utmost circle runnes about the Axeltree
In shortest circuit, gloriously enstalled for to bee
In shape of starres the stinging woundes that make me yll apayde.
Now is there (trow ye) any cause why folke should be afrayde
To do to *Juno* what they list, or dread hir wrathfull mood,
Which only by my working harme doe turne my foes to good?
O what a mightie act is done? how passing is my powre:
I have bereft hir womans shape, and at this present howre
She is become a Goddesse. Loe this is the scourge so sowre
Wherewith I strike mine enimies. Loe here is all the spight
That I can doe: this is the ende of all my wondrous might.
No force. I would he should (for me) hir native shape restore,
And take away hir brutish shape, Like as he hath before
Done by his other Paramour that fine and proper piece
Of *Argos* whom he made a Cow, I meane *Phoronews* Niece.
Why makes he not a full devorce from me, and in my stead
Straight take his Sweetheart to his wife, and coll hir in my bed?

He can not doe a better deede (I thinke) than for to take
Lycaon to his fatherinlaw. But if that you doe make
Accompt of me your foster childe, then graunt that for my sake,
The Oxen and the wicked Waine of starres in number seven,
For whoredome sake but late ago receyved into heaven,
May never dive within your waves. Ne let that strumpet vyle
By bathing of hir filthie limmes your waters pure defile.
The Gods did graunt hir hir request: and straight to heaven she flue,
In hādsome Chariot through the Ayre, which painted peacocks drue
As well beset with blasing eyes late tane from *Argus* hed,
As thou, thou prating Raven white by nature being bred,
Hadst on thy fethers justly late a coly colour spred.
For this same birde in auncient time had fethers faire and whight
As ever was the driven snow, or silver cleare and bright.
He might have well comparde himselfe in beautie with the Doves
That have no blemish, or the Swan that running water loves:
Or with the Geese that afterward should with their gagling out
Preserve the Romaine Capitoll beset with foes about.
His tongue was cause of all his harme, his tatling tongue did make
His colour which before was white, became so foule and blake.
Coronis of *Larissa* was the fairest maide of face,
In all the land of *Thessalie*. Shee stoode in *Phebus* grace
As long as that she kept hir chast, or at the least as long
As that she scaped unespide in doing *Phebus* wrong.
But at the last *Apollos* birde hir privie packing spide,
Whom no entreatance could persuade, but that he swiftly hide
Him to his maister, to bewray the doings of his love.
Now as he flue, the pratling Crow hir wings apace did move:
And overtaking fell in talke and was inquisitive
For what intent and to what place he did so swiftly drive.
And when she heard the cause thereof, she said: now trust me sure,
This message on the which thou goste no goodnesse will procure.
And therefore hearken what I say: disdaine thou not at all,
To take some warning by thy friende in things that may befall.
Consider what I erst have bene, and what thou seest me now:
And what hath bene the ground hereof. I bodly dare avow,
That thou shalt finde my faithfulnesse imputed for a crime.
For *Pallas* in a wicker chest had hid upon a time
A childe calde *Ericthonius*, whome never woman bare,
And tooke it unto Maidens three that *Cecrops* daughters were,
Not telling them what was within, but gave them charge to keepe
The Casket shut, and for no cause within the same to peepe.
I standing close among the leaves upon an Elme on hie,
Did marke their doings and their wordes, and there I did espie
How *Pandrosos* and *Herse* kept their promise faithfully.
Aglauros calles them Cowardes both, and makes no more a doe,
But takes the Casket in hir hand, and doth the knots undooe.
And there they saw a childe whose partes beneath were like a Snake.
Straight to the Goddesse of this deede a just report I make.
For which she gave me this reward that never might I more
Accompt hir for my Lady and my Mistresse as before.

And in my roume she put the fowle that flies not but by night.
A warning unto other birdes my lucke should be of right,
To holde their tongues for being shent. But you will say perchaunce,
I came unsentfor of my selfe, she did me not advaunce.
I dare well say, though *Pallas* now my heavie Mistresse stand,
Yet if perhaps ye should demaund the question at hir hand,
As sore displeased as she is, she would not this denie:
But that she chose me first hirself to beare hir companie.
For (well I know) my father was a prince of noble fame,
Of *Phocis* King by long discent, *Coronew* was his name.
I was his darling and his joy, and many a welthie Piere
(I would not have you thinke disdaine) did seeke me for their Fere.
My forme and beautie did me hurt. For as I leysurely
Went jetting up and downe the shore upon the gravell drie,
As yet I customably doe: the God that rules the seas
Espying me fell straight in love. And when he saw none ease
In sute, but losse of wordes and time he offred violence,
And after me he runnes apace. I skudde as fast fro thence,
From sand to shore, from shore to sand, still playing Foxe to hole,
Untill I was so tirde that he had almost got the gole.
Then cald I out on God and man. But (as it did appeare)
There was no man so neare at hand that could my crying heare.
A Virgin Goddesse pitied me bicause I was a mayde:
And at the utter plunge and pinche did send me present ayde.
I cast mine armes to heaven, mine armes waxt light with fethers black,
I went about to cast in hast my garments from my back,
And all was fethers. In my skinne the rooted fethers stack.
I was about with violent hand to strike my naked breast,
But nether had I hand nor breast that naked more did reast.
I ran, but of my feete as erst remained not the print,
Me thought I glided on the ground. Anon with sodaine dint,
I rose and hovered in the Ayre. And from that instant time
Did wait on *Pallas* faithfully without offence or crime.
But what availes all this to me, and if that in my place
The wicked wretch *Nyctyminee* (who late for lacke of grace
Was turned to an odious birde) to honor called bee?
I pray thee didst thou never heare how false *Nyctyminee*
(A thing all over *Lesbos* knowne) defilde hir fathers couch?
The beast is now become a birde: whose lewdnesse doth so touch
And pricke hir guiltie conscience, that she dares not come in sight,
Nor shewe hirselfe abrode a days, but fleeteth in the night
For shame least folke should see hir fault: and every other birde
Doth in the Ayre and Ivie toddes with wondring at hir girde.
A mischiefe take thy tatling tongue the Raven answerde tho.
Thy vaine forspeaking moves me not. And so he forth did go
And tels his Lorde *Apollo* how he saw *Coronis* lie
With *Isthyis* a Gentleman that dwelt in *Thessalie*.
When *Phebus* hard his lovers fault, he fiersly gan to frowne,
And cast his garlond from his head, and threw his viall downe.
His colour chaungde, his face lookt pale, and as the rage of yre
That boyled in his belking breast had set his heart on fyre,

He caught me up his wonted tooles, and bent his golden bow,
And by and by with deadly stripe of unavoyded blow
Strake through the breast the which his owne had toucht so oft afore.
She wounded gave a piteous shrike, and (drawing from the sore
The deadly Dart the which the bloud pursuing after fast
Upon hir white and tender limmes a scarlet colour cast)
Saide *Phebus*, well, thou might have wreakt this trespasse on my head
And yet forborne me till the time I had bene brought a bed.
Now in one body by thy meanes a couple shall be dead.
Thus muche she saide: and with the bloud hir life did fade away.
The bodie being voyde of soule became as colde as clay.
Than all too late, alas too late gan *Phebus* to repent
That of his lover he had tane so cruell punishment.
He blames himselfe for giving eare so unadvisedly.
He blames himselfe in that he tooke it so outragiously.
He hates and bannes his faithfull birde bicause he did enforme
Him of his lovers naughtinesse that made him so to storme.
He hates his bow, he hates his shaft that rashly from it went:
And eke he hates his hasty hands by whom the bow was bent.
He takes hir up betweene his armes endevoring all too late
By plaister made of precious herbes to stay hir helplesse fate.
But when he saw there was no shift but that she needes must burne,
And that the solemn sacred fire was prest to serve the turne:
Then from the bottome of his heart full sorie sighes he fet,
(For heavenly powres with watrie teares their cheekes may never wet)
In case as when a Cow beholdes the cruell butcher stand
With launcing Axe embrewd with bloud, and lifting up his hand
Aloft to snatch hir sucking Calfe that hangeth by the heeles,
And of the Axe the deadly dint upon his forehead feeles.
Howbeit after sweete perfumes bestowde upon hir corse,
And much embracing, having sore bewailde hir wrong divorse,
He followed to the place assignde hir bodie for to burne.
There coulde he not abide to see his seede to ashes turne,
But tooke the baby from hir wombe and from the firie flame,
And unto double *Chyrons* den conveyed straight the same.
The Raven hoping for his truth to be rewarded well,
He maketh blacke, forbidding him with whiter birdes to dwell.
The Centaure *Chyron* in the while was glad of *Phebus* boy,
And as the burthen brought some care, the honor brought him joy.
Upon a time with golden lockes about hir shoulders spred,
A daughter of the Centaurs (whome a certaine Nymph had bred,
About the brooke *Caycus* bankes) that hight *Ocyroë*
Came thither. This same fayre yong Nymph could not contented be
To learne the craft of Surgerie as perfect as hir Sire,
But that to learne the secret doomes of Fate she must aspire.
And therfore when the furious rage of frenzie had hir cought,
And that the spright of Prophecie enflamed had hir thought,
She lookt upon the childe and saide: sweete babe the Gods thee make
A man, for all the world shall fare the better for thy sake.
All sores and sicknesse shalt thou cure: thy powre shall eke be syche,
To make the dead alive again. For doing of the whiche

Against the pleasure of the Gods, thy Graundsire shall thee strike
So with his fire, that never more thou shalt performe the like.
And of a God a bludlesse corse, and of a corse (full straunge)
Thou shalt become a God againe, and twice thy nature chaunge.
And thou my father liefe and deare, who now by destinie,
Art borne to live for evermore and never for to die,
Shalt suffer such outragious paine throughout thy members all,
By wounding of a venimde dart that on thy foote shall fall,
That oft thou shalt desire to die, and in the latter end
The fatall dames shall breake thy threede, and thy desire thee send.
There was yet more behinde to tell, when sodenly she fet
A sore deepe sigh, and downe hir cheekes the teares did trickle wet.
Mine owne misfortune (quoth she) now hath overtake me sure.
I cannot utter any more, for wordes waxe out of ure.
My cunning was not worth so much as that it should procure
The wrath of God. I feele by proufe far better had it bene:
If that the chaunce of things to come I never had foreseene.
For now my native shape withdrawes. Me thinkes I have delight
To feede on grasse and fling in fieldes: I feele my selfe so light.
I am transformed to a Mare like other of my kinne.
But wherefore should this brutish shape all over wholy winne?
Considering that although both horse and man my father bee:
Yet is his better part a man as plainly is to see.
The latter ende of this complaint was fumbled in such wise,
As what she meant the standers by could scarcely well devise.
Anon she neyther semde to speake nor fully for to ney,
But like to one that counterfeites in sport the Mare to play.
Within a while she neyed plaine, and downe hir armes were pight
Upon the ground all clad with haire, and bare hir bodie right:
Hir fingers joyned all in one, at ende whereof did grow
In stede of nayles a round tough hoofe of welked horne bylow.
Hir head and necke shot forth in length, hir kirtle trayne became
A faire long taile. Hir flaring haire was made a hanging Mane.
And as hir native shape and voyce most monstrously did passe,
So by the uncoth name of Mare she after termed was.
The Centaure *Chyron* wept hereat: and piteously dismaide
Did call on thee (although in vaine) thou Delphian God for ayde.
For neyther lay it in thy hande to breake *Joves* mighty hest:
And though it had, yet in thy state as then thou did not rest.
In *Elis* did thou then abide and in *Messene* lande.
It was the time when under shape of shepehierd with a wande
Of Olyve and a pipe of reedes thou kept *Admetus* sheepe.
Now in this time that (save of Love) thou tooke none other keepe,
And madste thee merrie with thy pipe, the glistring *Maias* sonne
By chaunce abrode the fields of *Pyle* spide certaine cattle runne
Without a hierd, the which he stole and closely did them hide
Among the woods. This pretie slight no earthly creature spide,
Save one old churle that *Battus* hight. This *Battus* had the charge
Of welthie *Neleus* feeding groundes, and all his pastures large,

And kept a race of goodly Mares. Of him he was afraide.
And least by him his privie theft should chaunce to be bewraide,
He tooke a bribe to stop his mouth, and thus unto him saide.
My friend I pray thee if perchaunce that any man enquire
This cattell say thou saw them not. And take thou for thy hire
This faire yong Bullocke. Tother tooke the Bullocke at his hand.
And shewing him a certaine stone that lay upon the lande
Sayd, go thy way: Assoone this stone thy doings shall bewray,
As I shall doe. So *Mercurie* did seeme to go his way.
Annon he commes me backe againe, and altred both in speche
And outward shape, saide Countrieman Ich heartely bezeche,
And if thou zawest any Kie come royling through this grounde,
Or driven away, tell what he was and where they may be vownde.
And I chill gethee vor thy paine an Hecfar an hir match.
The Carle perceyving double gaine, and greedy for to catch,
Sayde: under yonsame hill they were, and under yonsame hill
Cham zure they are, and with his hand he poynted thereuntill,
At that *Mercurius* laughing saide: false knave, and doste bewray
Me to my selfe? doste thou bewray me to my selfe I say?
And with that word straight to a stone he turnde his double heart,
In which the slaunder yet remaines without the stones desart.
The bearer of the charmed Rod the suttle *Mercurie*
This done arose with waving winges and from that place did flie.
And as he hovered in the Ayre, he viewde the fieldes bylow
Of *Atticke* and the towne it selfe with all the trees that grow
In *Lycey* where the learned Clarkes did wholsome preceptes show.
By chaunce the verie selfe same day, the virgins of the towne
Of olde and auncient custome bare in baskets on their crowne
Beset with garlands fresh and gay and strowde with flowres sweete,
To *Pallas* towre such sacrifice as was of custome meete.
The winged God beholding them returning in a troupe,
Continued not directly forth, but gan me downe to stoupe,
And fetch a wyndlasse rounde about. And as the hungry Kite
Beholding unto sacrifice a Bullocke redie dight,
Doth sore about his wished pray desirous for to snatche,
But that he dareth not for such as stand about and watch:
So *Mercurie* with nimble wings doth keepe a lower gate
About *Minervas* loftie towres in round and wheeling rate.
As far as doth the Morning starre in cleere and streaming light
Excell all other starres in heaven: as far also as bright
Dame *Phebe* dimmes the Morning starre, so farre did *Herses* face
Staine all the Ladies of hir troupe: she was the verie grace
And beautie of that solemne pompe, and all that traine so fayre.
Joves sonne was ravisht with the sight, and hanging in the ayre
Began to swelt within himself, in case as when the poulder
Hath driven the Pellet from the Gunne, the Pellet ginnes to smoulder,
And in his flying waxe more hote. In smoking brest he shrowdes
His flames not brought frō heaven above but caught beneath the clouds.
He leaves his jorney toward heaven, and takes another race
Not minding any lenger time to hide his present case.

So great a trust and confidence his beautie to him gave:
Which though it seemed of it selfe sufficient force to have:
Yet was he curious for to make himselfe more fine and brave.
He kembd his head, and strokt his beard, and pried on every side,
To see that in his furniture no wrinkle might be spide.
And forbicause his Cloke was fringde and garded brode with golde,
He cast it on his shoulder up most seemely to beholde.
He takes in hand his charmed rod that bringeth things asleepe,
And wakes them when he list againe. And lastly taketh keepe
That on his faire welformed feete his golden shooes sit cleene,
And that all other things thereto well correspondent beene.
In *Cecrops* Court were Chambers three set far from all resort,
With yvorie beddes all furnished in far most royall sort.
Of which *Aglauros* had the left, and *Pandrose* had the right,
And *Herse* had the middlemost. She that *Aglauros* hight
First markt the comming of the God, and asking him his name,
Demaunded him for what entent and cause he thither came.
Pleiones Nephew *Maias* sonne did make hir aunswere thus.
I am my fathers messenger his pleasure to discusse
To mortall folke and hellish fiendes, as list him to commaund.
My father is the mightie *Jove*. To that thou doste demaund,
I will not feyne a false excuse: I aske no more but graunt
To keepe thy sisters counsell close, and for to be the Aunt
Of such the issue as on hir my chaunce shalbe to get:
Thy sister *Herse* is the cause that hath me hither fet:
I pray thee beare thou with my love that is so firmely set.
Aglauros cast on *Mercurie* hir scornfull eyes aside,
With which against *Minervas* will hir secretes late she spide,
Demaunding him in recompence a mighty masse of Golde:
And would not let him enter in until the same were tolde.
The warlike Goddesse cast on hir a sterne and cruell looke,
And fetched such a cutting sigh that forcibly it shooke
Both brest and brestplate, wherewithall it came unto hir thought,
How that *Aglauros* late ago against hir will had wrought
In looking on the Lemman childe (contrarie to hir othe)
The which she tooke hir in the chest: for which she waxed wrothe.
Againe she saw hir cancred hart maliciously repine
Against hir sister and the God. And furthermore in fine
How that the golde which *Mercurie* had given hir for hir meede,
Would make hir both in welth and pride all others to exceede.
She goes me straight to Envies house, a foule and irksome cave
Replete with blacke and lothly filth and stinking like a grave.
It standeth in a hollow dale where neyther light of Sunne,
Nor blast of any winde or Ayre may for the deepenesse come.
A dreyrie sad and dolefull den ay full of slouthfull colde,
As which ay dimd with smoldring smoke doth never fire beholde.
When *Pallas* that same manly Maide approched nere this plot,
She staide without, for to the house in enter might she not.
And with hir Javelin point did give a push against the doore.
The doore flue open by and by, and fell me in the floore.
There saw she Envie sit within fast gnawing on the flesh

Of Snakes and Todes, the filthie foode that keepes hir vices fresh.
It lothde hir to beholde the sight. Anon the Elfe arose
And left the gnawed Adders flesh, and slouthfully she goes
With lumpish leysure like a Snayle: and when she saw the face
Of *Pallas* and hir faire attire adournde with heavenly grace,
She gave a sigh a sorie sigh from bottome of hir heart.
Hir lippes were pale, hir cheekes were wan, and all hir face was swart:
Hir bodie leane as any Rake. She looked eke a skew:
Hir teeth were furde with filth and drosse, hir gums were waryish blew.
The working of hir festered gall had made hir stomacke greene.
And all bevenimde was hir tongue. No sleepe hir eyes had seene.
Continuall Carke and cancred care did keepe hir waking still:
Of laughter (save at others harmes) the Helhound can no skill.
It is against hir will that men have any good successe.
And if they have, she frettes and fumes within hir minde no lesse
Than if hir selfe had taken harme. In seeking to annoy:
And worke distresse to other folke, hir selfe she doth destroy.
Thus is she torment to hir selfe. Though *Pallas* did hir hate,
Yet spake she briefly these few wordes to hir without hir gate.
Infect thou with thy venim one of *Cecrops* daughters three,
It is *Aglauros* whome I meane: for so it needes must bee.
This said, she pight hir speare in ground, and tooke hir rise thereon.
And winding from that wicked wight did take hir flight anon.
The Caitife cast hir eye aside, and seeing *Pallas* gon,
Began to mumble with hir selfe the Divels Paternoster,
And fretting at hir good successe, began to blow and bluster.
She takes a crooked staffe in hand bewreathde with knubbed prickes,
And covered with a coly cloude, where ever that she stickes
Hir filthie feete she tramples downe and seares both grasse and corne:
That all the fresh and fragrant fieldes seeme utterly forlorne.
And with hir staffe she tippeth of the highest poppie heades.
Such poyson also every where ungraciously she sheades,
That every Cottage where she comes, and every Towne and Citie
Doe take infection at hir breath. At length (the more is pitie)
She found the faire Athenian towne that flowed freshly then
In feastfull peace and joyfull welth and learned witts of men.
And forbicause she nothing saw that might provoke to weepe,
It was a corsie to hir heart hir hatefull teares to keepe.
Now when she came within the Court, she went without delay,
Directly to the lodgings where King *Cecrops* daughters lay.
There did she as *Minerva* bad: she laide hir scurvie fist
Besmerde with venim and with filth upon *Aglauros* brist.
The which she fillde with hooked thornes: and breathing on hir face,
Did shead the poyson in hir bones: which spred it selfe apace,
As blacke as ever virgin pitch through Lungs and Lights and all.
And to thintent that cause of griefe abundantly should fall,
She placed ay before hir eyes hir sisters happie chaunce
In being wedded to the God, and made the God to glaunce
Continually in heavenly shape before hir wounded thought.
And all these things she painted out: which in conclusion wrought
Such corsies in *Aglauros* brest, that sighing day and night

She gnawde and fretted in hir selfe for very cankred spight.
And like a wretche she wastes hirselfe with restlesse care and pine,
Like as the yse whereon the Sunne with glimering light doth shine.
Hir sister *Herses* good successe doth make hir heart to yerne,
In case as when that fire is put to greenefeld wood or fearne,
Which giveth neyther light nor heate, but smulders quite away.
Sometime she minded to her Sire hir sister to bewray,
Who (well she knew) would yll abide so lewde a part to play.
And oft she thought with wilfull hande to brust hir fatall threede,
Bicause she woulde not see the thing that made hir heart to bleede.
At last she sate hir in the doore, and leaned to a post,
To let the God from entring in. To whome now having lost
Much talke and gentle wordes in vayne, she said: Sir leave I pray
For hence I will not (be you sure) onlesse you go away.
I take thee at thy word (quoth he) and therewithall he pusht
His rod against the barred doore, and wide it open rusht.
She making proffer for to rise, did feele so great a waight
Through all hir limmes, that for hir life she could not stretch hir straight.
She strove to set hirself upright: but striving booted not.
Hir hamstrings and hir knees were stiffe, a chilling colde had got
In at hir nayles, through all hir limmes, and eke hir veynes began
For want of bloud and lively heate, to waxe both pale and wan.
And as the freting Fistula forgrowne and past all cure
Runnes in the flesh from place to place, and makes the sound and pure
As bad or worser than the rest: even so the cold of death,
Strake to hir heart, and closde hir veines, and lastly stopt hir breath:
She made no profer for to speake, and though she had done so,
It had bene vaine. For way was none for language forth to go.
Hir throte congealed into stone: hir mouth became hard stone,
And like an image sate she still, hir bloud was clearely gone.
The which the venim of hir heart so fowly did infect,
That ever after all the stone with freckled spots was spect.
When *Mercurie* had punisht thus *Aglauros* spightfull tung
And cancred heart immediatly from *Pallas* towne he flung.
And flying up with flittering wings did pierce to heaven above.
His father calde him straight aside (but shewing not his love)
Said: sonne, my trustie messenger and worker of my will,
Make no delay, but out of hand flie downe in hast untill
The land that on the left side lookes upon thy mother's light,
Yonsame where standeth on the coast the towne that *Sidon* hight.
The king hath there a heirde of Neate that on the mountaines feede:
Go take and drive them to the sea with all convenient speede.
He had no sooner said the worde but that the heirde begun
Driven from the mountaine to the shore appointed for to run,
Whereas the daughter of the king was wonted to resort
With other Ladies of the Court there for to play and sport.
Betweene the state of Majestie and love is set such oddes,
As that they can not dwell in one. The Sire and king of Goddes
Whose hand is armd with triplefire, who only with his frowne
Makes Sea and Land and heaven to quake, doth lay his scepter downe
With all the grave and stately port belonging thereunto,

And putting on the shape of bull (as other cattell doe)
Goes lowing gently up and downe among them in the field
The fairest beast to looke upon that ever man beheld.
For why? his colour was as white as any winters snow
Before that eyther trampling feete or Southerne winde it thow.
His necke was brawnd with rolles of flesh, and from his chest before,
A dangling dewlap hung me downe good halfe a foote and more.
His hornes were small, but yet so fine as that ye would have thought
They had bene made by cunning hand, or out of waxe bene wrought.
More cleare they were a hundreth fold than is the Christall stone.
In all his forehead fearfull frowne or wrinkle there was none.
No fierce, no grim, no griesly looke as other cattle have:
But altogether so demure as friendship seemde to crave.
Agenors daughter marveld much so tame a beast to see,
But yet to touche him at the first too bolde she durst not bee.
Annon she reaches to his mouth hir hand with herbes and flowres.
The loving beast was glad thereof, and neither frownes nor lowres.
But till the hoped joy might come with glad and fauning cheare
He lickes hir hands, and scarce ah scarce the resdue he forbeare.
Sometime he friskes and skippes about, and showes hir sport at hand:
Annon he layes his snowie side against the golden sand.
So feare by little driven away, he offred eft his brest
To stroke and coy, and eft his hornes with flowers to be drest.
At last *Europa* knowing not (for so the Maide was calde)
On whome she venturde for to ride, was nerawhit appalde
To set hir selfe upon his backe. Then by and by the God
From maine drie land to maine moyst Sea gan leysurly to plod.
At first he did but dip his feete within the outmost wave,
And backe againe: then further in another plunge he gave,
And so still further, till at the last he had his wished pray
Amid the deepe, where was no meanes to scape with life away.
The Ladie quaking all for feare, with rufull countnance cast
Ay toward shore from whence she came, held with hir righthand fast
One of his hornes: and with the left did stay upon his backe.
The weather flaskt and whisked up hir garments being slacke.

Finis secundi Libri.

THE THIRD BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

THE God now having laide aside his borrowed shape of Bull,
Had in his likenesse shewde himselfe: And with his pretie trull
Tane landing in the Isle of Crete. When in that while hir Sire
Not knowing where she was become, sent after to enquire
Hir brother *Cadmus*, charging him his sister home to bring,
Or never for to come againe: wherein he did a thing,
For which he might both justly kinde, and cruell called bee.
When *Cadmus* over all the world had sought, (for who is hee
That can detect the thefts of *Jove?*) and no where could hir see:
Then as an outlaw (too avoyde his fathers wrongfull yre)
He went to *Phebus* Oracle most humbly to desire
His heavenly counsell, where he would assigne him place to dwell.
An Heefar all alone in field (quoth *Phebus*) marke hir well,
Which never bare the pinching yoke, nor drew the plough as yit,
Shall meete thee: follow after hir, and where thou seest hir sit,
There builde a towne, and let thereof *Beotia* be the name.
Downe from *Parnasus* stately top scarce fully *Cadmus* came,
When royling softly in the vale before the herde alone
He saw an Heefar on whose necke of servage print was none.
He followde after leysurly as hir that was his guide,
And thanked *Phebus* in his heart that did so well provide.
Now had he past *Cephisus* forde, and eke the pleasant groundes
About the Citie *Panope* conteinde within the boundes.
The Heefar staide, and lifting up hir forehead to the skie
Full seemely for to looke upon with hornes like braunches hie,
Did with hir lowing fill the Ayre: and casting backe hir eie
Upon the rest that came aloofe, as softly as she could
Kneelde down, and laide hir hairie side against the grassie mould.
Then *Cadmus* gave *Apollo* thankes, and falling flat bylow,
Did kisse the ground and haile the fields which yet he did not know.
He was about to sacrifice to *Jove* the Heavenly King,
And bad his servants goe and fetch him water of the spring.
An olde forgrowne unfelled wood stood neare at hand thereby,
And in the middes a queachie plot with Sedge and Oysiers hie.
Where courbde about with peble stone in likenesse of a bow
There was a spring with silver streames that forth thereof did flow.
Here lurked in his lowring den God *Mars* his griesly Snake
With golden scales and firie eyes beswolne with poyson blake.
Three spirting tongues, three rowes of teeth within his head did sticke.
No sooner had the Tirian folke set foote within this thicke
And queachie plot, and deped downe their bucket in the well,
But that to buscle in his den began this Serpent fell,
And peering with a marble head right horribly to hisse.
The Tirians let their pitchers slip for sodaine feare of this,
And waxing pale as any clay, like folke amazde and flaight,
Stoode trembling like an Aspen leafe. The specled serpent straight

Comes trailing out in waving linkes, and knottie rolles of scales,
And bending into bunchie boughts his bodie forth he hales.
And lifting up above the wast himselfe unto the Skie,
He overlooketh all the wood, as huge and big welnie
As is the Snake that in the heaven about the Nordren pole
Devides the Beares. He makes no stay but deales his dreadfull dole
Among the Tirians. Whether they did take them to their tooles,
Or to their heeles, or that their feare did make them stand like fooles,
And helpe themselves by none of both: he snapt up some alive,
And swept in others with his taile, and some he did deprive
Of life with rankenesse of his breath, and other some againe
He stings and poysons unto death till all at last were slaine.
Now when the Sunne was at his heigth and shadowes waxed short,
And *Cadmus* saw his company make tarience in that sort,
He marveld what should be their let, and went to seeke them out.
His harnesse was a Lions skin that wrapped him about.
His weapons were a long strong speare with head of yron tride,
And eke a light and piercing Dart. And thereunto beside
Worth all the weapons in the world a stout and valiant hart.
When *Cadmus* came within the wood, and saw about that part
His men lie slaine upon the ground, and eke their cruell fo
Of bodie huge stand over them, and licking with his blo
And blasting tongue their sorie woundes: well trustie friendes (quoth he)
I eyther of your piteous deathes will streight revenger be,
Or else will die my selfe therefore. With that he raughting fast
A mightie Milstone, at the Snake with all his might it cast.
The stone with such exceding force and violence forth was driven,
As of a fort the bulwarkes strong and walles it would have riven.
And yet it did the Snake no harme: his scales as hard and tough
As if they had bene plates of mayle did fence him well inough,
So that the stone rebounded backe against his freckled slough.
But yet his hardnesse savde him not against the piercing dart.
For hitting right betweene the scales that yeelded in that part
Whereas the joynts doe knit the backe, it thirled through the skin,
And pierced to his filthy mawe and greedy guts within.
He fierce with wrath wrings backe his head, and looking on the stripe
The Javeling steale that sticked out, betweene his teeth doth gripe.
The which with wresting to and fro at length he forthe did winde,
Save that he left the head thereof among his bones behinde.
When of his courage through the wound more kindled was the ire,
His throteboll sweld with puffed veines, his eyes gan sparkle fire.
There stoode about his smeared chaps a lothly foming froth.
His skaled brest ploughes up the ground, the stinking breath that goth
Out from his blacke and hellish mouth infectes the herbes full fowle.
Sometime he windes himselfe in knots as round as any Bowle.
Sometime he stretcheth out in length as straight as any beame.
Anon againe with violent brunt he rusheth like a streame
Encreast by rage of latefalne raine, and with his mightie sway
Beares downe the wood before his breast that standeth in his way.
Agenors sonne retiring backe doth with his Lions spoyle
Defend him from his fierce assaults, and makes him to recoyle

Aye holding at the weapons poynt. The Serpent waxing wood
Doth crashe the steele betwene his teeth, and bites it till the blood
Dropt mixt with poyson from his mouth, did die the greene grasse blacke.
But yet the wound was verie light bicause he writhed backe
And puld his head still from the stroke: and made the stripe to die
By giving way, untill that *Cadmus* following irefully
The stroke, with all his powre and might did through ỹ throte him rive,
And naylde him too an Oke behind the which he eke did clive.
The Serpents waight did make the tree to bend. It grievde the tree
His bodie of the Serpents taile thus scourged for to bee.
While *Cadmus* wondred at the hugenesse of the vanquisht foe
Upon the sodaine came a voyce: from whence he could not know.
But sure he was he heard the voyce. Which said, *Agenors* sonne
What gazest thus upon this Snake? the time will one day come
That thou thy selfe shalt be a Snake. He pale and wan for feare,
Had lost his speach: and ruffled up stiffe staring stood his heare.
Behold (mans helper at his neede) Dame *Pallas* gliding through
The vacant Ayre was straight at hand, and bade him take a plough
And cast the Serpents teeth in ground as of the which should spring
Another people out of hand. He did in every thing
As *Pallas* bade, he tooke a plough, and earde a forrow low
And sowde the Serpents teeth whereof the foresaid folke should grow.
Anon (a wondrous thing too tell) the clods began to move,
And from the forrow first of all the pikes appearde above,
Next rose up helmes with fethered crests, and then the Poldrens bright,
Successively the Curets whole, and all the armor right.
Thus grew up men like corne in field in rankes of battle ray
With shieldes and weapons in their hands to feight the field that day
Even so when stages are attirde against some solemne game,
With clothes of Arras gorgeously, in drawing up the same
The faces of the ymages doe first of all them show,
And then by peecemeale all the rest in order seemes too grow,
Untill at last they stand out full upon their feete bylow.
Afrighted at this new found foes gan *Cadmus* for to take
Him to his weapons by and by resistance for to make.
Stay, stay thy selfe (cride one of them that late before were bred
Out of the ground) and meddle not with civill warres. This sed,
One of the brothers of that brood with launcing sworde he slue.
Another sent a dart at him, the which him overthrue.
The third did straight as much for him and made him yeelde the breath,
(The which he had receyvde but now) by stroke of forced death.
Likewise outraged all the rest untill that one by one
By mutuall stroke of civill warre dispatched everychone,
This broode of brothers all behewen and weltred in their blood,
Lay sprawling on their mothers womb, the ground where erst they stood,
Save only five that did remaine. Of whom *Echion* led
By *Pallas* counsell, threw away the helmet from his head,
And with his brothers gan to treat attonement for to make.
The which at length (by *Pallas* helpe) so good successe did take,

That faithful friendship was confirmd and hand in hand was plight.
These afterward did well assist the noble Tyrian knight,
In building of the famous towne that *Phebus* had behight.
Now *Thebes* stood in good estate, now *Cadmus* might thou say
That when thy father banisht thee it was a luckie day.
To joyne aliance both with *Mars* and *Venus* was thy chaunce,
Whose daughter thou hadst tane to wife, who did thee much advaunce,
Not only through hir high renowne, but through a noble race
Of sonnes and daughters that she bare: whose children in like case
It was thy fortune for to see all men and women growne.
But ay the ende of every thing must marked be and knowne,
For none the name of blessednesse deserveth for to have,
Unlesse the tenor of this life last blessed to his grave.
Among so many prosprous happes that flowde with good successe,
Thine eldest Nephew was a cause of care and sore distresse.
Whose head was armde with palmed hornes, whose own hounds in ẏ wood
Did pull their master to the ground and fill them with his bloud.
But if you sift the matter well, ye shall not finde desart
But cruell fortune to have bene the cause of this his smart.
For who could doe with oversight? Great slaughter had bene made
Of sundrie sortes of savage beastes one morning, and the shade
Of things was waxed verie short. It was the time of day
That mid betweene the East and West the Sunne doth seeme to stay;
When as the Thebane stripling thus bespake his companie,
Still raunging in the waylesse woods some further game to spie.
Our weapons and our toyles are moist and staind with bloud of Deare:
This day hath done inough as by our quarrie may appeare.
Assoone as with hir scarlet wheeles next morning bringeth light,
We will about our worke againe. But now *Hiperion* bright
Is in the middes of Heaven, and seares the fieldes with firie rayes.
Take up your toyles, and ceasse your worke, and let us go our wayes.
They did even so, and ceast their worke. There was a valley thicke
With Pinaple and Cipresse trees that armed be with pricke.
Gargaphie hight this shadie plot, it was a sacred place
To chast *Diana* and the Nymphes that wayted on hir grace.
Within the furthest end thereof there was a pleasant Bowre
So vaulted with the leavie trees, the Sunne had there no powre:
Not made by hand nor mans devise, and yet no man alive,
A trimmer piece of worke than that could for his life contrive.
With flint and Pommy was it wallde by nature halfe about,
And on the right side of the same full freshly flowed out
A lively spring with Christall streame: whereof the upper brim
Was greene with grasse and matted herbes that smelled verie trim.
When *Phebe* felt hir selfe waxe faint, of following of hir game,
It was hir custome for to come and bath hir in the same.
That day she having timely left hir hunting in the chace,
Was entred with hir troupe of Nymphes within this pleasant place.
She tooke hir quiver and hir bow the which she had unbent,
And eke hir Javelin to a Nymph that served that intent.
Another Nymph to take hir clothes among hir traine she chose,
Two losde hir buskins from hir legges and pulled of hir hose.

The Thebane Ladie *Crocale* more cunning than the rest,
Did trusse hir tresses handsomly which hung behind undrest.
And yet hir owne hung waving still. Then *Niphe* nete and cleene
With *Hiale* glistring like the grash in beautie fresh and sheene,
And *Rhanis* clearer of hir skin than are the rainie drops,
And little bibling *Phyale*, and *Pseke* that pretie Mops,
Powrde water into vessels large to washe their Ladie with.
Now while she keepes this wont, behold, by wandring in the frith
He wist not whither (having staid his pastime till the morrow)
Comes *Cadmus* Nephew to this thicke: and entring in with sorrow
(Such was his cursed cruell fate) saw *Phebe* where she washt.
The Damsels at the sight of man quite out of countnance dasht,
(Bicause they everichone were bare and naked to the quicke)
Did beate their handes against their brests, and cast out such a shricke,
That all the wood did ring thereof: and clinging to their dame
Did all they could to hide both hir and eke themselves fro shame.
But *Phebe* was of personage so comly and so tall,
That by the middle of hir necke she overpeerd them all.
Such colour as appeares in Heaven by *Phebus* broken rayes
Directly shining on the Cloudes, or such as is alwayes
The colour of the Morning Cloudes before the Sunne doth show,
Such sanguine colour in the face of *Phœbe* gan to glowe
There standing naked in his sight. Who though she had hir gard
Of Nymphes about hir: yet she turnde hir bodie from him ward.
And casting backe an angrie looke, like as she would have sent
An arrow at him had she had hir bow there readie bent:
So raught the water in hir hande, and for to wreake the spight,
Besprinckled all the heade and face of the unluckie Knight,
And thus forespake the heavie lot that should upon him light.
Now make thy vaunt among thy Mates, thou sawste *Diana* bare.
Tell if thou can: I give thee leave: tell heardly: doe not spare.
This done, she makes no further threates, but by and by doth spread
A payre of lively olde Harts hornes upon his sprinckled head.
She sharpes his eares, she makes his necke both slender, long and lanke.
She turnes his fingers into feete, his armes to spindle shanke.
She wrappes him in a hairie hyde beset with speckled spottes,
And planteth in him fearefulnesse. And so away he trottes,
Full greatly wondring to him selfe what made him in that cace
To be so wight and swift of foote. But when he saw his face
And horned temples in the brooke, he would have cryde alas,
But as for then no kinde of speach out of his lippes could passe.
He sight and brayde: for that was then the speach that did remaine,
And downe the eyes that were not his, his bitter teares did raine.
No part remayned (save his minde) of that he earst had beene.
What should he doe? turne home againe to *Cadmus* and the Queene?
Or hyde himselfe among the Woods? Of this he was afrayd,
And of the tother ill ashamde. While doubting thus he stayd:
His houndes espyde him where he was, and Blackfoote first of all
And Stalker speciall good of sent began aloud to call.
This latter was a hound of *Crete*, the other was of *Spart*.
Then all the kenell fell in round, and everie for his part,

Dyd follow freshly in the chase more swifter than the winde,
Spy, Eateal, Scalecliffe, three good houndes comne all of *Arcas* kinde.
Strong Kilbucke, currish Savage, Spring, and Hunter fresh of smell,
And Lightfoote who to lead a chase did beare away the bell.
Fierce Woodman hurte not long ago in hunting of a Bore
And Shepeheird woont to follow sheepe and neate to fielde afore.
And Laund a fell and eger bitch that had a Wolfe to Syre:
Another brach callde Greedigut with two hir Puppies by hir.
And Ladon gant as any Greewnd a hownd in *Sycion* bred,
Blab, Fleetewood, Patch whose flecked skin ẇ sundrie spots was spred:
Wight, Bowman, Royster, beautie faire and white as winters snow,
And Tawnie full of duskie haires that over all did grow,
With lustie Ruffler passing all the resdue there in strength,
And Tempest best of footemanshipe in holding out at length.
And Cole, and Swift, and little Woolfe, as wight as any other,
Accompanide with a *Ciprian* hound that was his native brother,
And Snatch amid whose forehead stoode a starre as white as snowe,
The resdue being all as blacke and slicke as any Crowe,
And shaggie Rugge with other twaine that had a Syre of *Crete*,
And dam of *Sparta:* Tone of them callde Jollyboy, a great
And large flewd hound: the tother Chorle who ever gnoorring went,
And Ringwood with a shyrle loud mouth the which he freely spent,
With divers mo whose names to tell it were but losse of tyme.
This fellowes over hill and dale in hope of pray doe clyme.
Through thick and thin and craggie cliffes where was no way to go,
He flyes through groundes where oftentymes he chased had ere tho,
Even from his owne folke is he faine (alas) to flee away.
He strayned oftentymes to speake, and was about to say,
I am *Acteon*: know your Lorde and Mayster sirs I pray.
But use of wordes and speach did want to utter forth his minde.
Their crie did ring through all the Wood redoubled with the winde.
First Slo did pinch him by the haunch, and next came Kildeere in,
And Hylbred fastned on his shoulder, bote him through the skinne.
These came forth later than the rest, but coasting thwart a hill,
They did gainecope him as he came, and helde their Master still,
Untill that all the rest came in, and fastned on him to.
No part of him was free from wound. He could none other do
But sigh, and in the shape of Hart with voyce as Hartes are woont,
(For voyce of man was none now left to helpe him at the brunt)
By braying show his secret grief among the Mountaynes hie,
And kneeling sadly on his knees with dreerie teares in eye,
As one by humbling of himselfe that mercy seemde to crave,
With piteous looke in stead of handes his head about to wave.
Not knowing that it was their Lord, the huntsmen cheere their hounds
With wonted noyse and for *Acteon* looke about the grounds.
They hallow who could lowdest crie still calling him by name
As though he were not there, and much his absence they do blame,
In that he came not to the fall, but slackt to see the game.
As often as they named him he sadly shooke his head,
And faine he would have beene away thence in some other stead,
But there he was. And well he could have found in heart to see

His dogges fell deedes, so that to feele in place he had not bee.
They hem him in on everie side, and in the shape of Stagge,
With greedie teeth and griping pawes their Lord in peeces dragge.
So fierce was cruell *Phœbes* wrath, it could not be alayde,
Till of his fault by bitter death the raunsome he had payde.
Much muttring was upon this fact. Some thought there was extended
A great deale more extremitie than neded. Some commended
Dianas doing: saying that it was but worthely
For safegarde of hir womanhod. Eche partie did applie
Good reasons to defende their case. Alone the wife of *Jove*,
Of lyking or misliking it not all so greatly strove,
As secretly rejoyst in heart that such a plague was light
On *Cadmus* linage: turning all the malice and the spight
Conceyved earst against the wench that *Jove* had fet fro *Tyre*,
Upon the kinred of the wench. And for to fierce hir ire,
Another thing cleane overthwart there commeth in the nicke:
The Ladie *Semell* great with childe by *Jove* as then was quicke.
Hereat she gan to freat and fume, and for to ease hir heart,
Which else would burst, she fell in hande with scolding out hir part.
And what a goodyeare have I woon by scolding erst? (she sed)
It is that arrant queane hir selfe, against whose wicked hed
I must assay to give assault: and if (as men me call)
I be that *Juno* who in heaven beare greatest swing of all,
If in my hand I worthie bee to holde the royall Mace,
And if I be the Queene of Heaven and soveraigne of this place,
Or wife and sister unto *Jove*, (his sister well I know:
But as for wife that name is vayne, I serve but for a show,
To cover other privie skapes) I will confound that Whore.
Now (with a mischiefe) is she bagd and beareth out before
Hir open shame to all the world, and shortly hopes to bee
The mother of a sonne by *Jove*, the which hath hapt to mee
Not passing once in all my time: so sore she doth presume
Upon hir beautie. But I trowe hir hope shall soone consume.
For never let me counted be for *Saturns* daughter more,
If by hir owne deare darling *Jove* on whom she trustes so sore,
I sende hir not to *Styxes* streame. This ended up she rose
And covered in golden cloud to *Semelles* house she goes.
And ere she sent away the cloud, she takes an olde wyves shape
With hoarie haire and riveled skinne, with slow and crooked gate.
As though she had the Palsey had hir feeble limmes did shake,
And eke she foltred in the mouth as often as she spake.
She seemd olde Beldame *Beroë* of *Epidaure* to bee,
This Ladie *Semelles* Nourse as right as though it had beene shee.
So when that after mickle talke of purpose ministred,
Joves name was upned: by and by she gave a sigh and sed,
I wish with all my heart that *Jove* bee cause to thee of this.
But daughter deare I dreade the worst, I feare it be amisse.
For manie Varlets under name of Gods, to serve their lust,
Have into undefiled beddes themselves full often thrust.
And though it bene the mightie *Jove* yet doth not that suffize,
Onlesse he also make the same apparant to our eyes.

And if it be even verie hee, I say it doth behove,
He prove it by some open signe and token of his love.
And therefore pray him for to graunt that looke in what degree,
What order, fashion, sort and state he use to companie
With mightie *Juno*, in the same in everie poynt and cace
To all intents and purposes he thee likewise embrace,
And that he also bring with him his bright threeforked mace.
With such instructions *Juno* had enformed *Cadmus* Neece:
And she poore sielie simple soule immediately on this
Requested *Jove* to graunt a boone the which she did not name.
Aske what thou wilt sweete heart (quoth he) thou shalt not misse the same,
And for to make thee sure hereof, the grisely *Stygian* Lake,
Which is the feare and God of Gods beare witnesse for thy sake.
She joying in hir owne mischaunce, not having any powre
To rule hir selfe, but making speede to hast hir fatall howre,
In which she through hir Lovers helpe should worke hir owne decay,
Sayd: Such as *Juno* findeth you when you and she doe play
The games of *Venus*, such I pray thee shew thy selfe to mee
In everie case. The God would faine have stopt hir mouth. But shee
Had made such hast that out it was. Which made him sigh full sore,
For neyther she could then unwish the thing she wisht before,
Nor he revoke his solemne oth. Wherefore with sorie hart
And heavy countnance by and by to Heaven he doth depart.
And makes to follow after him with looke full grim and stoure
The flakie clouds all grisly blacke, as when they threat a shoure.
To which he added mixt with winde a fierce and flashing flame,
With drie and dreadfull thunderclaps and lightning to the same
Of deadly unavoyded dynt. And yet as much as may
He goes about his vehement force and fiercenesse to allay.
He doth not arme him with the fire with which he did remove
The Giant with the hundreth handes *Typhoëus* from above:
It was too cruell and too sore to use agaynst his Love.
The Cyclops made an other kinde of lightning farre more light,
Wherein they put much lesse of fire, lesse fiercenesse, lesser might.
It hight in Heaven the second Mace. *Jove* armes himselfe with this,
And enters into *Cadmus* house where *Semelles* chamber is.
She being mortall was too weake and feeble to withstande
Such troublous tumultes of the Heavens: and therefore out of hande
Was burned in hir Lovers armes. But yet he tooke away
His infant from the mothers wombe unperfect as it lay,
And (if a man may credit it) did in his thigh it sowe,
Where byding out the mothers tyme, it did to ripenesse growe.
And when the time of birth was come, his Aunt the Ladie *Ine*
Did nourse him for a while by stealth and kept him trym and fine.
The Nymphes of *Nysa* afterwarde did in their bowres him hide,
And brought him up with Milke till tyme he might abrode be spyde.
Now while these things were done on earth, and that by fatal doome
The twice borne *Bacchus* had a tyme to mannes estate to come:
They say that *Jove* disposde to myrth as he and *Juno* sate
A drinking Nectar after meate in sport and pleasant rate,
Did fall a jeasting with his wife, and saide: a greater pleasure

In *Venus* games ye women have than men beyonde all measure.
She answerde no. To trie the truth, they both of them agree
The wise *Tyresias* in this case indifferent judge to bee,
Who both the man and womans joyes by tryall understood.
For finding once two mightie Snakes engendring in a Wood,
He strake them overthwart the backs, by meanes whereof beholde
(As straunge a thing to be of truth as ever yet was tolde)
He being made a woman straight, seven winter lived so.
The eight he finding them againe did say unto them tho:
And if to strike ye have such powre as for to turne their shape
That are the givers of the stripe, before you hence escape,
One stripe now will I lende you more. He strake them as beforne
And straight returnd his former shape in which he first was borne.
Tyresias therefore being tane to judge this jesting strife,
Gave sentence on the side of *Jove*. The which the Queene his wife
Did take a great deale more to heart than needed, and in spight
To wreake hir teene upon hir Judge, bereft him of his sight.
But *Jove* (for to the Gods it is unleeful to undoe
The things which other of the Gods by any meanes have doe)
Did give him sight in things to come for losse of sight of eye,
And so his grievous punishment with honour did supplie.
By meanes whereof within a while in Citie, fielde, and towne
Through all the coast of *Aony* was bruted his renowne.
And folke to have their fortunes read that dayly did resorte,
Were aunswerde so as none of them could give him misreporte.
The first that of his soothfast wordes had proufe in all the Realme,
Was freckled *Lyriop*, whom sometime surprised in his streame,
The floud *Cephisus* did enforce. This Lady bare a sonne
Whose beautie at his verie birth might justly love have wonne.
Narcissus did she call his name. Of whom the Prophet sage
Demaunded if the childe should live to many yeares of age,
Made aunswere, yea full long, so that him selfe he doe not know.
The Soothsayers wordes seemde long but vaine, untill the end did show
His saying to be true in deede by straungenesse of the rage,
And straungenesse of the kinde of death that did abridge his age
For when yeares three times five and one he fully lyved had,
So that he seemde to stande beetwene the state of man and Lad,
The hearts of divers trim yong men his beautie gan to move,
And many a Ladie fresh and faire was taken in his love.
But in that grace of Natures gift such passing pride did raigne,
That to be toucht of man or Mayde he wholy did disdaine.
A babling Nymph that *Echo* hight: who hearing others talke,
By no meanes can restraine hir tongue but that it needes must walke,
Nor of hir selfe hath powre to ginne to speake to any wight,
Espyde him dryving into toyles the fearefull stagges of flight.
This *Echo* was a body then and not an onely voyce,
Yet of hir speach she had that time no more than now the choyce,
That is to say of many wordes the latter to repeate.
The cause thereof was *Junos* wrath. For when that with the feate
She might have often taken *Jove* in daliance with his Dames,
And that by stealth and unbewares in middes of all his games:

This elfe would with hir tatling talke deteine hir by the way,
Untill that *Jove* had wrought his will and they were fled away.
The which when *Juno* did perceyve, she said with wrathfull mood,
This tongue that hath deluded me shall doe thee little good:
For of thy speach but simple use hereafter shalt thou have.
The deede it selfe did straight confirme the threatnings that she gave.
Yet *Echo* of the former talke doth double oft the ende
And backe againe with just report the wordes earst spoken sende.
Now when she sawe *Narcissus* stray about the Forrest wyde,
She waxed warme and step for step fast after him she hyde.
The more she followed after him and neerer that she came,
The whoter ever did she waxe as neerer to hir flame.
Lyke as the lively Brimstone doth which dipt about a match,
And put but softly to the fire, the flame doth lightly catch.
O Lord how often would she faine (if nature would have let)
Entreated him with gentle wordes some favour for to get?
But nature would not suffer hir nor give hir leave to ginne.
Yet (so farre forth as she by graunt at natures hande could winne)
Ay readie with attentive eare she harkens for some sounde,
Whereto she might replie hir wordes, from which she is not bounde.
By chaunce the stripling being strayde from all his companie,
Sayde: is there any bodie nie? straight *Echo* answerde: I.
Amazde he castes his eye aside, and looketh round about,
And come (that all the Forrest roong) aloud he calleth out.
And come (sayth she:) he looketh backe, and seeing no man followe,
Why fliste, he cryeth once againe: and she the same doth hallowe.
He still persistes, and wondring much what kinde of thing it was
From which that answering voyce by turne so duely seemde to passe,
Sayd: let us joyne. She (by hir will desirous to have said,
In fayth with none more willingly at any time or stead)
Sayd: let us joyne. And standing somewhat in hir owne conceit,
Upon these wordes she left the Wood, and forth she yeedeth streit,
To coll the lovely necke for which she longed had so much.
He runnes his way, and will not be imbraced of no such.
And sayth: I first will die ere thou shalt take of me thy pleasure.
She answerde nothing else thereto, but take of me thy pleasure.
Now when she saw hir selfe thus mockt, she gate hir to the Woods,
And hid hir head for verie shame among the leaves and buddes.
And ever sence she lyves alone in dennes and hollow Caves.
Yet stacke hir love still to hir heart, through which she dayly raves
The more for sorrowe of repulse. Through restlesse carke and care
Hir bodie pynes to skinne and bone, and waxeth wonderous bare.
The bloud doth vanish into ayre from out of all hir veynes,
And nought is left but voyce and bones: the voyce yet still remaynes:
Hir bones they say were turnde to stones. From thence she lurking still
In Woods, will never shewe hir head in field nor yet on hill.
Yet is she heard of every man: it is hir onely sound,
And nothing else that doth remayne alive above the ground.
Thus had he mockt this wretched Nymph and many mo beside,
That in the waters, Woods, and groves, or Mountaynes did abide.
Thus had he mocked many men. Of which one, miscontent

To see himselfe deluded so, his handes to Heaven up bent,
And sayd: I pray to God he may once feele fierce *Cupids* fire
As I doe now, and yet not joy the things he doth desire.
The Goddesse *Ramnuse* (who doth wreake on wicked people take)
Assented to his just request for ruth and pities sake.
There was a Spring withouten mudde as silver cleare and still,
Which neyther sheepeheirds, nor the Goates that fed upon the hill,
Nor other cattell troubled had, nor savage beast had styrd,
Nor braunch, nor sticke, nor leafe of tree, nor any foule nor byrd.
The moysture fed and kept aye fresh the grasse that grew about,
And with their leaves the trees did keepe the heate of *Phœbus* out.
The stripling wearie with the heate and hunting in the chace,
And much delighted with the spring and coolenesse of the place,
Did lay him downe upon the brimme: and as he stooped lowe
To staunche his thurst, another thurst of worse effect did growe.
For as he dranke, he chaunst to spie the Image of his face,
The which he did immediately with fervent love embrace.
He feedes a hope without cause why. For like a foolishe noddie
He thinkes the shadow that he sees, to be a lively boddie.
Astraughted like an ymage made of Marble stone he lyes,
There gazing on his shadow still with fixed staring eyes.
Stretcht all along upon the ground, it doth him good to see
His ardent eyes which like two starres full bright and shyning bee,
And eke his fingars, fingars such as *Bacchus* might beseeme,
And haire that one might worthely *Apollos* haire it deeme.
His beardlesse chinne and yvorie necke, and eke the perfect grace
Of white and red indifferently bepainted in his face.
All these he woondreth to beholde, for which (as I doe gather)
Himselfe was to be wondred at, or to be pitied rather.
He is enamored of himselfe for want of taking heede.
And where he lykes another thing, he lykes himselfe in deede.
He is the partie whome he wooes, and suter that doth wooe,
He is the flame that settes on fire, and thing that burneth tooe.
O Lord how often did he kisse that false deceitfull thing?
How often did he thrust his armes midway into the spring,
To have embraste the necke he saw and could not catch himselfe?
He knowes not what it was he sawe. And yet the foolishe elfe
Doth burne in ardent love thereof. The verie selfe same thing
That doth bewitch and blinde his eyes, encreaseth all his sting,
Thou fondling thou, why doest thou raught the fickle image so?
The thing thou seekest is not there. And if a side thou go,
The thing thou lovest straight is gone. It is none other matter
That thou dost see, than of thy selfe the shadow in the water.
The thing is nothing of it selfe: with thee it doth abide,
With thee it would departe if thou withdrew thy selfe aside.
No care of meate could draw him thence, nor yet desire of rest.
But lying flat against the ground, and leaning on his brest,
With greedie eyes he gazeth still uppon the falced face,
And through his sight is wrought his bane. Yet for a little space
He turnes and settes himselfe upright, and holding up his hands
With piteous voyce unto the wood that round about him stands,

Cryes out and ses: alas ye Woods, and was there ever any,
That loovde so cruelly as I? you know: for unto many
A place of harbrough have you beene, and fort of refuge strong.
Can you remember any one in all your tyme so long,
That hath so pinde away as I? I see and am full faine,
Howbeit that I like and see I cannot yet attaine:
So great a blindnesse in my heart through doting love doth raigne.
And for to spight me more withall, it is no journey farre,
No drenching Sea, no Mountaine hie, no wall, no locke, no barre,
It is but even a little droppe that keepes us two asunder.
He would be had. For looke how oft I kisse the water under,
So oft againe with upwarde mouth he ryseth towarde mee,
A man would thinke to touch at least I should yet able bee.
It is a trifle in respect that lettes us of our love.
What wight soever that thou art come hither up above.
O pierlesse piece, why dost thou mee thy lover thus delude?
Or whither fliste thou of thy friende thus earnestly pursude?
Iwis I neyther am so fowle nor yet so growne in yeares,
That in this wise thou shouldst me shoon. To have me to their Feeres,
The Nymphes themselves have sude ere this. And yet (as should appeere)
Thou dost pretende some kinde of hope of friendship by the cheere.
For when I stretch mine armes to thee, thou stretchest thine likewise,
And if I smile thou smilest too: And when that from mine eyes
The teares doe drop, I well perceyve the water stands in thine.
Like gesture also dost thou make to everie becke of mine.
And as by moving of thy sweete and lovely lippes I weene,
Thou speakest words although mine eares conceive not what they beene.
It is my selfe I well perceyve, it is mine Image sure,
That in this sort deluding me, this furie doth procure.
I am inamored of my selfe, I doe both set on fire,
And am the same that swelteth too, through impotent desire.
What shall I doe? be woode or wo? whome shall I wo therefore?
The thing I seeke is in my selfe, my plentie makes me poore.
O would to God I for a while might from my bodie part.
This wish is straunge to heare a Lover wrapped all in smart,
To wish away the thing the which he loveth as his heart.
My sorrowe takes away my strength. I have not long to live,
But in the floure of youth must die. To die it doth not grieve,
For that by death shall come the ende of all my griefe and paine.
I woulde this yongling whome I love might lenger life obtaine:
For in one soule shall now delay we stedfast Lovers twaine.
This saide in rage he turnes againe unto the foresaide shade,
And rores the water with the teares and sloubring that he made,
That through his troubling of the Well his ymage gan to fade.
Which when he saw to vanish so, Oh whither dost thou flie?
Abide I pray thee heartely, aloud he gan to crie.
Forsake me not so cruelly that loveth thee so deere,
But give me leave a little while my dazled eyes to cheere
With sight of that which for to touch is utterly denide,
Thereby to feede my wretched rage and furie for a tide.
As in this wise he made his mone, he stripped off his cote

And with his fist outragiously his naked stomacke smote.
A ruddie colour where he smote rose on his stomacke sheere,
Lyke Apples which doe partly white and striped red appeere.
Or as the clusters ere the grapes to ripenesse fully come:
An Orient purple here and there beginnes to grow on some.
Which things assoone as in the spring he did beholde againe,
He could no longer beare it out. But fainting straight for paine,
As lith and supple waxe doth melt against the burning flame,
Or morning dewe against the Sunne that glareth on the same:
Even so by piecemale being spent and wasted through desire,
Did he consume and melt away with *Cupids* secret fire.
His lively hue of white and red, his cheerefulnesse and strength
And all the things that lyked him did wanze away at length.
So that in fine remayned not the bodie which of late
The wretched *Echo* loved so. Who when she sawe his state,
Although in heart she angrie were, and mindefull of his pride,
Yet ruing his unhappie case, as often as he cride
Alas, she cride alas likewise with shirle redoubled sound.
And when he beate his breast, or strake his feete agaynst the ground,
She made like noyse of clapping too. These are the wordes that last
Out of his lippes beholding still his woonted ymage past.
Alas sweete boy belovde in vaine, farewell. And by and by
With sighing sound the selfe same wordes the *Echo* did reply.
With that he layde his wearie head against the grassie place,
And death did cloze his gazing eyes that woondred at the grace
And beautie which did late adorne their Masters heavenly face.
And afterward when into Hell receyved was his spright,
He goes me to the Well of *Styx*, and there both day and night
Standes tooting on his shadow still as fondely as before.
The water Nymphes his sisters wept and wayled for him sore,
And on his bodie strowde their haire clipt off and shorne therefore.
The Woodnymphes also did lament. And *Echo* did rebound
To every sorrowfull noyse of theirs with like lamenting sound.
The fire was made to burne the corse, and waxen Tapers light.
A Herce to lay the bodie on with solemne pompe was dight.
But as for bodie none remaind: In stead thereof they found
A yellow floure with milke white leaves new sprong upon the ground.
This matter all *Achaia* through did spreade the Prophets fame:
That every where of just desert renowmed was his name.
But *Penthey* olde *Echions* sonne (who proudely did disdaine
Both God and man) did laughe to scorne the Prophets words as vaine,
Upbraiding him most spitefully with loosing of his sight,
And with the fact for which he lost fruition of this light.
The good olde father (for these words his pacience much did move)
Said: O how happie shouldest thou be and blessed from above,
If thou wert blinde as well as I, so that thou might not see
The sacred rytes of *Bacchus* band? For sure the time will bee,
And that full shortely (as I gesse) that hither shall resort
Another *Bacchus Semelles* sonne, whom if thou not support
With pompe and honour like a God, thy carcasse shall be tattred,
And in a thousand places eke about the Woods be scattred.

And for to reade thee what they are that shall perfourme the deede,
It is thy mother and thine Auntes that thus shall make thee bleede.
I know it shall so come to passe, for why thou shalt disdaine,
To honour *Bacchus* as a God: and then thou shalt with paine
Feele how that blinded as I am, I sawe for thee too much.
As olde *Tiresias* did pronounce these wordes and other such,
Echions sonne did trouble him. His wordes prove true in deede,
For as the Prophet did forespeake, so fell it out with speede.
Anon this newefound *Bacchus* commes: the woods and fieldes rebound,
With noyse of shouts and howling out, and such confused sound.
The folke runne flocking out by heapes, men, Mayds, and wives togither
The noble men and rascall sorte ran gadding also thither,
The Orgies of this unknowne God full fondely to performe,
The which when *Penthey* did perceyve, he gan to rage and storme,
And sayde unto them. O ye ympes of *Mars* his snake by kinde,
What ayleth you? what fiend of hell doth thus enrage your minde?
Hath tinking sound of pottes and pannes? hath noyse of crooked horne?
Have fonde illusions such a force, that them whom heretoforne
No arming sworde, no bloudie trumpe, no men in battail ray
Coulde cause to shrinke, no sheepish shriekes of simple women fray?
And dronken woodnesse wrought by wine? and roughts of filthie freakes?
And sound of toying timpanes dauntes? and quite their courage breakes?
Shall I at you yee auncient men which from the towne of *Tyre*,
To bring your housholde Gods by Sea, in safetie did aspyre,
And setled them within this place the which ye nowe doe yeelde
In bondage quite without all force and fighting in the fielde:
Or woonder at you yonger sorte approching unto mee
More neare in courage and in yeares? whome meete it were to see
With speare and not with thirse in hande, with glittring helme on hed,
And not with leaves? Now call to minde of whome ye all are bred,
And take the stomackes of that Snake, which being one alone,
Right stoutly in his owne defence confounded many one.
He for his harbrough and his spring his lyfe did nobly spend.
Doe you no more but take a heart your Countrie to defend.
He put to death right valeant Knightes. Your battaile is with such
As are but Meicocks in effect: and yet ye doe so much
In conquering them, that by the deede the olde renowne ye save,
Which from your fathers by discent this present time ye have.
If fatall destnies doe forbid that *Thebæ* long shall stande,
Would God that men with Canon shot might raze it out of hande.
Would God the noyse of fire and sworde did in our hearing sound:
For then in this our wretchednesse there could no fault be found.
Then might we justly waile our case that all the world might see
Wee should not neede of sheading teares ashamed for to bee.
But now our towne is taken by a naked beardelesse boy,
Who doth not in the feates of armes nor horse nor armour joy.
But for to moyst his haire with Mirrhe, and put on garlands gay,
And in soft Purple silke and golde his bodie to aray.
But put to you your helping hande, and straight without delay
I will compell him poynt by poynt his lewdnesse to bewray,
Both in usurping *Joves* high name in making him his sonne,

And forging of these Ceremonies lately now begonne.
Hath King *Acrisius* heart inough this fondling for to hate,
That makes himselfe to be a God? and for to shit the gate
Of *Argus* at his comming there? and shall this rover make
King *Penthey* and the noble towne of *Thebæ* thus to quake?
Go quickly sirs (these wordes he spake unto his servaunts) go
And bring the Captaine hither bound with speede, why stay ye so?
His Grandsire *Cadmus*, *Athamas* and others of his kinne
Reproved him by gentle meanes: but nothing could they winne.
The more intreatance that they made, the fiercer was he still.
The more his friendes did go about to breake him of his will:
The more they did provoke his wrath, and set his rage on fire.
They made him worse in that they sought to bridle his desire.
So have I seene a brooke ere this, where nothing let the streame,
Runne smooth with little noyse or none: but where as any beame
Or cragged stones did let his course, and make him for to stay:
It went more fiercely from the stoppe with fomie wroth away.
Beholde all bloudie come his men, and straight he then demaunded
Where *Bacchus* was, and why they had not done as he commaunded?
Sir (aunswerde they) we saw him not, but this same fellow heere
A chiefe companion in his traine and worker in this geere,
Wee tooke by force: And therewithall presented to their Lord
A certaine man of *Tirrhene* lande, his handes fast bound with cord,
Whome they, frequenting *Bacchus* rites had found but late before.
A grim and cruell looke which yre did make to seeme more sore,
Did *Penthey* cast upon the man. And though he scarcely stayd
From putting him to tormentes strait: O wretched man (he sayde)
Who by thy worthie death shalt be a sample unto other,
Declare to me the names of thee, thy father and thy mother,
And in what Countrie thou wert borne, and what hath caused thee,
Of these straunge rites and sacrifice, a follower for to bee.
He voyd of feare made aunswere thus, *Acetis* is my name:
Of Parentes but of lowe degree in *Lidy* land I came.
No ground for painfull Oxe to till, no sheepe to beare me wooll
My father left me: no nor horse, nor Asse, nor Cow nor Booll.
God wote he was but poore himselfe, With line and bayted hooke
The frisking fishes in the pooles upon his Reede he tooke.
His handes did serve in steade of landes, his substance was his craft.
Now have I made you true accompt of all that he me laft,
As well of ryches as of trades, in which I was his heire
And successour. For when that death bereft him use of aire,
Save water he me nothing left. It is the thing alone
Which for my lawfull heritage I clayme, and other none.
Soone after I (bicause that loth I was to ay abide
In that poore state) did learne a ship by cunning hande to guide,
And for to knowe the raynie signe, that hight th' *Olenien* Gote,
Which with hir milke did nourish *Jove*. And also I did note
The *Pleiads* and the *Hiads* moyst, and eke the siely Plough,
With all the dwellings of the winds that made the seas so rough,
And eke such Havens as are meete to harbrough vessels in,
With everie starre and heavenly signe that guides to shipmen bin.

Now as by chaunce I late ago did toward *Dilos* sayle,
I came on coast of *Scios* Ile, and seeing day to fayle,
Tooke harbrough there and went a lande. Assoone as that the night
Was spent, and morning gan to peere with ruddie glaring light,
I rose and bad my companie fresh water fetch aboord.
And pointing them the way that led directly to the foorde,
I went me to a little hill, and viewed round about
To see what weather we were lyke to have eresetting out.
Which done, I cald my watermen and all my Mates togither,
And willde them all to go a boord my selfe first going thither.
Loe here we are (*Opheltes* sayd) (he was the Maysters Mate)
And (as he thought) a bootie found in desert fields a late,
He dragd a boy upon his hande that for his beautie sheene,
A mayden rather than a boy appeared for to beene.
This childe, as one forelade with wine, and dreint with drousie sleepe
Did reele, as though he scarcely coulde himselfe from falling keepe.
I markt his countnance, weede, and pace, no inckling could I see,
By which I might conjecture him a mortall wight to bee.
I thought, and to my fellowes sayd: what God I can not tell,
But in this bodie that we see some Godhead sure doth dwell.
What God so ever that thou art, thy favour to us showe,
And in our labours us assist, and pardone these also.
Pray for thy selfe and not for us (quoth *Dictys* by and by.)
A nimbler fellow for to climbe upon the Mast on hie
And by the Cable downe to slide, there was not in our keele.
Swart *Melanth* patrone of the shippe did like his saying weele.
So also did *Alcimedon*: and so did *Libys* to,
And blacke *Epopeus* eke whose charge it did belong unto
To see the Rowers at their tymes their dueties duely do.
And so did all the rest of them: so sore mennes eyes were blinded
Where covetousenesse of filthie gaine is more than reason minded.
Well sirs (quoth I) but by your leave ye shall not have it so:
I will not suffer sacriledge within this shippe to go.
For I have here the most to doe. And with that worde I stept
Uppon the Hatches, all the rest from entrance to have kept.
The rankest Ruffian of the rout that *Lycab* had to name,
(Who for a murder being late driven out of *Tuscane* came
To me for succor) waxed woode, and with his sturdie fist
Did give me such a churlish blow bycause I did resist,
That over boord he had me sent, but that with much ado
I caught the tackling in my hand and helde me fast thereto.
The wicked Varlets had a sport to see me handled so.
Then *Bacchus* (for it *Bacchus* was) as though he had but tho
Bene waked with their noyse from sleepe, and that his drousie braine
Discharged of the wine, begon to gather sence againe
Said: what a doe? what noyse is this? how came I here I pray?
Sirs tell me whether you doe meane to carie me away.
Feare not my boy (the Patrone sayd) no more but tell me where
Thou doest desire to go a lande, and we will set thee there.
To *Naxus* ward (quoth *Bacchus* tho) set ship upon the fome.
There would I have yow harbrough take, for *Naxus* is my home.

Like perjurde Caitifs, by the Sea and all the Gods thereof,
They falsly sware it should be so, and therewithall in scoffe
They bade me hoyse up saile and go. Upon the righter hand
I cast about to fetch the winde, for so did *Naxus* stand.
What meanst? art mad? *Opheltes* cride, and therewithall begun
A feare of loosing of their pray through every man to run.
The greater part with head and hand a signe did to me make,
And some did whisper in mine eare the left hand way to take.
I was amazde and said take charge henceforth who will for me:
For of your craft and wickednesse I will no furthrer be.
Then fell they to reviling me, and all the route gan grudge:
Of which *Ethalion* said in scorne: by like in you Sir snudge
Consistes the savegard of us all, and wyth that word he takes
My roume, and leaving *Naxus* quite, to other countries makes.
The God then dalying with these mates, as though he had at last
Begon to smell their suttle craft, out of the foredecke cast
His eye upon the Sea, and then as though he seemde to weepe,
Sayd: sirs to bring me on this coast ye doe not promise keepe,
I see that this is not the land the which I did request.
For what occasion in this sort deserve I to be drest?
What commendation can you win, or praise thereby receyve,
If men a Lad, if many one ye compasse to deceyve?
I wept and sobbed all this while, the wicked villaines laught,
And rowed forth with might and maine, as though they had bene straught.
Now even by him (for sure than he in all the worlde so wide.
There is no God more neare at hande at every time and tide),
I sweare unto you that the things the which I shall declare,
Like as they seeme incredible, even so most true they are.
The ship stoode still amid the Sea as in a dustie docke.
They wondring at this miracle, and making but a mocke,
Persist in beating with their Ores, and on with all their sayles:
To make their Galley to remove, no Art nor labor fayles,
But Ivie troubled so their Ores that forth they could not row:
And both with Beries and with leaves their sailes did overgrow.
And he himselfe with clustred grapes about his temples round,
Did shake a Javeling in his hand that round about was bound
With leaves of Vines: and at his feete there seemed for to couch
Of Tygers, Lynx, and Panthers shapes most ougly for to touch.
I cannot tell you whether feare or woodnesse were the cause,
But every person leapeth up and from his labor drawes.
And there one *Medon* first of all began to waxen blacke,
And having lost his former shape did take a courbed backe.
What Monster shall we have of thee (quoth *Licab*) and with that
This *Licabs* chappes did waxen wide, his nosethrils waxed flat,
His skin waxt tough, and scales thereon began anon to grow.
And *Libis* as he went about the Ores away to throw,
Perceived how his hands did shrinke and were become so short,
That now for finnes and not for hands he might them well report.
Another as he would have claspt his arme about the corde,
Had nere an arme, and so bemaimd in bodie, over boord
He leapeth downe among the waves, and forked is his tayle

As are the hornes of *Phebes* face when halfe hir light doth fayle.
They leape about and sprinkle up much water on the ship,
One while they swim above, and downe againe anon they slip.
They fetch their friskes as in a daunce, and wantonly they writhe
Now here now there, among the waves their bodies bane and lithe.
And with their wide and hollow nose the water in they snuffe,
And by their noses out againe as fast they doe it puffe.
Of twentie persons (for our ship so many men did beare)
I only did remaine nigh straught and trembling still for feare.
The God could scarce recomfort me, and yet he said go too,
Feare not but saile to *Dia* ward. His will I gladly doe.
And so assoone as I came there, with right devout intent,
His Chaplaine I became. And thus his Orgies I frequent.
Thou makste a processe verie long (quoth *Penthey*) to thintent
That (choler being coolde by time) mine anger might relent.
But Sirs (he spake it to his men) go take him by and by,
With cruell torments out of hand goe cause him for to die.
Immediatly they led away *Acetes* out of sight,
And put him into prison strong from which there was no flight,
But while the cruell instruments of death as sword and fire
Were in preparing wherewithall t' accomplish *Pentheys* yre,
It is reported that the doores did of their owne accorde
Burst open, and his chaines fall off. And yet this cruell Lorde
Persisteth fiercer than before, not bidding others go
But goes himselfe unto the hill *Cytheron*, which as tho
To *Bacchus* being consecrate did ring of chaunted songs,
And other loud confused sounds of *Bacchus* drunken throngs.
And even as when the bloudie Trumpe doth to the battell sound,
The lustie horse streight neying out bestirres him on the ground,
And taketh courage thereupon t' assaile his enmie proud:
Even so when *Penthey* heard a farre the noyse and howling loud
That *Bacchus* franticke folke did make, it set his heart on fire,
And kindled fiercer than before the sparks of settled ire.
There is a goodly plaine about the middle of the hill,
Environd in with Woods, where men may view eche way at will.
Here looking on these holie rites with lewde prophaned eyes
King *Pentheys* moother first of all hir foresaid sonne espies.
And like a Bedlem first of all she doth upon him runne,
And with hir Javeling furiously she first doth wound hir sonne.
Come hither sisters come she cries, here is that mighty Bore,
Here is the Bore that stroyes our fieldes, him will I strike therefore.
With that they fall upon him all as though they had bene mad,
And clustring all upon a heape fast after him they gad.
He quakes and shakes: his words are now become more meeke and colde,
He now condemnes his owne default, and sayes he was too bolde,
And wounded as he was he cries helpe Aunt *Autonoë*,
Now for *Acteons* blessed soule some mercie show to me.
She wist not who *Acteon* was, but rent without delay

His right hand off: and *Ino* tare his tother hand away.
To lift unto his mother tho the wretch had nere an arme:
But shewing hir his maimed corse, and woundes yet bleeding warme,
O mother, see, he sayes: with that *Agavē* howleth out:
And writhed with hir necke awrie, and shooke hir haire about.
And holding from his bodie torne his head in bloudie hands,
She cries: O fellowes in this deede our noble conquest stands.
No sooner could the winde have blowen the rotten leaves fro trees,
When Winters frost hath bitten them, then did the hands of these
Most wicked women *Pentheys* limmes from one another teare.
The Thebanes being now by this example brought in feare,
Frequent this newfound sacrifice, and with sweete frankinsence
God *Bacchus* Altars lode with gifts in every place doe cense.

Finis tertii Libri.

¶ THE FOURTH BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

YET would not stout *Alcithoë* Duke *Mineus* daughter bow
The Orgies of this newfound God in conscience to allow:
But still she stiffly doth denie that *Bacchus* is the sonne
Of *Jove;* and in this heresie hir sisters with hir runne.
The Priest had bidden holiday, and that as well the Maide
As Mistress (for the time aside all other businesse layde)
In Buckskin cotes, with tresses loose, and garlondes on their heare,
Should in their hands the leavie speares (surnamed *Thyrsis*) beare.
Foretelling them that if they did the Goddes commaundement breake,
He would with sore and grievous plagues his wrath upon them wreake.
The women straight both yong and olde doe thereunto obay.
Their yarne, their baskets, and their flax unsponne aside they lay,
And burne to *Bacchus* frankinsence. Whome solemly they call
By all the names and titles high that may to him befall.
As *Bromius*, and *Lyëus* eke, begotten of the flame,
Twice borne, the sole and only childe that of two mothers came.
Unshorne *Thyoney*, *Nisëus*, *Lenëus*, and the setter
Of Vines, whose pleasant liquor makes all tables fare the better.
Nyctileus and th'*Elelean* Sire, *Iacchus*, *Evan* eke,
With divers other glorious names that through the land of Greke
To thee O *Liber* wonted are to attributed bee.
Thy youthful yeares can never wast: there dwelleth ay in thee
A childhod tender, fresh and faire: In Heaven we doe thee see
Surmounting every other thing in beautie and in grace:
And when thou standste without thy hornes thou hast a Maidens face.
To thee obeyeth all the East as far as *Ganges* goes,
Which doth the scorched land of *Inde* with tawnie folke enclose.
Lycurgus with his twibill sharpe, and *Penthey* who of pride
Thy Godhead and thy mightie power rebelliously denide,
Thou right redowted didst confounde: Thou into Sea didst send
The Tyrrhene shipmen. Thou with bittes the sturdy neckes doste bend
Of spotted Lynxes: Throngs of Frowes and *Satyres* on thee tend,
And that olde Hag that with a staffe his staggering limmes doth stay
Scarce able on his Asse to sit for reeling every way.
Thou commest not in any place but that is hearde the noyse
Of gagling womens tatling tongues and showting out of boyes.
With sound of Timbrels, Tabors, Pipes, and Brazen pannes and pots
Confusedly among the rout that in thine Orgies trots.
The Thebane women for thy grace and favour humbly sue,
And (as the Priest did bid) frequent thy rites with reverence due.
Alonly *Mineus* daughters bent of wilfulnesse, with working
Quite out of time to breake the feast, are in their houses lurking:
And there doe fall to spinning yarne, or weaving in the frame,
And kepe their maidens to their worke. Of which one pleasant dame
As she with nimble hand did draw hir slender threede and fine,
Said: whyle that others idelly doe serve the God of wine,

Let us that serve a better Sainct *Minerva*, finde some talke
To ease our labor while our handes about our profite walke.
And for to make the time seeme shorte, let eche of us recite,
(As every bodies turne shall come) some tale that may delight.
Hir saying likte the rest so well that all consent therein.
And thereupon they pray that first the eldest would begin.
She had such store and choyce of tales she wist not which to tell:
She doubted if she might declare the fortune that befell
To *Dircetes* of *Babilon* whome now with scaly hide
In altred shape the *Philistine* beleveth to abide
In watrie Pooles: or rather how hir daughter taking wings
In shape of Dove on toppes of towres in age now sadly sings:
Or how a certaine water Nymph by witchcraft and by charmes
Converted into fishes dumbe, of yongmen many swarmes,
Untill that of the selfe same sauce hir selfe did tast at last:
Or how the tree that used to beare fruite white in ages past,
Doth now beare fruite in maner blacke, by sprincling up of blood.
This tale (bicause it was not stale nor common) seemed good
To hir to tell: and thereupon she in this wise begun
Hir busie hand still drawing out the flaxen threede shee spun.
    Within the towne (of whose huge walles so monstrous high and thicke
    The fame is given *Semyramis* for making them of bricke)
Dwelt hard together two yong folke in houses joynde so nere
That under all one roofe well nie both twaine conveyed were.
The name of him was *Pyramus*, and *Thisbe* calde was she.
So faire a man in all the East was none alive as he,
Nor nere a woman maide nor wife in beautie like to hir.
This neighbrod bred acquaintance first, this neyghbrod first did stirre
The secret sparkes, this neighbrod first an entrance in did showe,
For love to come to that to which it afterward did growe.
And if that right had taken place, they had bene man and wife,
But still their Parents went about to let which (for their life)
They could not let. For both their hearts with equall flame did burne.
No man was privie to their thoughts. And for to serve their turne
In steade of talke they used signes: the closelier they suppresst
The fire of love, the fiercer still it raged in their brest.
The wall that parted house from house had riven therein a crany
Which shronke at making of the wall. This fault not markt of any
Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not love espie?)
These lovers first of all found out, and made a way whereby
To talke togither secretly, and through the same did goe
Their loving whisprings verie light and safely to and fro.
Now as a toneside *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* on the tother
Stoode often drawing one of them the pleasant breath from other,
O thou envious wall (they sayd,) why letst thou lovers thus?
What matter were it if that thou permitted both of us
In armes eche other to embrace? Or if thou thinke that this
Were overmuch, yet mightest thou at least make roume to kisse.
And yet thou shalt not finde us churles: we thinke our selves in det
For the same piece of courtesie, in vouching safe to let
Our sayings to our friendly eares thus freely come and goe.

Thus having where they stoode in vaine complayned of their woe,
When night drew nere, they bade adew and eche gave kisses sweete
Unto the parget on their side, the which did never meete.
Next morning with hir cherefull light had driven the starres asyde
And *Phebus* with his burning beames the dewie grasse had dride.
These lovers at their wonted place by foreappointment met.
Where after much complaint and mone they covenanted to get
Away from such as watched them, and in the Evening late
To steale out of their fathers house and eke the Citie gate.
And to thentent that in the feeldes they strayde not up and downe,
They did agree at *Ninus* Tumb to meete without the towne,
And tarie underneath a tree that by the same did grow
Which was a faire high Mulberie with fruite as white as snow,
Hard by a coole and trickling spring. This bargaine pleasde them both,
And so daylight (which to their thought away but slowly goth)
Did in the Ocean fall to rest: and night from thence doth rise.
Assoone as darkenesse once was come, straight *Thisbe* did devise
A shift to wind hir out of doores, that none that were within
Perceyved hir: And muffling hir with clothes about hir chin,
That no man might discerne hir face, to *Ninus* Tumb she came
Unto the tree, and sat hir downe there underneath the same.
Love made hir bold. But see the chaũce, there comes besmerde with blood,
About the chappes a Lionesse all foming from the wood,
From slaughter lately made of kine, to staunch hir bloudie thurst
With water of the foresaid spring. Whome *Thisbe* spying furst
A farre by moonelight, thereupon with fearfull steppes gan flie,
And in a darke and yrkesome cave did hide hirselfe thereby.
And as she fled away for hast she let hir mantle fall
The whych for feare she left behind not looking backe at all.
Now when the cruell Lionesse hir thurst had stanched well,
In going to the Wood she found the slender weede that fell
From *Thisbe*, which with bloudie teeth in pieces she did teare.
The night was somewhat further spent ere *Pyramus* came there:
Who seeing in this suttle sande the print of Lions paw,
Waxt pale for feare. But when also the bloudie cloke he saw
All rent and torne, one night (he sayd) shall lovers two confounde,
Of which long life deserved she of all that live on ground.
My soule deserves of this mischaunce the perill for to beare.
I wretch have bene the death of thee, which to this place of feare
Did cause thee in the night to come, and came not here before.
My wicked limmes and wretched guttes with cruell teeth therfore
Devour ye O ye Lions all that in this rocke doe dwell.
But Cowardes use to wish for death. The slender weede that fell
From *Thisbe* up he takes, and streight doth beare it to the tree,
Which was appointed erst the place of meeting for to bee.
And when he had bewept and kist the garment which he knew,
Receyve thou my bloud too (quoth he) and therewithall he drew
His sworde, the which among his guttes he thrust, and by and by
Did draw it from the bleeding wound beginning for to die
And cast himselfe upon his backe. The bloud did spin on hie
As when a Conduite pipe is crackt, the water bursting out

Doth shote itselfe a great way off and pierce the Ayre about.
The leaves that were upon the tree besprincled with his blood
Were died blacke. The roote also bestained as it stoode,
A deepe darke purple colour straight upon the Berries cast.
Anon scarce ridded of hir feare with which shee was agast,
For doubt of disapointing him commes *Thisbe* forth in hast,
And for hir lover lookes about, rejoycing for to tell
How hardly she had scapt that night the daunger that befell.
And as she knew right well the place and facion of the tree
(As whych she saw so late before:) even so when she did see
The colour of the Berries turnde, shee was uncertaine whither
It were the tree at which they both agreed to meete togither.
While in this doubtfull stounde she stood, shee cast hir eye aside
And there beweltred in his bloud hir lover she espide
Lie sprawling with his dying limmes: at which she started backe,
And looked pale as any Box, a shuddring through hir stracke,
Even like the Sea which sodenly with whissing noyse doth move,
When with a little blast of winde it is but toucht above.
But when approching nearer him shee knew it was hir love,
She beate hir brest, she shricked out, she tare hir golden heares,
And taking him betweene hir armes did wash his wounds with teares.
She meynt hir weeping with his bloud, and kissing all his face
(Which now became as colde as yse) she cride in wofull case
Alas what chaunce my *Pyramus* hath parted thee and mee?
Make aunswere O my *Pyramus:* It is thy *Thisb*, even shee
Whome thou doste love most heartely that speaketh unto thee.
Give eare and rayse thy heavie heade. He hearing *Thisbes* name,
Lift up his dying eyes, and having seene hir closde the same.
But when she knew hir mantle there and saw his scabberd lie
Without the swoorde: Unhappy man thy love hath made thee die:
Thy love (she said) hath made thee slea thy selfe. This hand of mine
Is strong inough to doe the like. My love no lesse than thine
Shall give me force to worke my wound. I will pursue the dead.
And wretched woman as I am, it shall of me be sed
That like as of thy death I was the only cause and blame,
So am I thy companion eke and partner in the same.
For death which only coulde alas a sunder part us twaine,
Shall never so dissever us but we will meete againe.
And you the Parentes of us both, most wretched folke alyve,
Let this request that I shall make in both our names bylive,
Entreate you to permit that we whome chaste and stedfast love
And whome even death hath joynde in one, may as it doth behove
In one grave be together layd. And thou unhappie tree
Which shroudest now the corse of one, and shalt anon through mee
Shroude two, of this same slaughter holde the sicker signes for ay.
Blacke be the colour of thy fruite and mourninglike alway,
Such as the murder of us twaine may evermore bewray.
This said, she tooke the sword yet warme with slaughter of hir love
And setting it beneath hir brest, did too hir heart it shove.
Hir prayer with the Gods and with their Parentes tooke effect.
For when the frute is throughly ripe, the Berrie is bespect

With colour tending to a blacke. And that which after fire
Remained, rested in one Tumbe as *Thisbe* did desire.
This tale thus tolde, a little space of pawsing was betwist,
And then began *Leucothoë* thus, hir sisters being whist.
This Sunne that with his streaming light al worldly things doth cheare
Was tane in love. Of *Phebus* loves now list and you shall heare.
It is reported that this God did first of all espie
(For everie thing in Heaven and Earth is open to his eie)
How *Venus* with the warlike *Mars* advoutrie did commit.
It grieved him to see the fact and so discovered it,
He shewed hir husband *Junos* sonne th' advoutrie and the place
In which this privie scape was done. Who was in such a case
That heart and hand and all did faile in working for a space.
Anon he featly forgde a net of Wire so fine and slight
That neyther knot nor nooze therein apparant was to sight.
This piece of worke was much more fine than any handwarpe oofe
Or that whereby the Spider hangs in sliding from the roofe.
And furthermore the suttlenesse and slight thereof was such,
It followed every little pull and closde with every touch,
And so he set it handsomly about the haunted couch.
Now when that *Venus* and hir mate were met in bed togither
Hir husband by his newfound snare before convayed thither,
Did snarle them both togither fast in middes of all theyr play
And setting ope the Ivorie doores, callde all the Gods streight way
To see them: they with shame inough fast lockt togither lay.
A certaine God among the rest disposed for to sport
Did wish that he himselfe also were shamed in that sort.
The resdue laught and so in heaven there was no talke a while,
But of this Pageant how the Smith the lovers did beguile.
Dame *Venus* highly stomacking this great displeasure, thought
To be revenged on the part by whome the spight was wrought.
And like as he hir secret loves and meetings had bewrayd:
So she with wound of raging love his guerdon to him payd.
What now avayles (*Hyperions* sonne) thy forme and beautie bright?
What now avayle thy glistring eyes with cleare and piercing sight?
For thou that with thy gleames art wont all countries for to burne,
Art burnt thy selfe with other gleames that serve not for thy turne.
And thou that oughtst thy cherefull looke on all things for to show,
Alonly on *Leucothoë* doste now the same bestow.
Thou fastnest on that Maide alone the eyes that thou doste owe
To all the worlde. Sometime more rathe thou risest in the East,
Sometime againe thou makste it late before thou fall to reast.
And for desire to looke on hir, thou often doste prolong
Our winter nightes. And in thy light thou faylest eke among.
The fancie of thy faultie mind infectes thy feeble sight,
And so thou makste mens hearts afrayde by daunting of thy light.
Thou looxte not pale bycause the globe of *Phebe* is betweene
The Earth and thee: but love doth cause this colour to be seene.
Thou lovest this *Leucothoë* so far above all other,
That neyther now for *Clymené*, for *Rhodos*, nor the mother
Of *Circé*, nor for *Clytië* (who at that present tyde

Rejected from thy companie did for thy love abide
Most grievous torments in hir heart) thou seemest for to care.
Thou mindest hir so much that all the rest forgotten are.
Hir mother was *Eurynomé* of all the fragrant clime
Of *Arabie* esteemde the flowre of beautie in hir time.
But when hir daughter came to age the daughter past the mother
As far in beautie, as before the mother past all other.
Hir father was king *Orchamus* and rulde the publike weale
Of *Persey*, counted by descent the seventh from auncient *Bele.*
Far underneath the Westerne clyme of *Hesperus* doe runne
The pastures of the firie steedes that draw the golden Sunne.
There are they fed with Ambrosie in stead of grasse all night
Which doth refresh their werie limmes and keepeth them in plight
To beare their dailie labor out. Now while the steedes there take
Their heavenly foode, and night by turne his timely course doth make:
The God disguised in the shape of Queene *Eurynomé*
Doth prease within the chamber doore of faire *Leucothoë*
His lover, whome amid twelve Maides he found by candlelight
Yet spinning on hir little Rocke, and went me to hir right.
And kissing hir as moothers use to kisse their daughters deare,
Saide Maydes withdraw your selves a while and sit not listning here.
I have a secret thing to talke. The Maides avoyde eche one.
The God then being with his love in chamber all alone,
Said: I am he that meetes the yeare, that all things doe beholde,
By whome the Earth doth all things see, the Eye of all the worlde.
Trust me I am in love with thee. The Ladie was so nipt
With sodaine feare, that from hir hands both rocke and spindle slipt.
Hir feare became hir wondrous well. He made no mo delayes,
But turned to his proper shape and tooke hys glistring rayes.
The damsell being sore abasht at this so straunge a sight,
And overcome with sodaine feare to see the God so bright,
Did make no outcrie nor no noyse, but helde hir pacience still,
And suffred him by forced powre his pleasure to fulfill.
Hereat did *Clytie* sore repine. For she beyond all measure
Was then enamoured of the Sunne: and stung with this displeasure
That he another Leman had, for verie spight and yre
She playes the blab, and doth defame *Leucothoë* to hir Syre.
He cruell and unmercifull would no excuse accept,
But holding up hir hands to heaven when tenderly she wept,
And said it was the Sunne that did the deede against hir will:
Yet like a savage beast full bent his daughter for to spill,
He put hir deepe in delved ground, and on hir bodie laide
A huge great heape of heavie sand. The Sunne full yll appaide
Did with his beames disperse the sand and made an open way
To bring thy buried face to light, but such a weight there lay
Upon thee, that thou couldst not raise thine head aloft againe,
And so a corse both voide of bloud and life thou didst remaine.
There never chaunst since *Phaetons* fire a thing that grievde so sore
The ruler of the winged steedes as this did. And therfore
He did attempt if by the force and vertue of his ray
He might againe to lively heate hir frozen limmes convay.

But forasmuch as destenie so great attempts denies,
He sprincles both the corse it selfe and place wherein it lyes
With fragrant *Nectar*. And therewith bewayling much his chaunce
Sayd: yet above the starrie skie thou shalt thy selfe advaunce.
Anon the body in this heavenly liquor steeped well
Did melt, and moisted all the earth with sweete and pleasant smell.
And by and by first taking roote among the cloddes within,
By little and by little did with growing top begin
A pretie spirke of Frankinsence above the Tumbe to win.
Although that *Clytie* might excuse hir sorrow by hir love,
And seeme that so to play the blab hir sorrow did hir move:
Yet would the Author of the light resort to hir no more
But did withholde the pleasant sportes of *Venus* usde before.
The Nymph not able of hir selfe the frantike fume to stay,
With restlesse care and pensivenesse did pine hir selfe away.
Bareheaded on the bare cold ground with flaring haire unkempt
She sate abrode both night and day, and clearly did exempt
Hirselfe by space of thrise three dayes from sustnance and repast,
Save only dewe, and save hir teares with which she brake hir fast.
And in that while shee never rose but stared on the Sunne
And ever turnde hir face to his as he his corse did runne.
Hir limmes stacke fast within the ground, and all hir upper part
Did to a pale ashcolourd herbe cleane voyde of bloud convart.
The floure whereof part red part white beshadowed with a blew
Most like a Violet in the shape hir countenance overgrew.
And now (though fastned with a roote) shee turnes hir to the Sunne
And keepes (in shape of herbe) the love with which she first begunne.
She made an ende: and at hir tale all wondred: some denide
Hir saying to bee possible: and other some replide
That such as are in deede true Gods may all things worke at will:
But *Bacchus* is not any such. This arguing once made still,
To tell hir tale as others had *Alcithoes* turne was come,
Who with hir shettle shooting through hir web within the Loome,
Said: Of the shepherd *Daphnyes* love of *Ida* whom erewhile
A jealouse Nymph (bicause he did with Lemans hir beguile)
For anger turned to a stone (such furie love doth sende:)
I will not speake: it is to knowe: ne yet I doe entende
To tell how *Scython* variably digressing from his kinde,
Was sometime woman, sometime man, as liked best his minde.
And *Celmus* also will I passe, who for bicause he cloong
Most faithfully to *Jupiter* when *Jupiter* was yoong,
Is now become an Adamant. So will I passe this howre
To shew you how the *Curets* were ingendred of a showre:
Or how that *Crocus* and his love faire *Smylax* turned were
To little flowres, with pleasant newes your mindes now will I chere.
Learne why the fountaine *Salmacis* diffamed is of yore,
Why with his waters overstrong it weakneth men so sore
That whoso bathes him there, commes thence a perfect man no more.
The operation of this Well is knowne to every wight:
But few can tell the cause thereof, the which I will recite.

The waternymphes did nurce a sonne of *Mercuries* in *Ide*
Begot on *Venus*, in whose face such beautie did abide,
As well therein his father both and mother might be knowne,
Of whome he also tooke his name. Assoone as he was growne
To fiftene yeares of age, he left the Countrie where he dwelt
And *Ida* that had fostered him. The pleasure that he felt
To travell Countries, and to see straunge rivers with the state
Of forren landes, all painfulnesse of travell did abate.
He travelde through the lande of *Lycie* to *Carie* that doth bound
Next unto *Lycia*. There he saw a Poole which to the ground
Was Christall cleare. No fennie sedge, no barren reeke, no reede
Nor rush with pricking poynt was there, nor other moorish weede.
The water was so pure and shere, a man might well have seene
And numbred all the gravell stones that in the bottome beene.
The utmost borders from the brim environd were with clowres
Beclad with herbes ay fresh and greene and pleasant smelling flowres.
A Nymph did haunt this goodly Poole: but such a Nymph as neyther
To hunt, to run, nor yet to shoote, had any kinde of pleasure.
Of all the Waterfaries she alonly was unknowne
To swift *Diana*. As the brute of fame abrode hath blowne,
Hir sisters oftentimes would say: take lightsome Dart or bow,
And in some painefull exercise thine ydle time bestow.
But never could they hir persuade to runne, to shoote or hunt,
Or any other exercise as *Phebes* knightes are wont.
Sometime hir faire welformed limbes shee batheth in hir spring:
Sometime she downe hir golden haire with Boxen combe doth bring.
And at the water as a glasse she taketh counsell ay
How every thing becommeth hir. Erewhile in fine aray
On soft sweete hearbes or soft greene leaves hir selfe she nicely layes:
Erewhile again a gathering flowres from place to place she strayes.
And (as it chaunst) the selfe same time she was a sorting gayes
To make a Poisie, when she first the yongman did espie,
And in beholding him desirde to have his companie.
But though she thought she stoode on thornes untill she went to him:
Yet went she not before she had bedect hir neat and trim,
And pride and peerd upon hir clothes that nothing sat awrie,
And framde hir countnance as might seeme most amrous to the eie.
Which done shee thus begon: O childe most worthie for to bee
Estemde and taken for a God, if (as thou seemste to mee)
Thou be a God, to *Cupids* name thy beautie doth agree.
Or if thou be a mortall wight, right happie folke are they,
By whome thou camste into this worlde, right happy is (I say)
Thy mother and thy sister too (if any bee:) good hap
That woman had that was thy Nurce and gave thy mouth hir pap.
But farre above all other, far more blist than these is shee
Whome thou vouchsafest for thy wife and bedfellow for too bee.
Now if thou have alredy one, let me by stelth obtaine
That which shall pleasure both of us. Or if thou doe remaine
A Maiden free from wedlocke bonde, let me then be thy spouse,
And let us in the bridelie bed our selves togither rouse.

This sed, the Nymph did hold hir peace, and therewithall the boy
Waxt red: he wist not what love was: and sure it was a joy
To see it how exceeding well his blushing him became.
For in his face the colour fresh appeared like the same
That is in Apples which doe hang upon the Sunnie side:
Or Ivorie shadowed with a red: or such as is espide
Of white and scarlet colours mixt appearing in the Moone
When folke in vaine with sounding brasse would ease unto hir done.
When at the last the Nymph desirde most instantly but this,
As to his sister brotherly to give hir there a kisse,
And therewithall was clasping him about the Ivorie necke:
Leave of (quoth he) or I am gone, and leeve thee at a becke
With all thy trickes. Then *Salmacis* began to be afraide,
And to your pleasure leave I free this place my friend shee sayde.
With that she turnes hir backe as though she would have gone hir way:
But evermore she looketh backe, and (closely as she may)
She hides her in a bushie queach, where kneeling on hir knee
She alwayes hath hir eye on him. He as a childe and free,
And thinking not that any wight had watched what he did,
Romes up and downe the pleasant Mede: and by and by amid
The flattring waves he dippes his feete, no more but first the sole
And to the ancles afterward both feete he plungeth whole.
And for to make the matter short, he tooke so great delight
In cooleness of the pleasant spring, that streight he stripped quight
His garments from his tender skin. When *Salmacis* behilde
His naked beautie, such strong pangs so ardently hir hilde,
That utterly she was astraught. And even as *Phebus* beames
Against a myrrour pure and clere rebound with broken gleames:
Even so hir eyes did sparcle fire. Scarce could she tarience make:
Scarce could she any time delay hir pleasure for to take.
She wolde have run, and in hir armes embraced him streight way:
She was so far beside hir selfe, that scarsly could she stay.
He clapping with his hollow hands against his naked sides,
Into the water lithe and baine with armes displayed glydes.
And rowing with his hands and legges swimmes in the water cleare:
Through which his bodie faire and white doth glistringly appeare,
As if a man an Ivorie Image or a Lillie white
Should overlay or close with glasse that were most pure and bright.
The price is won (cride *Salmacis* aloud) he is mine owne.
And therewithall in all post hast she having lightly throwne
Hir garments off, flew to the Poole and cast hir thereinto,
And caught him fast betweene hir armes for ought that he could doe.
Yea maugre all his wrestling and his struggling to and fro,
She held him still, and kissed him a hundred times and mo.
And willde he nillde he with hir handes she toucht his naked brest:
And now on this side now on that (for all he did resist
And strive to wrest him from hir gripes) she clung unto him fast,
And wound about him like a Snake, which snatched up in hast
And being by the Prince of Birdes borne lightly up aloft,
Doth writhe hir selfe about his necke and griping talants oft,
And cast hir taile about his wings displayed in the winde:

Or like as Ivie runnes on trees about the utter rinde:
Or as the Crabfish having caught his enmy in the Seas,
Doth claspe him in on every side with all his crooked cleas.
But *Atlas* Nephew still persistes, and utterly denies
The Nymph to have hir hoped sport: she urges him likewise,
And pressing him with all hir weight, fast cleaving to him still,
Strive, struggle, wrest and writhe (she said) thou froward boy thy fill:
Doe what thou canst thou shalt not scape. Ye Goddes of Heaven agree
That this same wilfull boy and I may never parted bee.
The Gods were pliant to hir boone. The bodies of them twaine
Were mixt and joyned both in one. To both them did remaine
One countnance. Like as if a man should in one barke beholde
Two twigges both growing into one and still togither holde:
Even so when through hir hugging and hir grasping of the tother
The members of them mingled were and fastned both togither,
They were not any lenger two: but (as it were) a toy
Of double shape: Ye could not say it was a perfect boy,
Nor perfect wench: it seemed both and none of both to beene.
Now when *Hermaphroditus* saw how in the water sheene
To which he entred in a man, his limmes were weakened so
That out fro thence but halfe a man he was compelde to go:
He lifteth up his hands and said (but not with manly reere)
O noble father *Mercurie*, and *Venus* mother deere,
This one petition graunt your son which both your names doth beare,
That whoso commes within this Well may so bee weakened there,
That of a man but halfe a man he may fro thence retire.
Both Parentes mooved with the chaunce did stablish this desire
The which their doubleshaped sonne had made, and thereupon
Infected with an unknowne strength the sacred spring anon.
Their tales did ende and *Mineus* daughters still their businesse plie
In spight of *Bacchus* whose high feast they breake contemptuously.
When on the sodaine (seeing nought) they heard about them round
Of tubbish Timbrels perfectly a hoarse and jarring sound,
With shraming shalmes and gingling belles, and furthermore they felt
A cent of Saffron and of Myrrhe that verie hotly smelt.
And (which a man would ill beleve) the web they had begun
Immediatly waxt fresh and greene, the flaxe the which they spun
Did flourish full of Ivie leaves. And part thereof did run
Abrode in Vines. The threede it selfe in braunches forth did spring.
Yong burgeons full of clustred grapes their Distaves forth did bring,
And as the web they wrought was dide a deepe darke purple hew,
Even so upon the painted grapes the selfe same colour grew.
The day was spent, and now was come the time which neyther night
Nor day, but middle bound of both a man may terme of right.
The house at sodaine seemde to shake, and all about it shine
With burning lampes, and glittering fires to flash before their eyen.
And likenesses of ougly beastes with gastfull noyses yeld.
For feare whereof in smokie holes the sisters were compeld
To hide their heades, one here and there another, for to shun
The glistring light. And while they thus in corners blindly run,
Upon their little pretie limmes a fine crispe filme there goes,

And slender finnes in stead of handes their shortned armes enclose.
But how they lost their former shape of certaintie to know
The darknesse would not suffer them. No feathers on them grow:
And yet with shere and velume wings they hover from the ground.
And when they goe about to speake they make but little sound,
According as their bodies give, bewayling their despight
By chirping shirlly to themselves. In houses they delight
And not in woods: detesting day they flitter towards night:
Wherethrough they of the Evening late in Latin take their name,
And we in English language Backes or Reermice call the same.
Then *Bacchus* name was reverenced through all the Theban coast.
And *Ino* of hir Nephewes powre made every where great boast.
Of *Cadmus* daughters she alone no sorowes tasted had,
Save only that hir sisters haps perchaunce had made hir sad.
Now *Juno* noting how shee waxt both proud and full of scorne,
As well by reason of the sonnes and daughters she had borne,
As also that she was advaunst by mariage in that towne
To *Achamas* King *Aeolus* sonne a Prince of great renowne,
But chiefly that hir sisters sonne who nourced was by hir
Was then exalted for a God: began thereat to stir:
And freating at it in hirselfe said: coulde this harlots burd
Transforme the Lydian watermen, and drowne them in the foord?
And make the mother teare the guttes in pieces of hir sonne?
And *Mineus* al three daughters clad with wings, bicause they sponne
Whiles others howling up and down like frantick folke did ronne:
And can I *Juno* nothing else save sundrie woes bewaile?
Is that sufficient? can my powre no more than so availe?
He teaches me what way to worke. A man may take (I see)
Example at his enmies hand the wiser for to bee.
He shewes inough and overmuch the force of furious wrath
By *Pentheys* death: why should not *Ine* be taught to tread the path
The which hir sisters heretofore and kinred troden hath?
There is a steepe and irksome way obscure with shadow fell
Of balefull yewgh, all sad and still, that leadeth down to hell.
The foggie *Styx* doth breath up mistes: and downe this way doe wave
The ghostes of persons lately dead and buried in the grave.
Continuall colde and gastly feare possesse this queachie plot
On eyther side. The siely Ghost new parted knoweth not
The way that doth directly leade him to the Stygian Citie
Or where blacke *Pluto* keepes his Court that never sheweth pitie.
A thousand wayes, a thousand gates that alwayes open stand,
This Citie hath: and as the Sea the streames of all the lande
Doth swallow in his gredie gulfe, and yet is never full:
Even so that place devoureth still and hideth in his gull
The soules and ghostes of all the world: and though that nere so many
Come thither, yet the place is voyd as if there were not any.
The ghostes without flesh, bloud, or bones, there wander to and fro.
Of which some haunt the judgement place: and other come and go
To *Plutos* Court: and some frequent the former trades and Artes
The which they used in their life: and some abide the smartes
And tormentes for their wickednesse and other yll desartes.

So cruell hate and spightfull wrath did boyle in *Junos* brest
That in the high and noble Court of Heaven she coulde not rest:
But that she needes must hither come: whose feete no sooner toucht
The thresholde, but it gan to quake. And *Cerberus* erst coucht
Start sternely up with three fell heades which barked all togither.
Shee callde the daughters of the night the cruell furies thither.
They sate a kembing foule blacke Snakes from of their filthie heare
Before the dungeon doore, the place where Caitives punisht were,
The which was made of Adamant: when in the darke in part
They knew Queen *Juno*, by and by upon their feete they start.
There *Titius* stretched out (at least) nine acres full in length,
Did with his bowels feede a Grype that tare them out by strength.
The water fled from *Tantalus* that toucht his neather lip,
And Apples hanging over him did ever from him slip.
There also labored *Sisyphus* that drave against the hill
A rolling stone that from the top came tumbling downeward still.
Ixion on his restlesse wheele to which his limmes were bound
Did flie and follow both at once in turning ever round.
And *Danaus* daughters forbicause they did their cousins kill,
Drew water into running tubbes which evermore did spill.
When *Juno* with a louring looke had vewde them all throughout:
And on *Ixion* specially before the other rout:
She turnes from him to *Sisyphus*, and with an angry cheere
Sayes: wherefore should this man endure continuall penance here,
And *Athamas* his brother reigne in welth and pleasure free,
Who through his pride hath ay disdainde my husband *Jove* and mee?
And therewithall she poured out th'occasion of hir hate,
And why she came and what she would. She would that *Cadmus* state
Should with the ruine of his house be brought to swyft decay,
And that to mischiefe *Athamas* the Fiendes should force some way,
She biddes, she prayes, she promises, and all is with a breth,
And moves the furies earnestly: and as these things she seth,
The hatefull Hag *Tisiphone* with horie ruffled heare,
Removing from hir face the Snakes that loosely dangled there,
Sayd thus: Madame there is no neede long circumstance to make.
Suppose your will already done. This lothsome place forsake,
And to the holsome Ayre of heaven your selfe agayne retire.
Queene *Juno* went right glad away with graunt of hir desire.
And as she woulde have entred heaven, the Ladie *Iris* came
And purged hir with streaming drops. Anon upon the same
The furious Fiende *Tisiphone* doth cloth hir out of hand
In garment streaming gorie bloud, and taketh in hir hand
A burning Cresset steept in bloud, and girdeth hir about
With wreathed Snakes, and so goes forth. And at hir going out,
Feare, terror, griefe and pensivenesse for companie she tooke,
And also madnesse with his flaight, and gastly staring looke.
Within the house of *Athamas* no sooner foote she set,
But that the postes began to quake and doores looke blacke as Jet.
The sonne withdrew him, *Athamas* and eke his wife were cast
With ougly sightes in such a feare, that out of doores agast
They would have fled. There stoode the Fiend, and stopt their passage out,

And splaying forth hir filthie armes beknit with Snakes about,
Did tosse and wave hir hatefull heade. The swarme of scaled snakes
Did make an irksome noyse to heare as she hir tresses shakes.
About hir shoulders some did craule: some trayling downe hir brest
Did hisse and spit out poyson greene, and spirt with tongues infest.
Then from amyd hir haire twoo snakes with venymd hand she drew
Of which she one at *Athamas* and one at *Ino* threw.
The snakes did craule about their breasts, inspiring in their heart
Most grievous motions of the minde: the bodie had no smart
Of any wound: it was the minde that felt the cruell stings.
A poyson made in Syrup wise shee also with hir brings,
The filthie fame of *Cerberus*, the casting of the Snake
Echidna, bred among the Fennes about the *Stygian* Lake,
Desire of gadding foorth abroad, forgetfulnesse of minde,
Delight in mischiefe, woodnesse, teares, and purpose whole inclinde
To cruell murther: all the which shee did togither grinde,
And mingling them with newe shed bloud had boyled them in brasse,
And stird them with a Hemlock stalke. Now whyle that *Athamas*
And *Ino* stoode and quakte for feare, this poyson ranke and fell
Shee tourned into both their breastes and made their heartes to swell.
Then whisking often round about hir head hir balefull brand,
Shee made it soone by gathering winde to kindle in hir hand.
Thus as it were in triumph wise accomplishing hir hest,
To Duskie Plutos emptie Realme shee gettes hir home to rest,
And putteth of the snarled Snakes that girded in hir brest.
Immediatly King *Aeolus* sonne stark madde comes crying out
Through all the court, what meane yee Sirs? why go yee not about
To pitch our toyles within this chace. I sawe even nowe, here ran
A Lyon with hir two yong whelpes. And there withall he gan
To chase his wyfe as if in deede shee had a Lyon beene.
And lyke a Bedlem boystouslie he snatched from betweene
The mothers armes his little babe *Læarchus* smyling on him
And reaching foorth his preatie armes, and floong him fiercely from him
A twice or thrice as from a slyng: and dasht his tender head
Against a hard and rugged stone untill he sawe him dead.
The wretched mother (whither griefe did move hir thereunto;
Or that the poyson spred within did force hir so to doe)
Hould out and frantikly with scattered haire about hir eares
And with hir little Melicert whom hastily shee beares
In naked armes shee cryeth out hoe *Bacchus*. At the name
Of *Bacchus Juno* gan to laugh, and scorning sayde in game,
This guerden lo thy foster child requiteth for the same.
There hangs a rocke above the Sea, the foote whereof is eate
So hollow with the saltish waves which on the same doe beate,
That like a house it keepeth off the moysting showers of rayne:
The toppe is rough and shootes his front amiddes the open mayne.
Dame *Ino* (madnesse made hir strong) did climb this cliffe anon
And headlong downe (without regarde of hurt that hoong thereon)
Did throwe hir burden and hir selfe, the water where shee dasht
In sprincling upwarde glisterd red. But *Venus* sore abasht
At this hir Neeces great mischaunce without offence or fault,

Hir Uncle gently thus bespake. O ruler of the hault
And swelling Seas, O noble *Neptune* whose dominion large
Extendeth to the Heaven, whereof the mightie *Jove* hath charge,
The thing is great for which I sew. But shewe thou for my sake
Some mercie on my wretched friends whome in thine endlesse lake
Thou seest tossed to and fro. Admit thou them among
Thy Goddes. Of right even here to mee some favour doth belong,
At least wise if amid the Sea engendred erst I were
Of Froth, as of the which yet still my pleasaunt name I beare.
Neptunus graunted hir request, and by and by bereft them
Of all that ever mortall was. In sted wherof he left them
A hault and stately majestie: and altring them in hew,
With shape and names most meete for Goddes he did them both endew.
Leucothoë was the mothers name, *Palemon* was the sonne.
The Thebane Ladies following hir as fast as they could runne,
Did of hir feete perceive the print upon the utter stone.
And taking it for certaine signe that both were dead and gone,
In making mone for *Cadmus* house, they wrang their hands and tare
Their haire, and rent their clothes, and railde on *Juno* out of square,
As nothing just, but more outragious farre than did behove
In so revenging of hir selfe upon hir husbands love.
The Goddesse *Juno* could not beare their railing. And in faith
You also will I make too bee as witnesses (she sayth)
Of my outragious crueltie. And so shee did in deede.
For shee that loved *Ino* best was following hir with speede
Into the Sea. But as shee would hir selfe have downeward cast,
Shee could not stirre, but to the rock as nailed sticked fast.
The second as shee knockt hir breast, did feele hir armes wax stiffe.
Another as shee stretched out hir hands upon the cliffe,
Was made a stone, and there stoode still ay stretching forth hir hands
Into the water as before. And as an other standes
A tearing of hir ruffled lockes, hir fingers hardened were
And fastned to hir frisled toppe still tearing of hir heare.
And looke what gesture eche of them was taken in that tide,
Even in the same transformde to stones, they fastned did abide.
And some were altered into birds which *Cadmies* called bee
And in that goolfe with flittering wings still to and fro doe flee.
Nought knoweth *Cadmus* that his daughter and hir little childe
Admitted were among the Goddes that rule the surges wilde.
Compellde with griefe and great mishappes that had ensewd togither,
And straunge foretokens often seene since first his comming thither,
He utterly forsakes his towne the which he builded had,
As though the fortune of the place so hardly him bestad,
And not his owne. And fleeting long like pilgrims, at the last
Upon the cast of *Illirie* his wife and he were cast.
Where ny forpind with cares and yeares, while of the chaunces past
Upon their house, and of their toyles and former travails tane
They sadly talkt betweene themselves, was my speare head the bane
Of that same ougly Snake of *Mars* (quoth *Cadmus*) when I fled
From *Sidon?* or did I his teeth in ploughed pasture spred?
If for the death of him the Goddes so cruell vengeaunce take,

Drawen out in length upon my wombe then traile I like a snake.
He had no sooner sayde the worde but that he gan to glide
Upon his belly like a Snake. And on his hardened side
He felt the scales new budding out, the which was wholy fret
With speccled droppes of blacke and gray as thicke as could be set.
He falleth groveling on his brest, and both his shankes doe growe
In one round spindle Bodkinwise with sharpned point below.
His armes as yet remayned still: his armes that did remayne,
He stretched out, and sayde with teares that plentuously did raine
A downe his face, which yet did keepe the native fashion sownd,
Come hither wyfe, come hither wight most wretched on the ground,
And whyle that ought of me remaynes vouchsafe to touche the same.
Come take mee by the hand as long as hand may have his name,
Before this snakish shape doe whole my body over runne.
He would have spoken more when sodainely his tongue begunne
To split in two and speache did fayle: and as he did attempt
To make his mone, he hist: for nature now had cleane exempt
All other speach. His wretched wyfe hir naked stomack beete,
And cryde, what meaneth this? deare *Cadmus* where are now thy feete?
Where are thy shoulders and thy handes, thy hew and manly face?
With all the other things that did thy princely person grace?
Which nowe I overpasse. But why yee Goddes doe you delay
My bodie unto lyke misshape of Serpent to convay?
When this was spoken, *Cadmus* lickt his wyfe about the lippes:
And (as a place with which he was acquaynted well) he slippes
Into hir boosome, lovingly embracing hir, and cast
Himselfe about hir necke, as oft he had in tyme forepast.
Such as were there (their folke were there) were flaighted at the sight,
For by and by they sawe their neckes did glister slicke and bright.
And on their snakish heades grew crests: and finally they both
Were into verie Dragons turnd, and foorth together goth
Tone trayling by the tothers side untill they gaynd a wood,
The which direct against the place where as they were then stood.
And now remembring what they were themselves in tymes forepast,
They neyther shonne nor hurten men with stinging nor with blast.
But yet a comfort to them both in this their altred hew
Became that noble impe of theirs that *Indie* did subdew,
Whom al *Achaia* worshipped with temples builded new.
All only *Acrise Abas* sonne (though of the selfe same stocke)
Remaind, who out of *Argos* walles unkindly did him locke.
And moved wilfull warre against his Godhead: thinking that
There was not any race of Goddes: for he beleved not
That *Persey* was the sonne of *Jove:* or that he was conceyved
By *Danae* of golden shower through which shee was deceived.
But yet ere long (such present force hath truth) he doth repent
As well his great impietie against God *Bacchus* meant
As also that he did disdaine his Nephew for to knowe.
But *Bacchus* now full gloriously himselfe in Heaven doth showe.
And *Persey* bearing in his hand the monster *Gorgons* head,
That famous spoyle which here and there with snakish haire was spread,
Doth beat the ayre with wavyng wings. And as he overflew

The *Lybicke* sandes, the droppes of bloud that from the head did sew
Of *Gorgon* being new cut off, upon the ground did fal.
Which taking them (and as it were conceyving therwithall,)
Engendred sundrie Snakes and wormes: by meanes wherof that clyme
Did swarme with Serpents ever since, even to this present tyme.
From thence he lyke a watrie cloud was caried with the weather,
Through all the heaven, now here, now there, as light as any feather.
And from aloft he viewes the earth that underneath doth lye:
And swiftly over all the worlde doth in conclusion flie.
Three times the chilling beares, three times ỹ crabbes fell cleas he saw:
Oft times to Weast, oftimes to East, did drive him many a flaw.
Now at such time as unto rest the sunne began to drawe,
Bicause he did not thinke it good to be abroad all night,
Within King *Atlas* Westerne Realme he ceased from his flight,
Requesting that a little space of rest enjoy he might,
Untill such tyme as *Lucifer* shoulde bring the morning gray,
And morning bring the lightsome Sunne that guides the cherefull day.
This *Atlas Japets* Nephewe, was a man that did excell
In stature everie other wight that in the worlde did dwell.
The utmost coast of all the earth and all that Sea wherein
The tyred steedes and wearied Wayne of *Phœbus* dived bin,
Were in subjection to this King. A thousande flockes of sheepe,
A thousand heirdes of Rother beastes he in his fields did keepe.
And not a neighbor did anoy his ground by dwelling nie.
To him the wandring *Persey* thus his language did applie.
If high renowne of royall race thy noble heart may move,
I am the sonne of *Jove* himselfe: or if thou more approve
The valiant deedes and hault exploytes, thou shalt perceive in mee
Such doings as deserve with prayse extolled for to bee.
I pray thee of thy courtesie receive mee as thy guest,
And let mee only for this night within thy palace rest.
King *Atlas* called straight to minde an auncient prophesie
Made by *Parnassian Themys*, which this sentence did implie.
The time shall one day *Atlas* come in which thy golden tree
Shall of hir fayre and precious fruite dispoyld and robbed bee.
And he shall be the sonne of *Jove* that shall enjoy the pray.
For feare hereof he did enclose his Orchard everie way
With mightie hilles, and put an ougly Dragon in the same
To keepe it. Further he forbad that any straunger came
Within his Realme, and to this knight he sayde presumtuouslie,
Avoyd my land, onlesse thou wilt by utter perill trie
That all thy glorious actes whereof thou doest so loudly lie
And *Jove* thy father be too farre to helpe thee at thy neede.
To these his wordes he added force, and went about in deede
To drive him out by strength of hand. To speake was losse of winde
For neyther could intreating faire nor stoutnesse tourne his minde.
Well then (quoth *Persey*) sith thou doest mine honour set so light,
Take here a present: and with that he turnes away his sight,
And from his left side drewe mee out *Medusas* lothly head.
As huge and big as *Atlas* was he tourned in that stead
Into a mountaine: Into trees his beard and locks did passe:

His hands and shoulders made the ridge: that part which lately was
His head, became the highest top of all the hill: his bones
Were turnd to stones: and therewithall he grew mee all at ones
Beyond all measure up in heigth (For so God thought it best)
So farre that Heaven with all the starres did on his shoulders rest.
In endlesse prison by that time had *Aëolus* lockt the wind:
And now the cheerely morning starre that putteth folke in mind
To rise about the daylie worke shone brightly in the skie.
Then *Persey* unto both his feete did streight his feathers tie
And girt his Woodknife to his side, and from the earth did stie:
And leaving nations nomberlesse beneath him everie way
At last upon King *Cepheyes* fields in *Aethiop* did he stay.
Where cleane against all right and law by *Joves* commaundement
Andromad for hir mothers tongue did suffer punishment,
Whome to a rocke by both the armes when fastned hee had seene,
He would have thought of Marble stone shee had some image beene,
But that hir tresses to and fro the whisking winde did blowe,
And trickling teares warme from hir eyes a downe hir cheeks did flow.
Unwares hereat gan secret sparkes within his breast to glow.
His wittes were straught at sight thereof and ravisht in such wise,
That how to hover with his wings he scarsly could devise.
Assoone as he had stayd himselfe, O Ladie faire (quoth hee)
Not worthie of such bands as these, but such wherewith we see
Togither knit in lawfull bed the earnest lovers bee,
I pray thee tell mee what thy selfe and what this lande is named
And wherefore thou dost weare these Chains? the Ladie ill ashamed
Was at the sodaine striken domb: and lyke a fearfull maid
Shee durst not speake unto a man. Had not hir handes beene staid
She would have hid hir bashfull face. Howbeit as she might
With great abundance of hir teares shee stopped up hir sight.
But when that *Persey* oftentimes was earnestly in hand
To learne the matter, for bicause shee woulde not seeme to stand
In stubborne silence of hir faultes, shee tolde him what the land
And what she hight: and how hir mother for hir beauties sake
Through pride did unadvisedly too much upon hir take.
And ere shee full had made an ende, the water gan to rore:
An ougly monster from the deepe was making to the shore
Which bare the Sea before his breast. The Virgin shrieked out.
Hir father and hir mother both stood mourning thereabout
In wretched ease both twaine, but not so wretched as the maid
Who wrongly for hir mothers fault the bitter raunsome paid.
They brought not with them any help: but (as the time and cace
Requird) they wept and wrang their hands, and streightly did embrace
Hir bodie fastened to the rock. Then *Persey* them bespake
And sayde: the time may serve too long this sorrow for to make:
But time of helpe must eyther now or never else be take.
Now if I *Persey* sonne of hir whome in hir fathers towre
The mightie *Jove* begat with childe in shape of golden showre,
Who cut off ougly *Gorgons* head bespred with snakish heare,
And in the Ayre durst trust these winges my body for to beare,
Perchaunce should save your daughters life, I think ye should as then

Accept mee for your sonne in lawe before all other men.
To these great thewes (by the help of God) I purpose for to adde
A just desert in helping hir that is so hard bestadde.
I covenaunt with you by my force and manhod for to save hir,
Conditionly that to my wife in recompence I have hir.
Hir parents tooke his offer streight: for who would sticke thereat,
And praid him faire, and promisde him that for performing that
They would endow him with the ryght of all their Realme beeside.
Like as a Gally with hir nose doth cut the waters wide,
Enforced by the sweating armes of Rowers wyth the tide:
Even so the monster with his brest did beare the waves aside,
And was now come as neere the rocke as well a man myght fling
Amid the pure and vacant aire a pellet from a sling,
When on the sodaine *Persey* pusht his foote against the ground,
And flied upward to the clouds: his shadow did rebound
Upon the sea: the beast ran fierce upon the passing shade.
And as an Egle when he sees a Dragon in a glade
Lye beaking of his blewish backe against the sunnie rayes,
Doth sease upon him unbeware, and with his talants layes
Sure holde upon his scalie necke, least writhing back his head
His cruell teeth might doe him harme: So *Persey* in that stead
Discending downe the ayre a maine with all his force and might
Did cease upon the monsters backe: and underneath the right
Finne hard unto the verie hilt his hooked sworde did smight.
The monster being wounded sore did sometime leape aloft,
And sometime under water dive, bestirring him full oft
As doth a chaufed Boare beset with barking Dogges about.
But *Persey* with his lightsome wings still keeping him without
The monsters reach, with hooked sword doth sometime hew his back
Whereas the hollow scales give way: and sometime he doth hacke
The ribbes on both his maled sides: and sometime he doth wound
His spindle tayle where into fish it growes most smal and round.
The Whale at *Persey* from his mouth such waves of water cast,
Bemixed with the purple bloud, that all bedreint at last
His feathers verie heavie were: and doubting any more
To trust his wings now waxing wet, he straight began to sore
Up to a rocke, which in the calme above the water stood,
But in the tempest evermore was hidden with the flood:
And leaning thereunto, and with his left hand holding just
The top thereof, a dozen times his weapon he did thrust
Among his guttes. The joyful noyse and clapping of their hands
The which were made for loosening of *Andromad* from hir bands,
Fillde all the coast and heaven it selfe. The parents of the Maide
Cassiope and *Cepheus* were glad and well appayde:
And calling him their sonne in law confessed him to bee
The helpe and savegarde of their house. *Andromade* the fee
And cause of *Perseys* enterprise from bondes now beyng free,
He washed his victorious hands. And least the Snakie head
With lying on the gravell harde shoulde catch some harme, he spred

Soft leaves and certaine tender twigs that on the water grew,
And laid *Medusas* head thereon: the twigs yet being new
And quicke and full of juicie pith full lightly to them drew
The nature of this monstrous head, for both the leafe and bough
Full straungely at the touch thereof became both hard and tough.
The Seanymphes tride this wondrous fact in divers other roddes
And were full glad to see the chaunge, bicause there was no oddes
Of leaves or twigs or of the seedes new shaken from the coddes.
For still like nature ever since is in our Corall founde:
That looke how soone it toucheth Ayre it waxeth hard and sounde,
And that which under water was a sticke, above is stone.
Three altars to as many Gods he makes of Turfe anon:
Upon the left hand *Mercuries: Minervas* on the right:
And in the middle *Jupiters:* to *Pallas* he did dight
A Cow: a Calfe to *Mercurie:* a Bull to royall *Jove.*
Forthwith he tooke *Andromade* the price for which he strove
Endowed with hir fathers Realme. For now the God of Love
And *Hymen* unto mariage his minde in hast did move.
Great fires were made of sweete perfumes, and curious garlandes hung
About the house, which every where of mirthfull musicke rung
The gladsome signe of merie mindes. The Pallace gates were set
Wide open: none from comming in were by the Porters let.
All Noblemen and Gentlemen that were of any port
To this same great and royall feast of *Cephey* did resort.
When having taken their repast as well of meate as wine
Their hearts began to pleasant mirth by leysure to encline,
The valiant *Persey* of the folke and facions of the land
Began to be inquisitive. One *Lincide* out of hand
The rites and maners of the folke did doe him t'understand.
Which done he sayd: O worthie knight I pray thee tell us by
What force or wile thou gotst the head with haires of Adders slie.
Then *Persey* tolde how underneath colde *Atlas* lay a plaine
So fenced in on every side with mountaines high, that vaine
Were any force to win the same. In entrance of the which
Two daughters of King *Phorcis* dwelt whose chaunce and hap was such
That one eye served both their turnes: whereof by wilie slight
And stealth in putting forth his hand he did bereve them quight,
As they from tone to tother were delivering of the same.
From whence by long blind crooked wayes unhandsomly he came
Through gastly groves by ragged cliffes unto the drerie place
Whereas the *Gorgons* dwelt: and there he saw (a wretched case)
The shapes as well of men as beasts lie scattered everie where
In open fields and common wayes, the which transformed were
From living things to stones at sight of foule *Medusas* heare:
But yet that he through brightnesse of his monstrous brazen shield
The which he in his left hand bare, *Medusas* face beheld.
And while that in a sound dead sleepe were all hir Snakes and she,
He softly pared of hir head: and how that he did see
Swift *Pegasus* the winged horse and eke his brother grow
Out of their mothers new shed bloud. Moreover he did show

A long discourse of all his happes and not so long as trew:
As namely of what Seas and landes the coasts he overflew,
And eke what starres with stying wings he in the while did vew.
But yet his tale was at an ende ere any lookt therefore.
Upon occasion by and by of wordes reherst before
There was a certaine noble man demaunded him wherefore
Shee only of the sisters three haire mixt with Adders bore.
Sir (aunswerde *Persey*) sith you aske a matter worth report
I graunt to tell you your demaunde: she both in comly port
And beautie, every other wight surmounted in such sort,
That many suters unto hir did earnestly resort.
And though that whole from top to toe most bewtifull she were,
In all hir bodie was no part more goodly than hir heare.
I know some parties yet alive, that say they did hir see.
It is reported how she should abusde by *Neptune* bee
In *Pallas* Church: from which fowle facte *Joves* daughter turnde hir eye,
And with hir Target hid hir face from such a villanie.
And least it should unpunisht be, she turnde hir seemely heare
To lothly Snakes: the which (the more to put hir foes in feare)
Before hir brest continually she in hir shield doth beare.

Finis quarti Libri.

¶THE FYFT BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

NOW while that *Danaes* noble sonne was telling of these things
Amid a throng of *Cepheys* Lordes, through al the Pallace rings
A noyse of people nothing like the sound of such as sing
At wedding feastes, but like the rore of such as tidings bring
Of cruell warre. This sodaine chaunge from feasting unto fray
Might well be likened to the Sea: whych standing at a stay
The woodnesse of the windes makes rough by raising of the wave.
King *Cepheys* brother *Phyney* was the man that rashly gave
The first occasion of this fray. Who shaking in his hand
A Dart of Ash with head of steele, sayd loe, loe here I stand
To chalenge thee that wrongfully my ravisht spouse doste holde.
Thy wings nor yet thy forged Dad in shape of feyned golde
Shall now not save thee from my hands. As with that word he bent
His arme aloft, the foresaid Dart at *Persey* to have sent:
What doste thou brother (*Cephey* cride) what madnesse moves thy minde
To doe so foule a deede? is this the friendship he shall finde
Among us for his good deserts? And wilt thou needes requite
The saving of thy Neeces life with such a foule despight?
Whome *Persey* hath not from thee tane: but (if thou be advisde)
But *Neptunes* heavie wrath bicause his Seanymphes were despisde,
But horned *Hammon:* but the beast which from the Sea arrived
On my deare bowels for to feede. That time wert thou deprived
Of thy betroothed, when hir life upon the losing stoode:
Onlesse perchaunce to see hir lost it woulde have done thee good,
And easde thy heart to see me sad. And may it not suffice
That thou didst see hir to the rocke fast bound before thine eyes,
And didst not helpe hir beyng both hir husband and hir Eame,
Onlesse thou grudge that any man should come within my Realme
To save hir life? and seeke to rob him of his just rewarde?
Which if thou thinke to be so great, thou shouldst have had regarde
Before, to fetch it from the rocke to whichthou sawste it bound.
I pray thee brother seeing that by him the meanes is found
That in mine age without my childe I go not to the grounde,
Permit him to enjoy the price for which we did compounde,
And which he hath by due desert of purchace deerely bought.
For brother let it never sinke nor enter in thy thought,
That I set more by him than thee: but this may well be sed,
I rather had to give hir him than see my daughter dead.
He gave him not a worde againe: But looked eft on him,
And eft on *Persey* irefully with countnance stoure and grim,
Not knowing which were best to hit: And after little stay
He shooke his Dart, and flung it forth with all the powre and sway
That Anger gave at *Perseys* head. But harme it did him none,
It sticked in the Bedsteddes head that *Persey* sate upon.
Then *Persey* sternely starting up and pulling out the Dart,
Did throw it at his foe agayne, and therewithall his hart

Had cliven a sunder, had he not behinde an Altar start.
The Altar (more the pitie was) did save the wicked wight.
Yet threw he not the Dart in vaine: it hit one *Rhetus* right
Amid the foreheade: who therewith sanke downe, and when the steele
Was plucked out, he sprawlde about and spurned with his heele,
And all berayed the boord with bloud. Then all the other rout
As fierce as fire flang Dartes: and some there were that cried out
That *Cephey* with his sonne in lawe was worthy for to die.
But he had wound him out of doores, protesting solemly
As he was just and faithfull Prince, and swearing eke by all
The Gods of Hospitalitie, that thatsame broyle did fall
Full sore against his will. At hand was warlie *Pallas* streight
And shadowed *Persey* with hir shielde, and gave him heart in feight.
There was one *Atys* borne in *Inde*, (of faire *Lymniace*
The River *Ganges* daughter thought the issue for to be,)
Of passing beautie which with rich aray he did augment.
He ware that day a scarlet Cloke, about the which there went
A garde of golde: a cheyne of golde he ware about his necke:
And eke his haire perfumde with Myrrhe a costly crowne did decke.
Full sixtene yeares he was of age: such cunning skill he coulde
In darting, as to hit his marke farre distant when he would,
But how to handle Bow and shaftes much better did he know.
Now as he was about that time to bende his horned Bowe,
A firebrand *Persey* raught that did upon the Aultar smoke,
And dasht him overthwart the face with such a violent stroke,
That all bebattred was his head and bones a sunder broke.
When *Lycabas* of *Assur* lande his moste assured friend
And deare companion being no dissembler of his miend
Which most entierly did him love, behelde him on the ground
Lie weltring with disfigurde face, and through that grievous wound
Now gasping out his parting ghost, his death he did lament,
And taking hastly up the bow that *Atys* erst had bent,
Encounter thou with me (he saide) thou shalt not long enjoy
Thy triumphing in braverie thus, for killing of this boy,
By which thou getst more spight than prayse. All this was scarcely sed,
But that the arrow from the string went streyned to the head.
Howbeit *Persey* (as it hapt) so warely did it shunne,
As that it in his coteplights hung, then to him did he runne,
With *Harpe* in his hand bestaind with grim *Medusas* blood,
And thrust him through the brest therwith: he quothing as he stood,
Did looke about where *Atys* lay with dim and dazeling eyes,
Now waving under endlesse night: and downe by him he lies,
And for to comfort him withall togither with him dies.
Behold through gredie haste to feight one *Phorbas Methions* son
A *Swevite:* and of *Lybie* lande one callde *Amphimedon*
By fortune sliding in the blood with which the ground was wet,
Fell downe: and as they woulde have rose, *Perseus* fauchon met
With both of them. *Amphimedon* upon the ribbes he smote,
And with the like celeritie he cut me *Phorbas* throte.
But unto *Erith Actors* sonne that in his hande did holde
A brode browne Byll, with his short sword he durst not be too bolde

To make approch. With both his handes a great and massie cup
Embost with cunnyng portrayture aloft he taketh up,
And sendes it at him. He spewes up red bloud: and falling downe
Upon his backe, against the ground doth knocke his dying crowne.
Then downe he *Polydemon* throwes extract of royall race
And *Abaris* the Scithian, and *Clytus* in lyke case,
And *Elice* with his unshorne lockes, and also *Phlegias*,
And *Lycet* olde *Sperchesies* sonne, with divers other mo,
That on the heapes of corses slaine he treades as he doth go.
And *Phyney* daring not presume to meete his foe at hand
Did cast a Dart: which hapt to light on *Idas* who did stand
Aloofe as neuter (though in vaine) not medling with the Fray.
Who casting backe a frowning looke at *Phyney*, thus did say.
Sith whether that I will or no compeld I am perforce
To take a part, have *Phyney* here him whome thou dost enforce
To be thy foe, and with this wound my wrongfull wound requite.
But as he from his body pullde the Dart, with all his might
To throw it at his foe againe, his limmes so feebled were
With losse of bloud, that downe he fell and could not after steare.
There also lay *Odites* slaine the chiefe in all the land
Next to King *Cephey*, put to death by force of *Clymens* hand.
Protenor was by *Hypsey* killde, and *Lyncide* did as much
For *Hypsey*. In the throng there was an auncient man and such
A one as loved righteousnesse and greatly feared God:
Emathion called was his name: whome sith his yeares forbod
To put on armes, he feights with tongue, inveying earnestly
Against that wicked war the which he banned bitterly.
As on the Altar he himselfe with quivering handes did stay,
One *Cromis* tipped of his head: his head cut off streight way
Upon the Altar fell, and there his tongue not fully dead,
Did bable still the banning wordes the which it erst had sed,
And breathed forth his fainting ghost among the burning brandes.
Then *Brote* and *Hammon* brothers, twins, stout champions of their hands
In wrestling Pierlesse (if so be that wrestling could sustaine
The furious force of slicing swordes) were both by *Phyney* slaine.
And so was *Alphit Ceres* Priest that ware upon his crowne
A stately Miter faire and white with Tables hanging downe.
Thou also *Japets* sonne for such affaires as these unmeete
But meete to tune thine instrument with voyce and Ditie sweete
The worke of peace, were thither callde th'assemblie to rejoyce
And for to set the mariage forth with pleasant singing voyce.
As with his Viall in his hand he stoode a good way off,
There commeth to him *Petalus* and sayes in way of scoffe:
Go sing the resdue to the ghostes about the Stygian Lake,
And in the left side of his heade his dagger poynt he strake.
He sanke downe deade with fingers still yet warbling on the string,
And so mischaunce knit up with wo the song that he did sing.
But fierce *Lycormas* could not beare to see him murdred so
Without revengement. Up he caught a mightie Leaver tho
That wonted was to barre the doore a right side of the house,
And therewithall to *Petalus* he lendeth such a souse

Full in the noddle of the necke, that like a snetched Oxe
Streight tumbling downe, against the ground his groveling face he knox.
And *Pelates* a *Garamant* attempted to have caught
The left doore barre: but as thereat with stretched hand he raught,
One *Coryt* sonne of *Marmarus* did with a Javelin stricke
Him through the hand; that to the wood fast nayled did it sticke.
As *Pelates* stoode fastned thus, one *Abas* goard his side:
He could not fall, but hanging still upon the poste there dide
Fast nayled by the hand. And there was overthrowne a Knight
Of *Perseyes* band callde *Melaney*, and one that *Dorill* hight—
A man of greatest landes in all the Realme of *Nasamone*.
That occupide so large a grounde as *Dorill* was there none,
Nor none that had such store of corne: there came a Dart a skew
And lighted in his Coddes the place where present death doth sew.
When *Alcion* of *Barcey* he that gave this deadly wound
Beheld him yesking forth his ghost and falling to the ground
With watrie eyes the white turnde up: content thy selfe he said
With that same little plot of grounde whereon thy corse is layde,
In steade of all the large fat fieldes which late thou didst possesse.
And with that word he left him dead. *Perseus* to redresse
This slaughter and this spightfull taunt, streight snatched out the Dart
That sticked in the fresh warme wound, and with an angrie hart
Did send it at the throwers head: the Dart did split his nose
Even in the middes, and at his necke againe the head out goes:
So that it peered both the wayes. Whiles fortune doth support
And further *Persey* thus, he killes (but yet in sundrie sort)
Two brothers by the mother: tone callde *Clytie* tother *Dane*.
For on a dart through both his thighes did *Clytie* take his bane:
And *Danus* with another Dart was striken in the mouth.
There died also *Celadon* a Gipsie of the South:
And so did bastard *Astrey* too, whose mother was a Jew:
And sage *Ethion* well foreseene in things that should ensew,
But utterly beguilde as then by Birdes that aukly flew.
King *Cepheyes* harnessebearer callde *Thoactes* lost his life,
And *Agyrt* whom for murdring late his father with a knife
The worlde spake shame off. Nathelesse much more remainde behinde
Than was dispatched of of hand: for all were full in minde
To murder one, the wicked throng had sworne to spend their blood
Against the right, and such a man as had deserved good.
A totherside (although in vaine) of mere affection stood
The Father and the Motherinlaw, and eke the heavie bride,
Who filled with their piteous playnt the Court on everie side.
But now the clattring of the swordes and harnesse at that tide
With grievous grones and sighes of such as wounded were or dide,
Did raise up such a cruell rore that nothing could be heard.
For fierce *Bellona* so renewde the battell afterward,
That all the house did swim in blood. Duke *Phyney* with a rout
Of moe than of a thousand men environd round about
The valiant *Persey* all alone. The Dartes of *Phyneys* bande
Came thicker than the Winters hayle doth fall upon the lande,
By both his sides his eyes and eares. He warely thereupon

Withdrawes, and leanes his backe against a huge great arche of stone:
And being safe behind, he settes his face against his foe
Withstanding all their fierce assaultes. There did assaile him thoe
Upon the left side *Molpheus* a Prince of *Choanie*,
And on the right *Ethemon* borne hard by in *Arabie*.
Like as the Tyger when he heares the lowing out of Neate
In sundry Medes, enforced sore through abstinence from meate,
Would faine be doing with them both, and can not tell at which
Were best to give adventure first: So *Persey* who did itch
To be at host with both of them, and doubtfull whether side
To turne him on, the right or left, upon advantage spide
Did wound me *Molphey* on the leg, and from him quight him drave.
He was contented with his flight: for why *Ethemon* gave
No respite to him to pursue: but like a franticke man
Through egernesse to wounde his necke, without regarding whan
Or how to strike for haste, he burst his brittle sworde in twaine
Against the Arche: the poynt whereof rebounding backe againe,
Did hit himselfe upon the throte. Howbeit that same wound
Was unsufficient for to sende *Ethemon* to the ground.
He trembled holding up his handes for mercie, but in vaine.
For *Persey* thrust him through the hart with *Hermes* hooked skaine.
But when he saw that valiantnesse no lenger could avayle,
By reason of the multitude that did him still assayle,
Sith you your selves me force to call mine enmie to mine ayde,
I will do so: if any friend of mine be here (he sayd)
Sirs turne your faces all away: and therewithall he drew
Out *Gorgons* head. One *Thessalus* streight raging to him flew,
And sayd: go seeke some other man whome thou mayst make abasht
With these thy foolish juggling toyes. And as he would have dasht
His Javeling in him with that worde to kill him out of hand,
With gesture throwing forth his Dart all Marble did he stand.
His sworde through *Lyncids* noble hart had *Amphix* thought to shove:
His hand was stone, and neyther one nor other way could move:
But *Niley* who did vaunt himselfe to be the Rivers sonne
That through the boundes of *Aegypt* land in channels seven doth runne,
And in his shielde had graven part of silver, part of golde
The said seven channels of the *Nile*, sayd: *Persey* here beholde
From whence we fetch our piedegree: it may rejoyce thy hart
To die of such a noble hand as mine. The latter part
Of these his words could scarce be heard: the dint therof was drownde:
Ye would have thought him speaking still with open mouth: but sound
Did none forth passe: there was for speache no passage to be found.
Rebuking them cries *Eryx:* Sirs it is not *Gorgons* face
It is your owne faint heartes that make you stonie in this case.
Come let us on this fellow run and to the grounde him beare
That feightes by witchcraft: as with that his feete forth stepping were,
They stacke still fastened to the floore: he could not move a side,
An armed image all of stone he speachlesse did abide.
All these were justly punished. But one there was a knight
Of *Perseys* band, in whose defence as *Acont* stoode to feight,
He waxed overgrowne with stone at ugly *Gorgons* sight.

Whome still as yet *Astyages* supposing for to live,
Did with a long sharp arming sworde a washing blow him give.
The sword did clinke against the stone and out the sparcles drive.
While all amazde *Astyages* stoode wondering at the thing,
The selfe same nature on himselfe the *Gorgons* head did bring.
And in his visage which was stone a countnance did remaine
Of wondring still. A wearie worke it were to tell you plaine
The names of all the common sort. Two hundred from that fray
Did scape unslaine: but none of them did go alive away.
The whole two hundred every one at sight of *Gorgons* heare
Were turned into stockes of stone. Then at the length for feare
Did *Phyney* of his wrongfull war forthinke himselfe full sore.
But now (alas) what remedie? he saw there stand before
His face, his men like Images in sundrie shapes all stone.
He knew them well, and by their names did call them everychone
Desiring them to succor him: and trusting not his sight
He feeles the bodies that were next, and all were Marble quight.
He turnes himselfe from *Persey* ward and humbly as he standes
He wries his armes behinde his backe: and holding up his handes,
O noble *Persey* thou hast got the upper hand he sed.
Put up that monstruous sheelde of thine: put up that *Gorgons* head.
That into stones transformeth men: put up I thee desire.
Not hatred, nor bicause to reigne as King I did aspire,
Have moved me to make this fray. The only force of love
In seeking my betrothed spouse, did here unto me move.
The better title seemeth thine bicause of thy desert:
And mine by former promise made. It irkes me at the heart
In that I did not give the place. None other thing I crave
O worthie knight, but that thou graunt this life of mine to save.
Let all things else beside be thine. As he thus humbly spake
Not daring looke at him to whome he did entreatance make,
The thing (quoth *Persey*) which to graunt both I can finde in heart,
And is no little courtesie to shewe without desert
Upon a Coward, I will graunt O fearefull Duke to thee.
Set feare a side: thou shalt not hurt with any weapon bee.
I will moreover so provide, as that thou shalt remaine
An everlasting monument of this dayes toyle and paine.
The pallace of my Fathrinlaw shall henceforth be thy shrine
Where thou shalt stand continually before my spouses eyen.
That of hir husband having ay the Image in hir sight,
She may from time to time receyve some comfort and delight.
He had no sooner sayd these wordes but that he turnde his shielde
With *Gorgons* heade to that same part where *Phyney* with a mielde
And fearfull countnance set his face. Then also as he wride
His eyes away, his necke waxt stiffe, his teares to stone were dride.
A countnance in the stonie stocke of feare did still appeare
With humble looke and yeelding handes and gastly ruthfull cheare.
With conquest and a noble wife doth *Persey* home repaire
And in revengement of the right against the wrongfull heyre,

As in his Graundsires just defence he falles in hand with *Prete*
Who like no brother but a foe did late before defeate
King *Acrise* of his townes by warre and of his royall seate.
But neyther could his men of warre nor fortresse won by wrong
Defend him from the griesly looke of grim *Medusa* long.
And yet thee foolish *Polydect* of little *Seriph* King,
Such rooted rancor inwardly continually did sting,
That neyther *Perseys* prowesse tride in such a sort of broyles,
Nor yet the perils he endurde, nor all this troublous toyles
Could cause thy stomacke to relent. Within thy stonie brest
Workes such a kinde of festred hate as cannot be represt.
Thy wrongfull malice hath none ende. Moreover thou of spite
Repining at his worthy praise, his doings doste backbite,
Upholding that *Medusas* death was but a forged lie:
So long till *Persey* for to shewe the truth apparantly,
Desiring such as were his friendes to turne away there eye,
Drue out *Medusas* ougly head. At sight whereof anon
The hatefull Tyran *Polydect* was turned to a stone.
The Goddesse *Pallas* all this while did keepe continually
Hir brother *Persey* companie, till now that she did stie
From *Seriph* in a hollow cloud, and leaving on the right
The Isles of *Scyre* and *Gyaros*, she made from thence hir flight
Directly over that same Sea as neare as eye could ame
To *Thebe* and Mount *Helicon*. And when she thither came,
She stayde hir selfe, and thus bespake the learned sisters nine,
A rumor of an uncouth spring did pierce these eares of mine,
The which the winged steede should make by stamping with his hoofe.
This is the cause of my repaire; I would for certaine proofe
Be glad to see the wondrous thing. For present there I stoode
And saw the selfe same *Pegasus* spring of his mother's blood.
Dame *Uranie* did entertaine and aunswere *Pallas* thus.
What cause so ever moves your grace to come and visit us,
Most heartely you welcome are: and certaine is the fame
Of this our Spring, that *Pegasus* was causer of the same.
And with that worde she led hir foorth to see the sacred spring,
Who musing greatly with hir selfe at straungeness of the thing,
Surveyde the Woodes and groves about of auncient stately port.
And when she saw the Bowres to which the Muses did resort,
And pleasant fields beclad with herbes of sundrie hew and sort,
She said that for their studies sake they were in happie cace
And also that to serve their turne they had so trim a place.
Then one of them replied thus. O noble Ladie who
(But that your vertue greater workes than these are, calles you to)
Should else have bene of this our troupe, your saying is full true.
To this our trade of life and place is commendation due.
And sure we have a luckie lot and if the world were such
As that we might in safetie live: but lewdnesse reignes so much
That all things make us Maides afraide. Me thinkes I yet do see
The wicked Tyran *Pyren* still: my heart is yet scarce free
From that same feare with which it hapt us slighted for to bee.
This cruell *Pyren* was of *Thrace* and with his men of war

The land of *Phocis* had subdude, and from this place not far
Within the Citie *Dawlis* reignde by force of wrongfull hand.
One day to *Phebus* Temples warde that on *Parnasus* stand
As we were going, in our way he met us courteously,
And by the name of Goddesses saluting reverently
Said: O ye Dames of *Meonie* (for why he knew us well)
I pray you stay and take my house untill this storme (there fell
That time a tempest and a showre) be past: the Gods aloft
Have entred smaller sheddes than mine full many a time and oft.
The rainie weather and his wordes so moved us, that wee
To go into an outer house of his did all agree.
As soone as that the showre was past and heaven was voyded cleare
Of all the Cloudes which late before did every where appeare,
Untill that *Boreas* had subdude the rainie Southerne winde:
We woulde have by and by bene gone. He shet the doores, in minde
To ravish us: but we with wings escaped from his hands.
He purposing to follow us, upon a Turret stands,
And sayth he needes will after us the same way we did flie.
And with that worde full frantickly he leapeth downe from hie,
And pitching evelong on his face, the bones a sunder crasht,
And dying, all abrode the ground his wicked bloud bedasht.
Now as the Muse was telling this, they herd a noyse of wings,
And from the leavie boughes aloft a sound of greeting rings.
Minerva looking up thereat demaunded whence the sounde
Of tongues that so distinctly spake did come so plaine and rounde.
She thought some woman or some man had greeted hir that stounde.
It was a flight of Birdes. Nyne Pies bewailing their mischaunce,
In counterfetting everie thing from bough to bough did daunce.
As *Pallas* wondred at the sight, the Muse spake thus in summe.
These also being late ago in chalenge overcome,
Made one kinde more of Birdes then was of auncient time beforne.
In *Macedone* they were about the Citie *Pella* borne
Of *Pierus* a great riche Chuffe and *Euip*, who by ayde
Of strong *Lucina* travelling ninetimes, nine times was laide
Of daughters in hir childbed safe. This fond and foolish rout
Of doltish sisters taking pride and waxing verie stout,
Bicause they were in number nine, came flocking all togither
Through all the townes of *Thessalie* and all *Achaia* hither,
And us with these or such like wordes to combate did provoke.
Cease off ye *Thespian* Goddesses to mocke the simple folke
With fondnesse of your Melodie. And if ye thinke in deede
Ye can doe aught, contend with us and see how you shall speede.
I warrant you ye passe us not in cunning nor in voyce.
Ye are here nine, and so are we. We put you to the choyce,
That eyther we will vanquish you and set you quight beside
Your fountaine made by *Pegasus* which is your chiefest pride,
And *Aganippe* too: or else confounde you us, and we
Of all the woods of *Macedone* will dispossessed be,
As farre as snowie *Peonie:* and let the Nymphes be Judges.
Now in good sooth it was a shame to cope with suchie Drudges,
But yet more shame it was to yeeld. The chosen Nymphes did sweare

By *Styx*, and sate them downe on seates of stone that growed there.
Then streight without commission or election of the rest,
The formost of them preasing forth undecently, profest
The chalenge to performe: and song the battels of the Goddes.
She gave the Giants all the praise, the honor and the oddes,
Abasing sore the worthie deedes of all the Gods. She telles
How *Typhon* issuing from the earth and from the deepest helles
Made all the Gods above afraide, so greatly that they fled
And never staide till *Aegypt* land and *Nile* whose streame is shed
In channels seven, received them forwearied all togither:
And how the Helhound *Typhon* did pursue them also thither,
By means whereof the Gods eche one were faine themselves to hide
In forged shapes. She saide that *Jove* the Prince of Gods was wride
In shape of Ram: which is the cause that at this present tide
Joves ymage which the Lybian folke by name of *Hammon* serve,
Is made with crooked welked hornes that inward still doe terve:
That *Phebus* in a Raven lurkt, and *Bacchus* in a Geate,
And *Phebus* sister in a Cat, and *Juno* in a Neate,
And *Venus* in the shape of Fish, and how that last of all
Mercurius hid him in a Bird which *Ibis* men doe call.
This was the summe of all the tale which she with rolling tung
And yelling throteboll to hir harpe before us rudely sung.
Our turne is also come to speake, but that perchaunce your grace
To give the hearing to our song hath now no time nor space.
Yes yes (quoth *Pallas*) tell on forth in order all your tale:
And downe she sate among the trees which gave a pleasant swale.
The Muse made aunswere thus: To one *Calliope* here by name
This chalenge we committed have and ordring of the same.
Then rose up faire *Calliope* with goodly bush of heare
Trim wreathed up with yvie leaves, and with hir thumbe gan steare
The quivering strings, to trie them if they were in tune or no.
Which done, she playde upon hir Lute, and song hir Ditie so.
Dame *Ceres* first to breake the Earth with plough the maner found,
She first made corne and stover soft to grow upon the ground,
She first made lawes: for all these things we are to *Ceres* bound.
Of hir must I as now intreate: would God I could resound
Hir worthie laude: she doubtlesse is a Goddesse worthie praise.
Bicause the Giant *Typhon* gave presumptuously assayes
To conquer Heaven, the howgie Ile of *Trinacris* is layd
Upon his limmes, by weight whereof perforce he downe is weyde.
He strives and strugles for to rise full many a time and oft.
But on his right hand toward *Rome Pelorus* standes aloft:
Pachynnus standes upon his left: his legs with *Lilybie*
Are pressed downe: his monstrous head doth under *Aetna* lie.
From whence he lying bolt upright with wrathfull mouth doth spit
Out flames of fire: he wrestleth oft and walloweth for to wit
And if he can remove the weight of all that mightie land
Or tumble downe the townes and hilles that on his bodie stand.
By meanes whereof it commes to passe that oft the Earth doth shake:
And even the King of Ghostes himselfe for verie feare doth quake,
Misdouting least the Earth should clive so wide that light of day

Might by the same pierce downe to Hell and there the Ghostes affray,
Forecasting this, the Prince of Fiendes forsooke his darksome hole,
And in a Chariot drawen with Steedes as blacke as any cole
The whole foundation of the Ile of *Sicill* warely vewde.
When throughly he had sercht eche place that harme had none ensewde,
As carelessly he raungde abrode, he chaunced to be seene
Of *Venus* sitting on hir hill: who taking streight betweene
Hir armes hir winged *Cupid*, said: my sonne, mine only stay,
My hand, mine honor and my might, go take without delay
Those tooles which all wightes do subdue, and strike them in the hart
Of that same God that of the world enjoyes the lowest part.
The Gods of Heaven, and *Jove* himselfe, the powre of Sea and Land
And he that rules the powres on Earth obey thy mightie hand:
And wherefore then should only Hell still unsubdued stand?
Thy mothers Empire and thine own why doste thou not advaunce?
The third part of al the world now hangs in doutful chaunce.
And yet in heaven too now, their deedes thou seest me faine to beare.
We are despisde: the strength of love with me away doth weare.
Seeste not the Darter *Diane* and dame *Pallas* have already
Exempted them from my behestes? and now of late so heady
Is *Ceres* daughter too, that if we let hir have hir will,
She will continue all hir life a Maid unwedded still.
For that is all hir hope, and marke whereat she mindes to shoote.
But thou (if ought this gracious turne our honor may promote,
Or ought our Empire beautifie which joyntly we doe holde,)
This Damsell to hir uncle joyne. No sooner had she tolde
These wordes, but *Cupid* opening streight his quiver chose therefro
One arrow (as his mother bad) among a thousand mo.
But such a one it was, as none more sharper was than it,
Nor none went streighter from the Bow the amed marke to hit.
He set his knee against his Bow and bent it out of hande,
And made his forked arrowes steale in *Plutos* heart to stande.
Neare *Enna* walles there standes a Lake *Pergusa* is the name.
Cayster heareth not mo songs of Swannes than doth the same.
A wood environs everie side the water round about,
And with his leaves as with a veyle doth keepe the Sunne heate out.
The boughes do yeelde a coole fresh Ayre: the moystnesse of the grounde
Yeeldes sundrie flowres: continuall spring is all the yeare there founde.
While in this garden *Proserpine* was taking hir pastime,
In gathering eyther Violets blew, or Lillies white as Lime,
And while of Maidenly desire she fillde hir Maund and Lap,
Endevoring to outgather hir companions there. By hap
Dis spide hir: lovde hir: caught hir up: and all at once well neere:
So hastie, hote, and swift a thing is Love, as may appeare.
The Ladie with a wailing voyce afright did often call
Hir Mother and hir waiting Maides, but Mother most of all
And as she from the upper part hir garment would have rent,
By chaunce she let her lap slip downe, and out the flowres went.
And such a sillie simplenesse hir childish age yet beares,
That even the verie losse of them did move hir more to teares.
The Catcher drives his Chariot forth, and calling every horse

By name, to make away apace he doth them still enforce:
And shakes about their neckes and Manes their rustie bridle reynes
And through the deepest of the Lake perforce he them constreynes.
And through the *Palik* pooles, the which from broken ground doe boyle
And smell of Brimstone verie ranke: and also by the soyle
Where as the *Bacchies* folke of *Corinth* with the double Seas,
Betweene unequall Havons twaine did reere a towne for ease.
Betweene the fountaines of *Cyane* and *Arethuse* of *Pise*
An arme of Sea that meetes enclosde with narrow hornes their lies.
Of this the Poole callde *Cyane* which beareth greatest fame
Among the Nymphes of *Sicilie* did Algates take the name.
Who dauncing hir unto the waste amid hir Poole did know
Dame *Proserpine*, and said to *Dis:* ye shall no further go:
You cannot *Ceres* sonneinlawe be, will she so or no.
You should have sought hir courteously and not enforst hir so.
And if I may with great estates my simple things compare,
Anapus was in love with me: but yet he did not fare
As you do now with *Proserpine*. He was content to woo
And I unforst and unconstreind consented him untoo.
This said, she spreaded forth hir armes and stopt him of his way.
His hastie wrath *Saturnus* sonne no lenger then could stay.
But chearing up his dreadfull Steedes did smight his royall mace
With violence in the bottome of the Poole in that same place.
The ground streight yeelded to his stroke and made him way to Hell,
And downe the open gap both horse and Chariot headlong fell.
Dame *Cyan* taking sore to heart as well the ravishment
Of *Proserpine* against hir will, as also the contempt
Against hir fountaines priviledge, did shrowde in secret hart
An inward corsie comfortlesse, which never did depart
Untill she melting into teares consumde away with smart.
The selfe same waters of the which she was but late ago
The mighty Goddesse, now she pines and wastes hirselfe into.
Ye might have seene hir limmes wex lithe, ye might have bent hir bones:
Hir nayles wext soft: and first of all did melt the smallest ones:
As haire and fingars, legges and feete: for these same slender parts
Doe quickly into water turne, and afterward converts
To water, shoulder, backe, brest, side: and finally in stead
Of lively bloud, within hir veynes corrupted there was spred
Thinne water: so that nothing now remained whereupon
Ye might take holde, to water all consumed was anon.
The carefull mother in the while did seeke hir daughter deare
Through all the world both Sea and Land, and yet was nere the neare.
The Morning with hir deawy haire hir slugging never found,
Nor yet the Evening star that brings the night upon the ground.
Two seasoned Pynetrees at the mount of *Aetna* did she light
And bare them restlesse in hir handes through all the dankish night.
Againe as soone as chierfull day did dim the starres, she sought
Hir daughter still from East to West. And being overwrought
She caught a thirst: no lyquor yet had come within hir throte.
By chaunce she spiëd nere at hand a pelting thatched Cote
Wyth peevish doores: she knockt thereat, and out there commes a trot.

The Goddesse asked hir some drinke and she denide it not:
But out she brought hir by and by a draught of merrie go downe
And therewithall a Hotchpotch made of steeped Barlie browne
And Flaxe and Coriander seede, and other simples more
The which she in an Earthen pot together sod before.
Whiles *Ceres* was a eating this, before hir gazing stood
A hard faaste boy a shrewde pert wag that could no maners good:
He laughed at hir and in scorne did call hir greedie gut.
The Goddesse being wroth therewith, did on the Hotchpotch put
The liquor ere that all was eate, and in his face it threw.
Immediatly the skinne thereof became of speckled hew.
And into legs his armes did turne: and in his altred hide
A wrigling tayle streight to his limmes was added more beside,
And to th'intent he should not have much powre to worken scathe,
His bodie in a little roume togither knit she hathe.
For as with pretie *Lucerts* he in facion doth agree:
So than the *Lucert* somewhat lesse in every poynt is he.
The poore old woman was amazde: and bitterly she wept:
She durst not touche the uncouth worme, who into corners crept.
And of the flecked spottes like starres that on his hide are set
A name agreeing thereunto in Latine doth he get.
It is our *Swift* whose skinne with gray and yellow specks is fret.
What Lands and Seas the Goddesse sought it were too long to saine.
The worlde did want. And so she went to *Sicill* backe againe.
And as in going every where she serched busily,
She also came to *Cyane:* who would assuredly
Have tolde hir all things, had shee not transformed bene before.
But mouth and tongue for uttrance now would serve hir turne no more.
Howbeit a token manifest she gave hir for to know
What was become of *Proserpine.* Hir girdle she did show
Still hovering on hir holie poole, which slightly from hir fell
As she that way did passe: and that hir mother knew too well.
For when she saw it, by and by as though she had but than
Bene new advertisde of hir chaunce, she piteously began
To rend hir ruffled haire, and beate hir handes against hir brest.
As yet she knew not where she was. But yet with rage opprest,
She curst all landes, and said they were unthankfull everychone
Yea and unworthy of the fruites bestowed them upon.
But bitterly above the rest she banned *Sicilie,*
In which the mention of hir losse she plainely did espie.
And therefore there with cruell hand the earing ploughes she brake,
And man and beast that tilde the ground to death in anger strake.
She marrde the seede, and eke forbade the fieldes to yeelde their frute.
The plenteousnesse of that same Ile of which there went such brute
Through all the world, lay dead: the corne was killed in the blade:
Now too much drought, now too much wet did make it for to fade.
The starres and blasting windes did hurt, the hungry foules did eate
The corne in ground: the Tines and Briars did overgrow the Wheate,
And other wicked weedes the corne continually annoy,
Which neyther tylth nor toyle of man was able to destroy.

Then *Arethuse* floud *Alpheys* love lifts from hir *Elean* waves
Hir head, and shedding to hir eares hir deawy haire that waves
About hir foreheade sayde: O thou that art the mother deare
Both of the Maiden sought through all the worlde both far and neare,
And eke of all the earthly fruites, forbeare thine endlesse toyle,
And be not wroth without a cause with this thy faithfull soyle.
The Lande deserves no punishment, unwillingly God wote
She opened to the Ravisher that violently hir smote.
It is not sure my native soyle for which I thus entreate.
I am but here a sojourner, my native soyle and seate
Is *Pisa* and from *Ely* towne I fetch my first discent.
I dwell but as a straunger here, but sure to my intent
This Countrie likes me better farre than any other land.
Here now I *Arethusa* dwell: here am I setled: and
I humbly you beseche extend your favour to the same.
A time will one day come when you to mirth may better frame,
And have your heart more free from care, which better serve me may
To tell you why I from my place so great a space doe stray,
And unto *Ortygie* am brought through so great Seas and waves.
The ground doth give me passage free, and by the lowest caves
Of all the Earth I make my way, and here I raise my head,
And looke upon the starres agayne neare out of knowledge fled.
Now while I underneath the Earth the Lake of *Styx* did passe,
I saw your daughter *Proserpine* with these same eyes. She was
Not merrie, neyther rid of feare as seemed by hir cheere.
But yet a Queene, but yet of great God *Dis* the stately Feere:
But yet of that same droupie Realme the chiefe and sovereigne Peere.
Hir mother stoode as starke as stone, when she these newes did heare,
And long she was like one that in another worlde had beene.
But when hir great amazednesse by greatnesse of hir teene
Was put aside, she gettes hir to hir Chariot by and by
And up to Heaven in all post haste immediatly doth stie:
And there beslowbred all hir face; hir haire about hir eares,
To royall *Jove* in way of plaint this spightfull tale she beares.
As well for thy bloud as for mine a suter unto thee
I hither come, if no regard may of the mother bee,
Yet let the childe hir father move, and have not lesser care
Of hir (I pray) bicause that I hir in my bodie bare.
Behold our daughter whome I sought so long is found at last:
If finding you it terme, when of recoverie meanes is past.
Or if you finding do it call to have a knowledge where
She is become. Hir ravishment we might consent to beare,
So restitution might be made. And though there were to me
No interest in hir at all, yet forasmuche as she
Is yours, it is unmeete she be bestowde upon a theefe.
Jove aunswerde thus. My daughter is a Jewell deare and leefe:
A collup of mine owne flesh cut as well as out of thine.
But if we in our heartes can finde things rightly to define,
This is not spight, but love. And yet Madame in faith I see
No cause of such a sonne in law ashamed for to bee,
So you contented were therewith. For put the case that hee

Were destitute of all things else, how great a matter ist
Joves brother for to be? but sure in him is nothing mist,
Nor he inferior is to me save only that by lot
The Heavens to me, the Helles to him the destnies did allot.
But if you have so sore desire your daughter to divorce,
Though she againe to Heaven repayre I doe not greatly force.
But yet conditionly that she have tasted there no foode:
For so the destnies have decreed. He ceaste: and *Ceres* stoode
Full bent to fetch hir daughter out: but destnies hir withstoode,
Bicause the Maide had broke hir fast. For as she hapt one day
In *Plutos* Ortyard rechlessely from place to place to stray,
She gathering from a bowing tree a ripe Pownegarnet, tooke
Seven kernels out and sucked them. None chaunst hereon to looke,
Save onely one *Ascalaphus* whom *Orphne* erst a Dame
Among the other Elves of Hell not of the basest fame
Bare to hir husband *Acheron* within hir duskie den.
He sawe it, and by blabbing it ungraciously as then,
Did let hir from returning thence. A grievous sigh the Queene
Of Hell did fetch, and of that wight that had a witnesse beene
Against hir made a cursed Birde. Upon his face she shead
The water of the *Phlegeton:* and by and by his head
Was nothing else but Beake and Downe, and mightie glaring eyes.
Quight altred from himselfe betweene two yellow wings he flies.
He groweth chiefly into head and hooked talants long,
And much a doe he hath to flaske his lazie wings among.
The messenger of Morning was he made, a filthie fowle,
A signe of mischiefe unto men, the sluggish skreching Owle.
This person for his lavas tongue and telling tales might seeme
To have deserved punishment. But what should men esteeme
To be the verie cause why you *Acheloes* daughters weare
Both feete and feathers like to Birdes, considering that you beare
The upper partes of Maidens still? and commes it so to passe,
Bicause when Ladie *Proserpine* a gathering flowers was,
Ye Meremaides kept hir companie, whome after you had sought
Through all the Earth in vaine, anon of purpose that your thought
Might also to the Seas be knowen, ye wished that ye might
Upon the waves with hovering wings at pleasure rule your flight,
And had the Goddes to your request so pliant, that ye found
With yellow feathers out of hand your bodies clothed round:
Yet least that pleasant tune of yours ordeyned to delight
The hearing, and so high a gift of Musicke perish might
For want of uttrance, humaine voyce to utter things at will
And countnance of virginitie remained to you still.
But meane betweene his brother and his heavie sister goth
God *Jove*, and parteth equally the yeare betweene them both;
And now the Goddesse *Proserpine* indifferently doth reigne
Above and underneath the Earth: and so doth she remaine
One halfe yeare with hir mother and the resdue with hir Feere.
Immediately she altred is as well in outwarde cheere
As inwarde minde, for where hir looke might late before appeere

Sad even to *Dis*, hir countnance now is full of mirth and grace,
Even like as *Phebus* having put the watrie cloudes to chace,
Doth shew himselfe a Conqueror with bright and shining face.
Then fruitfull *Ceres* voide of care in that she did recover
Hir daughter, prayde thee *Arethuse* the storie to discover
What caused thee to fleete so farre and wherefore thou became
A sacred spring, the waters whist. The Goddesse of the same
Did from the bottome of the Well hir goodly head up reare.
And having driëd with hir hand hir faire greene hanging heare,
The River *Alpheys* auncient loves she thus began to tell.
I was (quoth she) a Nymph of them that in *Achaia* dwell.
There was not one that earnester the Lawndes and forests sought,
Or pitcht hir toyles more handsomly. And though that of my thought
It was no part, to seeke the fame of beautie: though I were
All courage: yet the pricke and prise of beautie I did beare.
My overmuch commended face was unto me a spight.
This gift of bodie in the which another would delight,
I rudesbye was ashamed off: me thought it was a crime
To be belikte. I beare it well in minde that on a time
In comming wearie from the chase of *Stymphalus*, the heate
Was fervent, and my travelling had made it twice as great.
I found a water neyther deepe nor shallow which did glide
Without all noyse, so calme that scarce the moving might be spide.
And throughly to the very ground it was so crispe and cleare,
That every little stone therein did plaine aloft appeare.
The horie Sallowes and the Poplars growing on the brim
Unset, upon the shoring bankes did cast a shadow trim.
I entred in, and first of all I deeped but my feete:
And after to my knees. And not content to wade so fleete,
I put off all my clothes, and hung them on a Sallow by,
And threw my selfe amid the streame: which as I dallyingly
Did beate and draw, and with my selfe a thousand maistries trie,
In casting of mine armes abrode and swimming wantonly:
I felt a bubling in the streame I wist not how or what,
And on the Rivers nearest brim I stept for feare: with that
O *Arethusa* whither runst? and whither runst thou cride
Floud *Alphey* from his waves againe with hollow voyce. I hide
Away unclothed as I was. For on the further side
My clothes hung still. So much more hote and eger then was he:
And for I naked was, I seemde the readier for to be.
My running and his fierce pursuite was like as when ye se
The sillie Doves with quivering wings before the Gossehauke stie,
The Gossehauke sweeping after them as fast as he can flie.
To *Orchomen*, and *Psophy* land, and *Cyllen* I did holde
Out well, and thence to *Menalus* and *Erymanth* the colde,
And so to *Ely:* all this way no ground of me he wonne.
But being not so strong as he, this restlesse race to runne
I could not long endure, and he could hold it out at length.
Yet over plaines and wooddie hilles (as long as lasted strength)
And stones, and rockes, and desert groundes I still maintaind my race.
The Sunne was full upon my backe. I saw before my face

A lazie shadow: were it not that feare did make me seete:
But certenly he feared me with trampling of his feete:
And of his mouth the boystous breath upon my hairlace blew.
Forwearied with the toyle of flight: Helpe *Diane*, I thy true
And trustie Squire (I said) who oft have caried after thee
Thy bow and arrowes, now am like attached for to bee.
The Goddesse moved, tooke a cloude of such as scattred were
And cast upon me. Hidden thus in mistie darkenesse there
The River poard upon me still and hunted round about
The hollow cloude, for feare perchaunce I should have scaped out.
And twice not knowing what to doe he stalkt about the cloude
Where *Diane* had me hid, and twice he called out a loude
Hoe *Arethuse*, hoe *Arethuse*, What heart had I poore wretch then?
Even such as hath the sillie Lambe that dares not stirre nor quetch when
He heares the howling of the Wolfe about or neare the foldes.
Or such as hath the squatted Hare that in hir foorme beholdes
The hunting houndes on every side, and dares not move a whit.
He would not thence, for why he saw no footing out as yit.
And therefore watcht he narrowly the cloud and eke the place.
A chill colde sweat my sieged limmes opprest, and downe a pace
From all my bodie steaming drops did fall of watrie hew.
Which way so ere I stird my foote the place was like a stew.
The deaw ran trickling from my haire. In halfe the while I then
Was turnde to water, that I now have tolde the tale agen.
His loved waters *Alphey* knew, and putting off the shape
Of man the which he tooke before, bicause I should not scape,
Returned to his proper shape of water by and by,
Of purpose for to joyne with me and have my companie.
But *Delia* brake the ground, at which I sinking into blinde
Bycorners, up againe my selfe at *Ortigie* doe winde,
Right deare to me bicause it doth *Dianas* surname beare,
And for bicause to light againe I first was raysed there.
Thus far did *Arethusa* speake: and then the fruitfull Dame
Two Dragons to hir Chariot put, and reyning hard the same,
Midway betweene the Heaven and Earth she in the Ayër went,
And unto Prince *Triptolemus* hir lightsome Chariot sent
To *Pallas* Citie lode with corne, commaunding him to sowe
Some part in ground new broken up, and some thereof to strow
In ground long tillde before. Anon the yong man up did stie
And flying over *Europe* and the Realme of *Asias* hie,
Alighted in the Scithian land. There reyned in that coast
A King callde *Lyncus*, to whose house he entred for to host.
And being there demaunded how and why he thither came,
And also of his native soyle and of his proper name,
I hight (quoth he) *Triptolemus*, and borne was in the towne
Of *Athens* in the land of *Greece*, that place of high renowne.
I neyther came by Sea nor Lande, but through the open Aire:
I bring with me Dame *Ceres* giftes, which being sowne in faire
And fertile fields may fruitfull Harvests yeelde and finer fare.
The savage King had spight: and to the thintent that of so rare
And gracious gifts himselfe might seeme first founder for to be,

He entertainde him in his house, and when a sleepe was he,
He came upon him with a sword: but as he would have killde him,
Dame *Ceres* turnde him to a *Lynx*, and waking tother willde him
His sacred Teemeware through the Ayre to drive abrode agen.
The chiefe of us had ended this hir learned song, and then
The Nymphes with one consent did judge that we the Goddesses
Of *Helicon* had wonne the day. But when I sawe that these
Unnurtred Damsels overcome began to fall a scolding,
I sayd: so little sith to us you thinke your selves beholding,
For bearing with your malapertnesse in making chalenge, that
Besides your former fault, ye eke doe fall to rayling flat,
Abusing thus our gentlenesse: we will from hence proceede
The punishment, and of our wrath the rightfull humor feede.
Euippyes daughters grind and jeerde and set our threatnings light.
But as they were about to prate, and bent their fistes to smight
Theyr wicked handes with hideous noyse, they saw the stumps of quilles
New budding at their nayles, and how their armes soft feather hilles.
Eche saw how others mouth did purse and harden into Bill,
And so becomming uncouth Birdes to haunt the woods at will.
For as they would have clapt their handes their wings did up them heave,
And hanging in the Ayre the scoldes of woods did Pies them leave.
Now also being turnde to Birdes they are as eloquent
As ere they were, as chattring still, as much to babling bent.

Finis quinti Libri.

¶THE SIXT BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

RITONIA unto all these wordes attentive hearing bendes,
And both the Muses learned song and rightfull wrath commendes,
And thereupon within hir selfe this fancie did arise.
It is no matter for to prayse: but let our selfe devise
Some thing to be commended for: and let us not permit
Our Majestie to be despisde without revenging it.
And therewithall she purposed to put the Lydian Maide
Arachne to hir neckeverse, who (as had to hir bene saide)
Presumed to prefer hir selfe before hir noble grace
In making cloth. This Damsell was not famous for the place
In which she dwelt, nor for hir stocke, but for hir Arte. Hir Sier
Was *Idmon* one of *Colophon* a pelting Purple Dier.
Hir mother was deceast: but she was of the baser sort,
And egall to hir Make in birth, in living, and in port.
But though this Maide were meanly borne, and dwelt but in a shed
At little *Hypep:* yet hir trade hir fame abrode did spred
Even all the Lydian Cities through. To see hir wondrous worke
The Nymphes that underneath the Vines of shadie *Tmolus* lurke
Their Vineyards oftentimes forsooke. So did the Nymphes also
About *Pactolus* oftentimes their golden streames forgo.
And evermore it did them good not only for to see
Hir clothes already made, but while they eke a making bee:
Such grace was in hir workmanship. For were it so that shee
The newshorne fleeces from the sheepe in bundels deftly makes,
Or afterward doth kemb the same, and drawes it out in flakes
Along like cloudes, or on the Rocke doth spinne the handwarpe woofe,
Or else embroydreth, certenly ye might perceive by proofe
She was of *Pallas* bringing up: which thing she nathelesse
Denyeth, and disdaining such a Mistresse to confesse,
Let hir contend with me she saide: and if she me amend
I will refuse no punishment the which she shall extend.
Minerva tooke an olde wives shape and made hir haire seeme gray,
And with a staffe hir febled limmes pretended for to stay.
Which done, she thus began to speake. Not all that age doth bring
We ought to shonne. Experience doth of long continuance spring.
Despise not mine admonishment. Seeke fame and chiefe report
For making cloth, and Arras worke, among the mortall sort:
But humbly give the Goddesse place: and pardon of hir crave
For these thine unadvised wordes. I warrant thou shalt have
Forgivenesse, if thou aske it hir. *Arachne* bent hir brewes
And lowring on hir, left hir worke: and hardly she eschewes
From flying in the Ladies face. Hir countnance did bewray
Hir moodie minde: which bursting forth in words she thus did say.
Thou commest like a doting foole: thy wit is spent with yeares:
Thy life hath lasted over long as by thy talke appeares.
And if thou any daughter have, or any daughtrinlawe,

I would she heard these wordes of mine: I am not such a Daw,
But that without thy teaching I can well ynough advise
My selfe. And least thou shouldest thinke thy words in any wise
Availe, the selfe same minde I keepe with which I first begonne.
Why commes she not hirselfe I say? this matche why doth she shonne?
Then said the Goddesse: here she is. And therewithall she cast
Hir oldewives riveled shape away, and shewde hir selfe at last
Minerva like. The Nymphes did streight adore hir Majestie,
So did the yong newmaried wives that were of *Migdonie.*
The Maiden only unabasht woulde nought at all relent.
But yet she blusht and sodenly a ruddynesse besprent
Hir cheekes which wanzd away againe, even like as doth the Skie
Looke sanguine at the breake of day, and turneth by and by
To white at rising of the Sunne. As hote as any fire
She sticketh to hir tackling still. And through a fond desire
Of glorie, to hir owne decay all headlong forth she runnes.
For *Pallas* now no lenger warnes, ne now no lenger shunnes
Ne seekes the chalenge to delay. Immediatly they came
And tooke their places severally, and in a severall frame
Eche streynde a web, the warpe whereof was fine. The web was tide
Upon a Beame. Betweene the warpe a stay of reede did slide.
The woofe on sharpened pinnes was put betwixt the warp, and wrought
With fingars. And as oft as they had through the warpe it brought,
They strake it with a Boxen combe. Both twayne of them made hast,
And girding close for handsomnesse their garments to their wast,
Bestirde their cunning handes apace. Their earnestnesse was such
As made them never thinke of paine. They weaved verie much
Fine Purple that was dide in *Tyre*, and colours set so trim
That eche in shadowing other seemde the very same with him.
Even like as after showres of raine when *Phebus* broken beames
Doe strike upon the Cloudes, appeares a compast bow of gleames
Which bendeth over all the Heaven: wherein although there shine
A thousand sundry colours, yet the shadowing is so fine,
That looke men nere so wistly, yet beguileth it their eyes:
So like and even the self same thing eche colour seemes to rise
Whereas they meete, which further off doe differ more and more.
Of glittring golde with silken threede was weaved there good store,
And stories put in portrayture of things done long afore.
Minerva painted *Athens* towne and *Marsis* rocke therein,
And all the strife betweene hirselfe and *Neptune*, who should win
The honor for to give the name to that same noble towne.
In loftie thrones on eyther side of *Jove* were settled downe
Six Peeres of Heaven with countnance grave and full of Majestie,
And every of them by his face discerned well might be.
The Image of the mightie *Jove* was Kinglike. She had made
Neptunus standing striking with his long threetyned blade
Upon the ragged Rocke: and from the middle of the clift
She portrayd issuing out a horse, which was the noble gift
For which he chalengde to himselfe the naming of the towne.
She picturde out hirselfe with shielde, and Morion on hir crowne,
With Curet on hir brest, and Speare in hand with sharpened ende.

She makes the Earth (the which hir Speare doth seeme to strike) to sende
An Olyf tree with fruite thereon: and that the Gods thereat
Did wonder: and with victorie she finisht up that plat.
Yet to thintent examples olde might make it to be knowne
To hir that for desire of praise so stoutly helde hir owne,
What guerdon she shoulde hope to have for hir attempt so madde,
Foure like contentions in the foure last corners she did adde.
The Thracians *Heme* and *Rodope* the formost corner hadde:
Who being sometime mortall folke usurpt to them the name
Of *Jove* and *Juno*, and were turnde to mountaines for the same.
A *Pigmie* womans piteous chaunce the second corner shewde,
Whome *Juno* turned to a Crane (bicause she was so lewde
As for to stand at strife with hir for beautie) charging hir
Against hir native countriefolke continuall war to stir.
The thirde had proude *Antigone* who durst of pride contende
In beautie with the wife of *Jove:* by whome she in the ende
Was turned to a Storke, no whit availed hir the towne
Of *Troy*, or that *Laomedon* hir father ware a crowne,
But that she clad in feathers white hir lazie wings must flap
And with a bobbed Bill bewayle the cause of hir missehap.
The last had chyldelesse *Cinyras:* who being turnde to stone,
Was picturde prostrate on the grounde, and weeping all alone,
And culling fast betweene his armes a Temples greeces fine
To which his daughters bodies were transformde by wrath divine.
The utmost borders had a wreath of Olyf round about:
And this is all the worke the which *Minerva* portrayd out.
For with the tree that she hirselfe had made but late afore
She bounded in hir Arras cloth, and then did worke no more.
The Lydian maiden in hir web did portray to the full
How *Europe* was by royall *Jove* beguilde in shape of Bull.
A swimming Bull, a swelling Sea, so lively had she wrought
That Bull and Sea in very deede ye might them well have thought.
The Ladie seemed looking backe to landwarde and to crie
Upon hir women, and to feare the water sprinkling hie,
And shrinking up hir fearfull feete. She portrayd also there
Asteriee struggling with an *Erne* which did away hir beare.
And over *Leda* she had made a Swan his wings to splay.
She added also how by *Jove* in shape of *Satyr* gaye
The faire *Antiope* with a paire of children was besped:
And how he tooke *Amphitrios* shape when in *Alcmenas* bed
He gate the worthie *Hercules:* and how he also came
To *Danae* like a shoure of golde, to *Aegine* like a flame,
A sheepeherd to *Mnemosyne*, and like a Serpent sly
To *Proserpine*. She also made *Neptunus* leaping by
Upon a Maide of *Aeolus* race in likenesse of a Bull,
And in the streame *Enipeus* shape begetting on a trull
The Giants *Othe* and *Ephialt*, and in the shape of Ram
Begetting one *Theophane Bisalties* ympe with Lam,
And in a lustie Stalions shape she made him covering there
Dame *Ceres* with the yellow lockes, and hir whose golden heare
Was turnde to crawling Snakes: on whome he gate the winged horse.

She made him in a Dolphins shape *Melantho* to enforce.
Of all these things she missed not their proper shapes, nor yit
The full and just resemblance of their places for to hit.
In likenesse of a Countrie cloyne was *Phebus* picturde there,
And how he now ware Gossehauke's wings, and now a Lions heare.
And how he in a shepeherdes shape was practising a wile
The daughter of one *Macarie* dame *Issa* to beguile.
And how the faire *Erygone* by chaunce did suffer rape
By *Bacchus* who deceyved hir in likenesse of a grape.
And how that *Saturne* in the shape of Genet did beget
The double *Chiron*. Round about the utmost Verdge was set
A narrow Traile of pretie floures with leaves of Ivie fret.
Not *Pallas*, no nor spight it selfe could any quarrell picke
To this hir worke: and that did touch *Minerva* to the quicke.
Who thereupon did rende the cloth in pieces every whit,
Bicause the lewdnesse of the Gods was blased so in it.
And with an Arras weavers combe of Box she fiercely smit
Arachne on the forehead full a dozen times and more.
The Maide impacient in hir heart, did stomacke this so sore,
That by and by she hung hirselfe. Howbeit, as she hing,
Dame *Pallas* pitying hir estate, did stay hir in the string
From death, and said lewde Callet live: but hang thou still for mee.
And least hereafter from this curse that time may set thee free,
I will that this same punishment enacted firmely bee,
As well on thy posteritie for ever as on thee.
And after when she should depart, with juice of *Hecats* flowre
She sprinkled hir: and by and by the poyson had such powre,
That with the touch thereof hir haire, hir eares, and nose did fade,
And verie small it both hir heade and all hir bodie made.
In sted of legs, to both hir sides sticke fingars long and fine:
The rest is bellie. From the which she nerethelesse dooth twine
A slender threede, and practiseth in shape of Spider still
The Spinners and the Websters crafts of which she erst had skill.
All *Lydia* did repine hereat, and of this deede the fame
Through *Phrygie* ran, and through the world was talking of the same.
Before hir marriage *Niobe* had knowen hir verie well,
When yet a Maide in * *Meonie* and *Sipyle* she did dwell.
And yet *Arachnes* punishment at home before hir eyes,
To use discreeter kinde of talke it could hir not advise,
Nor (as behoveth) to the Gods to yeelde in humble wise.
For many things did make hir proud. But neyther did the towne
The which hir husband builded had, nor houses of renowne
Of which they both descended were, nor yet the puissance
Of that great Realme wherein they reignde so much hir minde enhaunce
(Although the liking of them all did greatly hir delight)
As did the offspring of hir selfe. And certenly she might
Have bene of mothers counted well most happie, had she not
So thought hir selfe. For she whome sage *Tyresias* had begot
The Prophet *Manto* through instinct of heavenly power, did say
These kinde of wordes in open strete. Ye Thebanes go your way
Apace, and unto *Laton* and to *Latons* children pray,

* *Lydia*

And offer godly Frankinsence, and wreath your haire with Bay.
Latona by the mouth of me commaundes you so to do.
The Thebane women by and by obeying thereunto,
Deckt all their heades with Laurell leaves as *Manto* did require,
And praying with devout intent threw incense in the fire.
Beholde, out commeth *Niobe* environde with a garde
Of servaunts and a solemne traine that followed afterward.
She was hirselfe in raiment made of costly cloth of golde
Of *Phrygia* facion verie brave and gorgeous to beholde.
And of hir selfe she was right faire and beautifull of face,
But that hir wrathfull stomake then did somewhat staine hir grace.
She moving with hir portly heade hir haire the which as then
Did hang on both hir shoulders loose, did pawse a while: and when
Wyth loftie looke hir stately eyes she rolled had about,
What madnesse is it (quoth she) to prefer the heavenly rout
Of whome ye doe but heare, to such as daily are in sight?
Or why should *Laton* honored be with Altars? Never wight
To my most sacred Majestie did offer incense. Yit
My Father was that *Tantalus* whome only as most fit
The Gods among them at their boordes admitted for to sit.
A sister of the *Pleyades* is my mother. Finally
My Graundsire on the mothers side is that same *Atlas* hie
That on his shoulders beareth up the heavenly Axeltree.
Againe my other Graundfather is *Jove:* and (as you see)
He also is my Fathrinlawe, wherein I glorie may.
The Realme of *Phrygia* here at hand doth unto me obay.
In *Cadmus* pallace I thereof the Ladie doe remaine
And joyntly with my husbande I as peerlesse Princesse reigne
Both over this same towne whose walles my husbands harpe did frame,
And also over all the folke and people in the same.
In what soever corner of my house I cast mine eye,
A worlde of riches and of goods I everywhere espie.
Moreover for the beautie, shape, and favor growen in me,
Right well I know I doe deserve a Goddesse for to be.
Besides all this, seven sonnes I have and daughters seven likewise,
By whome shall shortly sonneinlawes and daughtrinlawes arise.
Judge you now if that I have cause of statelynesse or no.
How dare ye then prefer to me *Latona* that same fro
The *Titan Ceres* ympe, to whome then readie downe to lie
The howgie Earth a little plot to childe on did denie?
From Heaven, from Earth, and from the Sea your Goddesse banisht was,
And as an outcast through the world from place to place did passe,
Untill that *Delos* pitying hir, sayde thou doste fleete on land
And I on Sea, and thereupon did lende hir out of hand
A place unstable. Of two twinnes there brought a bed was she:
And this is but the seventh part of the issue borne by me.
Right happie am I: who can this denie? and shall so still
Continue: who doth doubt of that? abundance hath and will
Preserve me. I am greater than that frowarde fortune may
Empeache me. For although she shoulde pull many things away,
Yet should she leave me many more. My state is out of feare.

Of thys my howge and populous race surmise you that it were
Possible some of them should misse: yet can I never be
So spoyled, that no mo than two shall tarie styll with me.
Leave quickly this lewde sacrifice, and put me off this Bay
That on your heades is wreathed thus. They laide it streight away
And left their holie rites undone, and closely as they may
With secret whispring to themselves to *Laton* they did pray.
How much from utter barrennesse the Goddesse was: so much
Disdeind she more: and in the top of *Cynthus* framed such
Complaint as this to both hir twinnes. Lo I your mother deare,
Who in my bodie once you twaine with painefull travell beere,
Lo I whose courage is so stout as for to yeelde to none
Of all the other Goddesses except *Joves* wife alone,
Am lately doubted whether I a Goddesse be or no.
And if you helpe not children mine, the case now standeth so
That I the honor must from hence of Altars quight forgo.
But this is not mine only griefe. Besides hir wicked fact,
Most railing words hath *Niobe* to my defacing rackt.
She durst prefer hir Barnes to you. And as for mee, she naamde
Me barren in respect of hir, and was no whit ashaamde
To shewe hir fathers wicked tongue which she by birth doth take.
This said: *Latona* was about entreatance for to make.
Cease off (quoth *Phebus*) long complaint is nothing but delay
Of punishment: and the selfe same wordes did *Phebe* also say.
And by and by they through the Ayre both gliding swiftly downe,
On *Cadmus* pallace hid in cloudes did light in *Thebe* towne.
A fielde was underneath the wall both levell, large and wide,
Betrampled every day with horse that man therein did ride,
Where store of Carres and Horses hoves the cloddes to dust had trode.
A couple of *Amphions* sonnes on lustie coursers rode
In this same place. Their horses faire Coperisons did weare
Of scarlet: and their bridles brave with golde bedecked were.
Of whome as *Niobs* eldest sonne *Ismenos* hapt to bring
His horse about, and reynd him in to make him keepe the ring.
He cride alas: and in his brest with that an arrow stacke.
And by and by hys dying hand did let the bridle slacke.
And on the right side of the horse he slipped to the ground.
The second brother *Sipylus* did chaunce to heare the sound
Of Quivers clattring in the Ayre, and giving streight the reyne
And spur togither to his horse, began to flie amayne,
As doth the master of a ship, who when he sees a shoure
Approching, by some mistie cloud that ginnes to gloome and loure,
Dooth clap on all his sayles bicause no winde should scape him by
Though nere so small. Howbeit as he turned for to flie,
He was not able for to scape the Arrow which did stricke
Him through the necke. The nocke thereof did shaking upward sticke,
The head appeared at his throte. And as he forward gave
Himselfe in flying: so to ground he groveling also drave,
And toppled by the horses mane and feete amid his race,
And with his warme newëshedded bloud berayëd all the place.
But *Phedimus*, and *Tantalus* the heiër of the name

Of *Tantalus* his Graundfather, who customably came
From other dailie exercise to wrestling, had begun
To close, and eache at other now with brest to brest to run,
When *Phebus* Arrow being sent with force from streyned string
Did strike through both of them as they did fast togither cling.
And so they sighed both at once, and both at once for paine
Fell downe to ground, and both of them at once their eyes did streine
To see their latest light, and both at once their ghostes did yeelde.
Alphenor this mischaunce of theirs with heavie hart behelde,
And scracht and beate his wofull brest: and therewith flying out
To take them up betweene his armes, was as he went about
This worke of kindly pitie, killde. For *Phebus* with a Dart
Of deadly dint did rive him through the Bulke and brake his hart.
And when the steale was plucked out, a percell of his liver
Did hang upon the hooked heade: and so he did deliver
His life and bloud into the Ayre departing both togither.
But *Damasicthon* (on whose heade came never sizzer) felt
Mo woundes than one. It was his chaunce to have a grievous pelt
Upon the verie place at which the leg is first begun,
And where the hamstrings by the joynt with supple sinewes run.
And while to draw this arrow out he with his hand assaide,
Another through his wezant went, and at the feathers staide.
The bloud did drive out this againe, and spinning high did spout
A great way off, and pierst the Ayre with sprinkling all about,
The last of all *Ilionie* with stretched handes, and speche
Most humble (but in vaine) did say, O Gods I you beseche
Of mercie all in generall. He wist not what he saide
Ne how that unto all of them he ought not to have praide.
The God that helde the Bow in hande was moved: but as then
The Arrow was alredie gone so farre, that backe agen
He could not call it. Nerethelesse the wound was verie small
Of which he dide, for why his heart it did but lightly gall.
The rumor of the mischiefe selfe, and mone of people, and
The weeping of hir servants gave the mother t'understand
The sodaine stroke of this mischaunce. She wondred verie much
And stormed also that the Gods were able to doe such
A deede, or durst attempt it, yea she thought it more than right
That any of them over hir shoulde have so mickle might.
Amphion had fordone himselfe alreadie with a knife,
And ended all his sorrowes quite togither with his life.
Alas, alas how greatly doth this *Niobe* differ here,
From tother *Niobe* who a late disdaining any Pere,
Did from *Latonas* Altars drive hir folke, and through the towne
With haultie looke and stately gate went pranking up and downe,
Then spighted at among hir owne, but piteous now to those
That heretofore for hir deserts had bene hir greatest foes.
She falleth on the corses colde, and taking no regard,
Bestowde hir kysses on hir sonnes as whome she afterwarde
Did know she never more shoulde kisse. From whome she lifting thoe
Hir blew and broosed armes to heaven sayd: O thou cruell foe
Latona, feede, yea feede thy selfe I say upon my woe

And overgorge thy stomacke, yea and glut thy cruell hart
With these my present painefull pangs of bitter griping smart.
In corses seven I seven times deade am caried to my grave:
Rejoyce thou foe and triumph now in that thou seemste to have
The upper hande. What? upper hand? no no it is not so.
As wretched as my case doth seeme, yet have I left me mo
Then thou for all thy happinesse canst of thine owne account:
Even after all these corses yet I still doo thee surmount.
Upon the ende of these same wordes the twanging of the string
In letting of the Arrow flie was clearly heard: which thing
Made every one save *Niobe* afraide. Hir heart was so
With sorrowe hardned, that she grew more bolde. Hir daughters tho
Were standing all with mourning weede and hanging haire before
Their brothers coffins. One of them in pulling from the sore
An Arrow sticking in his heart, sanke downe upon hir brother
With mouth to mouth, and so did yeelde hir fleeting ghost. Another
In comforting the wretched case and sorrow of hir mother
Upon the sodaine helde hir peace. She stricken was within
With double wound: which caused hir hir talking for to blin
And shut hir mouth: But first hir ghost was gone. One all in vaine
Attempting for to scape by flight was in hir flying slaine.
Another on hir sisters corse doth tumble downe starke dead.
This quakes and trembles piteously, and she doth hide hir head.
And when that sixe with sundrye wounds dispatched were and gone,
At last as yet remained one: and for to save that one,
Hir mother with hir bodie whole did cling about hir fast,
And wrying hir did over hir hir garments wholy cast:
And cried out: O leave me one: this little one yet save:
Of many but this only one the least of all I crave.
But while she prayd, for whome she prayd was kild. Then downe she sate
Bereft of all hir children quite, and drawing to hir fate,
Among hir daughters and hir sonnes and husband newly dead.
Hir cheekes waxt hard, the Ayre could stirre no haire upon hir head.
The colour of hir face was dim and cleerly voide of blood,
And sadly under open lids hir eyes unmoved stood.
In all hir bodie was no life. For even hir verie tung
And palat of hir mouth was hard, and eche to other clung.
Hir Pulses ceased for to beate, hir necke did cease to bow,
Hir armes to stir, hir feete to go, all powre forwent as now,
And into stone hir very wombe and bowels also bind.
But yet she wept: and being hoyst by force of whirling wind,
Was carried into *Phrygie*. There upon a mountaines top
She weepeth still in stone: from stone the drerie teares do drop.
Then all both men and women fearde *Latonaas* open ire,
And far with greater sumptuousnesse and earnester desire
Did worship the great majestie of this their Goddesse, who
Did beare at once both *Phebus* and his sister *Phebe* to.
And through occasion of this chaunce, (as men are wont to do
In cases like) the people fell to telling things of old
Of whome a man among the rest this tale ensuing told.

The auncient folke that in the fieldes of fruitfull *Lycia* dwelt
Due penance also for their spight to this same Goddesse felt.
The basenesse of the parties makes the thing it selfe obscure.
Yet is the matter wonderfull. My selfe I you assure
Did presently beholde the Pond, and saw the very place
In which this wondrous thing was done. My father then in case,
Not able for to travell well by reason of his age,
To fetch home certaine Oxen thence made me to be his page,
Appointing me a countryman of *Lycia* to my guide.
With whome as I went plodding in the pasture groundes, I spide
Amids a certaine Pond an olde square Aultar coloured blacke
With cinder of the sacrifice that still upon it stacke.
About it round grew wavering Reedes. My guide anon did stay:
And softly, O be good to me, he in himselfe did say.
And I with like soft whispering did say be good to mee.
And then I askt him whether that the Altar wee did see
Belonged to the Waternymphes, or Faunes, or other God
Peculiar to the place it selfe upon the which we yod.
He made me aunswere thus. My guest no God of countrie race
Is on this Altar worshipped. That Goddesse claymes this place
From whome the wife of mightie *Jove* did all the world forfend,
When wandring restlesse here and there full hardly in the end
Unsetled *Delos* did receyve then floting on the wave,
As tide and weather to and fro the swimming Iland drave.
There maugre *Juno* (who with might and main against hir strave)
Latona staying by a Date and Olyf tree that sted
In travell, of a paire of twinnes was safely brought a bed.
And after hir delivrance, folke report that she for feare
Of *Junos* wrath did flie from hence, and in hir armes did beare
Hir babes which afterwarde became two Gods. In which hir travell
In Sommer when the scorching Sunne is wont to burne the gravell
Of *Lycie* countrie where the fell *Chymera* hath his place,
The Goddesse wearie with the long continuance of hir race,
Waxt thirstie by the meanes of drought with going in the Sunne.
Hir babes had also suckt hir brestes as long as milke wold runne.
By chaunce she spide this little Pond of water here bylow.
And countrie Carles were gathering there these Oysyer twigs that grow
So thicke upon a shrubbie stalke, and of these rushes greene,
And flags that in these moorish plots so rife of growing beene.
She comming hither kneeled downe the water up to take
To coole hir thirst. The churlish cloynes forfended hir the Lake.
Then gently said the Goddesse: Sirs why doe you me forfend
The water? Nature doth to all in common water send.
For neither Sunne, nor Ayre, nor yet the Water private bee:
I seeke but that which natures gift hath made to all thinges free,
And yet I humbly crave of you to graunt it unto mee.
I did not go about to wash my werie limmes and skin,
I would but only quench my thirst. My throte is scalt within
For want of moysture, and my chappes and lippes are parching drie,
And scarsly is there way for wordes to issue out thereby.
A draught of water will to me be heavenly *Nectar* now,

And sure I will confesse I have received life of you.
Yea in your giving of a drop of water unto mee,
The case so standeth as you shall preserve the lives of three.
Alas let these same sillie soules that in my bosome stretch
Their little armes (by chaunce hir babes their pretie dolles did retch)
To pitie move you. What is he so hard that would not yeeld
To this the gentle Goddesses entreatance meeke and meeld?
Yet they for all the humble wordes she could devise to say,
Continued in their willfull moode of churlish saying nay,
And threatned for to sende hir thence onlesse she went away,
Reviling hir most spightfully. And not contented so,
With handes and feete the standing Poole they troubled to and fro,
Untill with trampling up and downe maliciously, the soft
And slimie mud that lay beneath was raised up aloft.
With that the Goddesse was so wroth that thirst was quight forgot,
And unto such unworthie Carles hirselfe she humbleth not,
Ne speaketh meaner wordes than might beseeme a Goddesse well.
But holding up hir handes to heaven: for ever mought you dwell
In this same Pond, she said. Hir wish did take effect with speede:
For underneath the water they delight to be in deede.
Now dive they to the bottome downe, now up their heades they pop,
Another while with sprawling legs they swim upon the top.
And oftentimes upon the bankes they have a mind to stond,
And oftentimes from thence againe to leape into the Pond.
And there they now doe practise still their filthy tongues to scold.
And shamelessely (though underneath the water) they doe hold
Their former wont of brawling still amid the water cold.
Their voices stil are hoarse and harsh, their throtes have puffed goawles,
Their chappes with brawling widened are, their hammer headed Joawles
Are joyned to their shoulders just, the neckes of them doe seeme
Cut off, the ridgebone of their backe stickes up of colour greene.
Their paunch which is the greatest part of all their trunch is gray,
And so they up and downe the Pond made newly Frogges doe play.
When one of *Lyce* (I wote not who) had spoken in this sort,
Another of a *Satyr* streight began to make report,
Whome *Phebus* overcomming on a pipe (made late ago
By *Pallas*) put to punishment. Why fleaëst thou me so,
Alas he cride it irketh me. Alas a sorie pipe
Deserveth not so cruelly my skin from me to stripe.
For all his crying ore his eares quight pulled was his skin.
Nought else he was than one whole wounde. The griesly bloud did spin
From every part, the sinewes lay discovered to the eye,
The quivering veynes without a skin lay beating nakedly.
The panting bowels in his bulke ye might have numbred well,
And in his brest the shere small strings a man might easly tell.
The Country Faunes, the Gods of Woods, the *Satyrs* of his kin,
The Mount *Olympus* whose renowne did ere that time begin,
And all the Nymphes, and all that in those mountaines kept their sheepe,
Or grazed cattell thereabouts, did for this *Satyr* weepe.
The fruitfull earth waxt moyst therewith, and moysted did receyve
Their teares, and in hir bowels deepe did of the same conceyve.

And when that she had turned them to water, by and by
She sent them forth againe aloft to see the open Skie.
The River that doth rise thereof beginning there his race,
In verie deepe and shoring bankes to Seaward runnes a pace
Through *Phrygie*, and according as the *Satyr*, so the streame
Is called *Marsias*, of the brookes the cleerest in that Realme.
With such examples as these same the common folke returnde
To present things, and every man through all the Citie moornde
For that *Amphion* was destroyde with all his issue so.
But all the fault and blame was laide upon the mother tho.
For hir alonly *Pelops* mournde (as men report) and hee
In opening of his clothes did shewe that everie man might see
His shoulder on the left side bare of Ivorie for to bee.
This shoulder at his birth was like his tother both in hue
And flesh, untill his fathers handes most wickedly him slue,
And that the Gods when they his limmes againe togither drue,
To joyne them in their proper place and forme by nature due,
Did finde out all the other partes, save only that which grue
Betweene the throteboll and the arme, which when they could not get,
This other made of Ivorie white in place thereof they set,
And by that meanes was *Pelops* made againe both whole and sound.
The neyghbor Princes thither came, and all the Cities round
About besought their Kings to go and comfort *Thebe:* as *Arge*
And *Sparta*, and *Mycene* which was under *Pelops* charge.
And *Calydon* unhated of the frowning *Phebe* yit,
The welthie towne *Orchomenos*, and *Corinth* which in it
Had famous men for workmanship in mettals: and the stout
Messene which full twentie yeares did hold besiegers out.
And *Patre*, and the lowly towne *Cleona*, *Nelies Pyle*,
And *Troyzen* not surnamed yet *Pittheia* for a while.
And all the other Borough townes and Cities which doe stand
Within the narrow balke at which two Seas doe meete at hand,
Or which do bound upon the balke without in maine firme land.
Alonly *Athens* (who would thinke it?) did neither come nor send:
Warre barred them from courtesie the which they did entend.
The King of *Pontus* with an host of savage people lay
In siege before their famous walles and curstly did them fray.
Untill that *Tereus* King of *Thrace* approching to their ayde,
Did vanquish him, and with renowne was for his labor payde.
And sith he was so puissant in men and ready coyne,
And came of mightie *Marsis* race, *Pandion* sought to joyne
Aliance with him by and by, and gave him to his Feere
His daughter *Progne*. At this match (as after will appeare)
Was neyther *Juno*, President of mariage wont to bee,
Nor *Hymen*, no nor any one of all the graces three.
The Furies snatching Tapers up that on some Herce did stande
Did light them, and before the Bride did beare them in their hande.
The Furies made the Bridegroomes bed. And on the house did rucke
A cursed Owle the messenger of yll successe and lucke.
And all the night time while that they were lying in their beds,
She sate upon the bedsteds top right over both their heds.

Such handsell *Progne* had the day that *Tereus* did hir wed:
Such handsell had they when that she was brought of childe a bed.
All *Thracia* did rejoyce at them, and thankt their Gods, and wild
That both the day of *Prognes* match with *Tereus* should be hild
For feastfull, and the day likewise that *Itys* first was borne:
So little know we what behoves. The Sunne had now outworne
Five Harvests, and by course five times had runne his yearly race,
When *Progne* flattring *Tereus* saide: If any love or grace
Betweene us be, send eyther me my sister for to see,
Or finde the meanes that hither she may come to visit mee.
You may assure your Fathrinlaw she shall againe returne
Within a while. Ye doe to me the highest great good turne
That can be, if you bring to passe I may my sister see.
Immediately the King commaundes his shippes a flote to bee.
And shortly after, what with sayle and what with force of Ores,
In *Athens* haven he arrives and landes at *Pyrey* shores.
Assoone as of his fathrinlaw the presence he obtainde,
And had of him bene courteously and friendly entertainde,
Unhappie handsell entred with their talking first togither.
The errandes of his wife the cause of his then comming thither
He had but new begon to tell, and promised that when
She had hir sister seene, she should with speede be sent agen:
When (see the chaunce) came *Philomele* in raiment very rich,
And yet in beautie farre more rich, even like the Fairies which
Reported are the pleasant woods and water springs to haunt,
So that the like apparell and attire to them you graunt.
King *Tereus* at the sight of hir did burne in his desire,
As if a man should chaunce to set a gulfe of corne on fire,
Or burne a stacke of hay. Hir face in deede deserved love.
But as for him, to fleshy lust even nature him did move.
For of those countries commonly the people are above
All measure prone to lecherie. And therefore both by kinde
His flame encreast, and by his owne default of vicious minde.
He purposde fully to corrupt hir servants with reward:
Or for to bribe hir Nurce, that she should slenderly regard
Hir dutie to hir mistresseward. And rather then to fayle,
The Ladie even hirselfe with giftes he minded to assayle,
And all his kingdome for to spend: or else by force of hand
To take hir, and in maintenance thereof by sword to stand.
There was not under heaven the thing but that he durst it prove,
So far unable was he now to stay his lawlesse love.
Delay was deadly: Backe againe with greedie minde he came,
Of *Prognes* errands for to talke: and underneath the same
He workes his owne ungraciousnesse. Love gave him power to frame
His talke at will. As oft as he demaunded out of square,
Upon his wives importunate desire himselfe he bare.
He also wept: as though his wife had willed that likewise.
O God, what blindnesse doth the heartes of mortall men disguise?
By working mischiefe *Tereus* gets him credit for to seeme
A loving man, and winneth praise by wickednesse extreeme.
Yea and the foolish *Philomele* the selfe same thing desires.

Who hanging on hir fathers necke with flattring armes, requires
Against hir life and for hir life his licence for to go
To see hir sister. *Tereus* beholdes hir wistly tho,
And in beholding handles hir with heart. For when he saw
Hir kisse hir father, and about his necke hir armes to draw,
They all were spurres to pricke him forth, and wood to feede his fire,
And foode of forcing nourishment to further his desire.
As oft as she hir father did betweene hir armes embrace,
So often wished he himselfe hir father in that case.
For nought at all should that in him have wrought the greater grace.
Hir father could not say them nay they lay at him so sore.
Right glad thereof was *Philomele* and thanked him therefore.
And wretched wench she thinkes she had obtained such a thing,
As both to *Progne* and hir selfe should joy and comfort bring,
When both of them in verie deede should afterward it rew.
To endward of his daily race and travell *Phebus* drew,
And on the shoring side of Heaven his horses downeward flew.
A princely supper was prepaarde, and wine in golde was set:
And after meate to take their rest the Princes did them get.
But though the King of *Thrace* that while were absent from hir sight,
Yet swelted he: and in his minde revolving all the night
Hir face, hir gesture, and hir hands, imaginde all the rest
(The which as yet he had not seene) as likte his fancie best.
He feedes his flames himselfe. No winke could come within his eyes,
For thinking ay on hir. Assoone as day was in the skies,
Pandion holding in his hand the hand of *Tereus* prest
To go his way, and sheading teares betooke him thus his guest.
Deare sonneinlaw I give thee here (sith godly cause constraines)
This Damsell. By the faith that in thy Princely hart remaines,
And for our late aliance sake, and by the Gods above,
I humbly thee beseche, that as a Father thou doe love
And maintaine hir, and that as soone as may be (all delay
Will unto me seeme over long) thou let hir come away
The comfort of my carefull age on whome my life doth stay.
And thou my daughter *Philomele* (it is inough ywis
That from hir father set so farre thy sister *Progne* is)
If any sparke of nature doe within thy heart remayne,
With all the haast and speede thou canst returne to me againe.
In giving charge he kissed hir: and downe his cheekes did raine
The tender teares: and as a pledge of faith he tooke the right
Handes of them both, and joyning them did eche to other plight,
Desiring them to beare in minde his commendations to
His daughter and hir little sonne. And then with much a doe
For sobbing, at the last he bad adew as one dismaid:
The foremisgiving of his minde did make him sore afraid.
Assoone as *Tereus* and the Maide togither were a boord,
And that their ship from land with Ores was haled on the foord,
The fielde is ours he cride aloude, I have the thing I sought
And up he skipt, so barbrous and so beastly was his thought,
That scarce even there he could forbeare his pleasure to have wrought.
His eye went never off of hir: as when the scarefull Erne

With hooked talants trussing up a Hare among the Ferne,
Hath laid hir in his nest, from whence the prisoner can not scape:
The ravening fowle with greedie eyes upon his pray doth gape.
Now was their journey come to ende: now were they gone a land
In *Thracia*, when that *Tereus* tooke the Ladie by the hand,
And led hir to a pelting graunge that peakishly did stand
In woods forgrowen. There waxing pale and trembling sore for feare,
And dreading all things, and with teares demaunding sadly where
Hir sister was, he shet hir up: and therewithall bewraide
His wicked lust, and so by force bicause she was a Maide
And all alone he vanquisht hir. It booted nought at all
That she on sister, or on Sire, or on the Gods did call.
She quaketh like the wounded Lambe which from the Wolves hore teeth
New shaken, thinkes hir selfe not safe: or as the Dove that seeth
Hir fethers with hir owne bloud staynde, who shuddring still doth feare
The greedie Hauke that did hir late with griping talants teare.
Anon when that this mazednesse was somewhat overpast,
She rent hir haire, and beate hir brest, and up to heavenward cast
Hir hands in mourningwise, and said: O cankerd Carle, O fell
And cruell Tyrant, neyther could the godly teares that fell
A downe my fathers cheekes when he did give thee charge of mee,
Ne of my sister that regarde that ought to be in thee,
Nor yet my chaast virginitie, nor conscience of the lawe
Of wedlocke, from this villanie thy barbrous heart withdraw?
Beholde thou hast confounded all. My sister thorough mee
Is made a Cucqueane: and thy selfe through this offence of thee
Art made a husband to us both, and unto me a foe,
A just deserved punishment for lewdly doing so.
But to thintent O perjurde wretch no mischiefe may remaine
Unwrought by thee, why doest thou from murdring me refraine?
Would God thou had it done before this wicked rape. From hence
Then should my soule most blessedly have gone without offence.
But if the Gods doe see this deede, and if the Gods I say
Be ought, and in this wicked worlde beare any kinde of sway,
And if with me all other things decay not, sure the day
Will come that for this wickednesse full dearly thou shalt pay.
Yea I my selfe rejecting shame thy doings will bewray.
And if I may have power to come abrode, them blase I will
In open face of all the world: or if thou keepe me still
As prisoner in these woods, my voyce the verie woods shall fill,
And make the stones to understand. Let Heaven to this give eare
And all the Gods and powers therein if any God be there.
The cruell tyrant being chaaft, and also put in feare
With these and other such hir wordes both causes so him stung,
That drawing out his naked sworde that at his girdle hung,
He tooke hir rudely by the haire, and wrung hir hands behind hir,
Compelling hir to holde them there while he himselfe did binde hir.
When *Philomela* sawe the sworde she hoapt she should have dide,
And for the same hir naked throte she gladly did provide.
But as she yirnde and called ay upon hir fathers name,
And strived to have spoken still, the cruell tyrant came,

And with a paire of pinsons fast did catch hir by the tung,
And with his sword did cut it off. The stumpe whereon it hung
Did patter still. The tip fell downe, and quivering on the ground
As though that it had murmured it made a certaine sound,
And as an Adders tayle cut off doth skip a while: even so
The tip of *Philomelaas* tongue did wriggle to and fro,
And nearer to hir mistresseward in dying still did go.
And after this most cruell act, for certaine men report
That he (I scarcely dare beleve) did oftentimes resort
To maymed *Philomela* and abusde hir at his will.
Yet after all this wickednesse he keeping countnance still,
Durst unto *Progne* home repaire. And she immediatly
Demaunded where hir sister was. He sighing feynedly
Did tell hir falsly she was dead: and with his suttle teares
He maketh all his tale to seeme of credit in hir eares.
Hir garments glittring all with golde she from hir shoulders teares
And puts on blacke, and setteth up an emptie Herce, and keepes
A solemne obite for hir soule, and piteously she weepes
And waileth for hir sisters fate who was not in such wise
As that was, for to be bewailde. The Sunne had in the Skies
Past through the twelve celestiall signes, and finisht full a yeare.
But what should *Philomela* doe? She watched was so neare
That start she could not for hir life, the walles of that same graunge
Were made so high of maine hard stone, that out she could not raunge.
Againe hir tunglesse mouth did want the utterance of the fact.
Great is the wit of pensivenesse, and when the head is ract
With hard misfortune, sharpe forecast of practise entereth in.
A warpe of white upon a frame of *Thracia* she did pin,
And weaved purple letters in betweene it, which bewraide
The wicked deede of *Tereus*. And having done, she praide
A certaine woman by hir signes to beare them to hir mistresse.
She bare them and delivered them not knowing nerethelesse
What was in them. The Tyrants wife unfolded all the clout,
And of hir wretched fortune red the processe whole throughout.
She held hir peace (a wondrous thing it is she should so doe)
But sorrow tide hir tongue, and wordes agreeable unto
Hir great displeasure were not at commaundment at that stound,
And weepe she could not. Ryght and wrong she reckeneth to confound,
And on revengement of the deede hir heart doth wholy ground.
It was the time that wives of *Thrace* were wont to celebrate
The three yeare rites of *Bacchus* which were done a nighttimes late.
A nighttimes soundeth *Rhodope* of tincling pannes and pots:
A nighttimes giving up hir house, abrode Queene *Progne* trots,
Disguisde like *Bacchus* other froes, and armed to the proofe
With all the frenticke furniture that serves for that behoofe.
Hir head was covered with a vine. About hir loose was tuckt
A Reddeeres skin, a lightsome Launce upon hir shoulder ruckt.
In poast gaddes terrible *Progne* through the woods, and at hir heeles
A flocke of froes: and where the sting of sorrow which she feeles
Enforceth hir to furiousnesse, she feynes it to proceede
Of *Bacchus* motion. At the length she finding out in deede

The outset Graunge, howlde out, and cride now well, and open brake
The gates, and streight hir sister thence by force of hand did take,
And veyling hir in like attire of *Bacchus* hid hir head
With Ivie leaves, and home to Court hir sore amazed led.
Assoone as *Philomela* wist she set hir foote within
That cursed house, the wretched soule to shudther did begin,
And all hir face waxt pale. Anon hir sister getting place
Did pull off *Bacchus* mad attire, and making bare hir face
Embraced hir betweene hir armes. But she considering that
Queene *Progne* was a Cucqueane made by meanes of hir, durst nat
Once raise hir eyes: but on the ground fast fixed helde the same.
And where she woulde have taken God to witnesse that the shame
And villanie was wrought to hir by violence, she was fayne
To use hir hand instead of speache. Then *Progne* chaaft a maine
And was not able in hir selfe hir choler to restraine,
But blaming *Philomela* for hir weeping, said these wordes.
Thou must not deale in this behalfe with weeping, but with swordes,
Or with some thing of greater force than swords. For my part, I
Am readie, yea and fully bent all mischiefe for to trie.
This pallace will I eyther set on fire, and in the same
Bestow the cursed *Tereus* the worker of our shame:
Or pull away his tongue: or put out both his eyes: or cut
Away those members which have thee to such dishonor put:
Or with a thousand woundes expulse that sinfull soule of his.
The thing that I doe purpose on, is great what ere it is.
I know not what it may be yet. While *Progne* hereunto
Did set hir minde, came *Itys* in, who taught hir what to doe.
She staring on him cruelly, said. Ah, how like thou art
Thy wicked father, and without moe wordes a sorrowfull part
She purposed, such inward ire was boyling in hir heart.
But notwithstanding when hir sonne approched to hir neare,
And lovingly had greeted hir by name of mother deare,
And with his pretie armes about the necke had hugde hir fast,
And flattring wordes with childish toyes in kissing forth had cast:
The mothers heart of hirs was then constreyned to relent,
Asswaged wholy was the rage to which she erst was bent,
And from hir eyes against hir will the teares enforced went.
But when she saw how pitie did compell hir heart to yeelde,
She turned to hir sisters face from *Itys*, and behelde
Now tone, now tother earnestly and said, why tattles he,
And she sittes dumbe bereft of tongue? as well why calles not she
Me sister, as this boy doth call me mother? Seest thou not
Thou daughter of *Pandion* what a husband thou hast got?
Thou growest wholy out of kinde. To such a husband as
Is *Tereus*, pitie is a sinne. No more delay there was.
She dragged *Itys* after hir as when it happes in *Inde*
A Tyger gets a little Calfe that suckes upon a Hynde,
And drags him through the shadie woods. And when that they had found
A place within the house far off and far above the ground,
Then *Progne* strake him with a sword now plainly seeing whother
He should, and holding up his handes, and crying mother, mother,

And flying to hir necke: even where the brest and side doe bounde,
And never turnde away hir face. Inough had bene that wound
Alone to bring him to his ende. The tother sister slit
His throte. And while some life and soule was in his members yit,
In gobbits they them rent: whereof were some in Pipkins boyld,
And other some on hissing spits against the fire were broyld:
And with the gellied bloud of him was all the chamber foyld.
To this same banket *Progne* bade hir husband, knowing nought,
Nor nought mistrusting of the harme and lewdnesse she had wrought.
And feyning a solemnitie according to the guise
Of *Athens*, at the which there might be none in any wise
Besides hir husband and hir selfe, she banisht from the same
Hir householde folke and sojourners, and such as guestwise came.
King *Tereus* sitting in the throne of his forefathers, fed
And swallowed downe the selfe same flesh that of his bowels bred.
And he (so blinded was his heart) fetch *Itys* hither, sed.
No lenger hir most cruell joy dissemble could the Queene,
But of hir murther coveting the messenger to beene,
She said: the thing thou askest for, thou hast within. About
He looked round, and asked where? To put him out of dout,
As he was yet demaunding where, and calling for him: out
Lept *Philomele* with scattred haire aflaight like one that fled
Had from some fray where slaughter was, and threw the bloudy head
Of *Itys* in his fathers face. And never more was shee
Desirous to have had hir speache, that able she might be
Hir inward joy with worthie wordes to witnesse franke and free.
The tyrant with a hideous noyse away the table shoves,
And reeres the fiends from Hell. One while with yauning mouth he proves
To perbrake up his meate againe, and cast his bowels out.
Another while with wringing handes he weeping goes about.
And of his sonne he termes himselfe the wretched grave. Anon
With naked sword and furious heart he followeth fierce upon
Pandions daughters. He that had bin present would have deemde
Their bodies to have hovered up with fethers. As they seemde,
So hovered they with wings in deede. Of whome the one away
To woodward flies, the other still about the house doth stay.
And of their murther from their brestes not yet the token goth,
For even still yet are stainde with bloud the fethers of them both.
And he through sorrow and desire of vengeance waxing wight,
Became a Bird upon whose top a tuft of feathers light
In likenesse of a Helmets crest doth trimly stand upright.
In stead of his long sword, his bill shootes out a passing space:
A Lapwing named is this Bird, all armed seemes his face.
The sorrow of this great mischaunce did stop *Pandions* breath
Before his time, and long ere age determinde had his death.
Erecthey reigning after him the government did take:
A Prince of such a worthinesse as no man well can make
Resolution, if he more in armes or justice did excell.
Foure sonnes, and daughters foure he had. Of which a couple well
Did eche in beautie other match. The one of these whose name
Was *Procris* unto *Cephalus* King *Aeolus* sonne became

A happie wife. The Thracians and King *Tereus* were a let
To *Boreas:* so that long it was before the God could get
His dearbeloved *Orithya*, while trifling he did stand
With faire entreatance rather than did use the force of hand.
But when he saw he no reliefe by gentle meanes could finde,
Then turning unto boystous wrath (which unto that same winde
Is too familiar and too much accustomed by kinde)
He said: I served am but well: for why laid I a part
My proper weapons, fiercenesse, force, and ire, and cruell hart?
And fell to fauning like a foole, which did me but disgrace?
For me is violence meete. Through this the pestred cloudes I chace.
Through this I tosse the Seas. Through this I turne up knottie Okes,
And harden Snow, and beate the ground in hayle with sturdie strokes.
When I my brothers chaunce to get in open Ayre and Skie,
(For that is my fielde in the which my maisteries I doe trie)
I charge upon them with some brunt, that of our meeting smart
The Heaven betweene us soundes, and from the hollow Cloudes doth start
Enforced fire. And when I come in holes of hollow ground,
And fiersely in those empty caves do rouse my backe up round,
I trouble even the ghostes, and make the verie world to quake.
This helpe in wooing of my wife (to speede) I should have take,
Erecthey should not have bene prayde my Fatherinlaw to be:
He should have bene compelde thereto by stout extremitie.
In speaking these or other wordes as sturdie, *Boreas* gan
To flaske his wings. With waving of the which he raysed than
So great a gale, that all the earth was blasted therewithall,
And troubled was the maine brode Sea. And as he traylde his pall
Bedusted over highest tops of things, he swept the ground,
And having now in smokie cloudes himselfe enclosed round,
Betweene his duskie wings he caught *Orithya* straught for feare,
And like a lover, verie soft and easly did hir beare.
And as he flew, the flames of love enkindled more and more
By meanes of stirring. Neither did he stay his flight before
He came within the land and towne of *Cicons* with his pray.
And there soone after being made his wife, she hapt to lay
Hir belly, and a paire of boyes she at a burthen brings,
Who else in all resembled full their mother, save in wings
The which they of their father tooke. Howbeit (by report)
They were not borne with wings upon their bodies in this sort.
While *Calais* and *Zetes* had no beard upon their chin,
They both were callow. But assoone as haire did once begin
In likenesse of a yellow Downe upon their cheekes to sprout,
Then (even as comes to passe in Birdes) the feathers budded out
Togither on their pinyons too, and spreaded round about
On both their sides. And finally when childhod once was spent
And youth come on, togither they with other *Minyes* went
To *Colchos* in the Galley that was first devisde in *Greece*,
Upon a sea as then unknowen, to fetch the golden fleece.

Finis sexti Libri.

THE SEVENTH BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

AND now in ship of *Pagasa* the *Mynies* cut the seas,
And leading under endlesse night his age in great disease
Of scarcitie was *Phiney* seene, and *Boreas* sonnes had chaste
Away the Maidenfaced foules that did his vittels waste.
And after suffring many things in noble *Jasons* band,
In muddie *Phasis* gushing streame at last they went a land.
There while they going to the King demaund the golden fleece
Brought thither certaine yeares before by *Phryxus* out of *Greece*,
And of their dreadfull labors wait an answere to receive,
Aeëtas daughter in hir heart doth mightie flames conceyve.
And after strugling verie long, when reason could not win
The upper hand of rage: she thus did in hir selfe begin.
In vaine *Medea* doste thou strive: some God what ere he is
Against thee bendes his force, for what a wondrous thing is this?
Is any thing like this which men doe terme by name of Love?
For why should I my fathers hestes esteeme so hard above
All measure? sure in very deede they are too hard and sore.
Why feare I least yon straunger whome I never saw before
Should perish? what should be the cause of this my feare so great?
Unhappie wench (and if thou canst) suppresse this uncouth heat
That burneth in thy tender brest. And if so be I coulde,
A happie turne it were, and more at ease then be I shoulde.
But now an uncouth maladie perforce against my will
Doth hale me. Love persuades me one, another thing my skill.
The best I see and like: the worst I follow headlong still.
Why being of the royall bloud so fondly doste thou rave,
Upon a straunger thus to dote, desiring for to have
An husband of another world? at home thou mightest finde
A lover meete for thine estate on whome to set thy minde.
And yet it is but even a chaunce if he shall live or no:
God graunt him for to live. I may without offence pray so,
Although I lovde him not: for what hath *Jason* trespast me?
Who woulde not pitie *Jasons* youth onlesse they cruell be?
What creature is there but his birth and prowesse might him move?
And setting all the rest asyde, who woulde not be in love
With *Jasons* goodlie personage? my heart assuredly
Is toucht therewith. But if that I provide not remedie,
With burning breath of blasting Bulles needes sindged must he bee.
Of seedes that he himselfe must sow a harvest shall he see
Of armed men in battell ray upon the ground up grow,
Against the which it hoveth him his manhode for to show.
And as a pray he must be set against the Dragon fell.
If I these things let come to passe, I may confesse right well
That of a Tyger I was bred: and that within my brest
A heart more harde than any steele or stonie rocke doth rest.
Why rather doe I not his death with wrathfull eyes beholde?

And joy with others seeing him to utter perill solde?
Why doe I not enforce the Bulles against him? why I say
Exhort I not the cruell men which shall in battell ray
Arise against him from the ground? and that same Dragon too
Within whose eyes came never sleepe? God shield I so should doo.
But prayer smally bootes, except I put to helping hand.
And shall I like a Caytife then betray my fathers land?
Shall I a straunger save, whome we nor none of ours doth know?
That he by me preserved may without me homeward row?
And take another to his wife, and leave me wretched wight
To torments? If I wist that he coulde worke me such a spight,
Or could in any others love than only mine delight,
The Churle should die for me. But sure he beareth not the face
Like one that wold doe so. His birth, his courage, and his grace
Doe put me clearly out of doubt he will not me deceyve,
No nor forget the great good turnes he shall by mee receyve.
Yet shall he to me first his faith for more assurance plight,
And solemly he shall be sworne to keepe the covenant right.
Why fearste thou now without a cause? step to it out of hand:
And doe not any lenger time thus lingring fondly stand.
For ay shall *Jason* thinke himselfe beholding unto thee:
And shall thee marrie solemly: yea honored shalt thou bee
Of all the Mothers greate and small throughout the townes of Greece
For saving of their sonnes that come to fetch the golden fleece.
And shall I then leave brother, sister, father, kith and kin,
And household Gods, and native soyle, and all that is therein,
And saile I know not whither with a straunger? yea: why not?
My father surely cruell is, my Countrie rude God wot:
My brother yet a verie babe: my sister I dare say
Contented is with all hir heart that I should go away.
The greatest God is in my selfe: the things I doe forsake
Are trifles in comparison of those that I shall take.
For saving of the Greekish ship renoumed shall I bee.
A better place I shall enjoy with Cities riche and free,
Whose fame doth florish fresh even here, and people that excell
In civill life and all good Artes: and whome I would not sell
For all the goods within the worlde Duke *Aesons* noble sonne.
Whome had I to my lawfull Feere assuredly once wonne,
Most happie yea and blest of God I might my selfe account,
And with my head above the starres to heaven I should surmount.
But men report that certaine rockes (I know not what) doe meete
Amid the waves, and monstruously againe a sunder fleete:
And how *Charybdis* utter foe to ships that passe thereby
Now sowpeth in, now speweth out the Sea incessantly:
And ravening *Scylla* being hemde with cruell dogs about,
Amids the gulfe of *Sicilie* doth make a barking out.
What skilleth that? As long as I enjoy the thing I love,
And hang about my Jasons necke, it shall no whit me move
To saile the daungerous Seas: as long as him I may embrace
I cannot surely be afraide in any kinde of case.
Or if I chaunce to be afraide, my feare shall only tende

But for my husband. Callste thou him thy husband? doste pretende
Gay titles to thy foule offence *Medea?* nay not so:
But rather looke about how great a lewdnesse thou doste go,
And shun the mischiefe while thou mayst. She had no sooner said
These wordes, but right and godlinesse and shamefastnesse were staid
Before hir eyes, and frantick love did flie away dismaid.
She went me to an Altar that was dedicate of olde
To *Perseys* daughter *Hecate* (of whome the witches holde
As of their Goddesse) standing in a thicke and secrete wood
So close it coulde not well be spide: and now the raging mood
Of furious love was well alaide and clearely put to flight:
When spying *Aesons* sonne, the flame that seemed quenched quight
Did kindle out of hand againe. Hir cheekes began to glowe,
And flushing over all hir face the scarlet bloud did flowe.
And even as when a little sparke that was in ashes hid,
Uncovered with the whisking windes is from the ashes rid,
Eftsoones it taketh nourishment and kindleth in such wise,
That to his former strength againe and flaming it doth rise:
Even so hir quailed love which late ye would have thought had quight
Bene vanisht out of minde, as soone as *Jason* came in sight
Did kindle to his former force in vewing of the grace
With which he did avaunce himselfe then comming there in place.
And (as it chaunced) farre more faire and beautifull of face
She thought him then than ever erst: but sure it doth behove
Hir judgement should be borne withall bicause she was in love.
She gapte and gased in his face with fixed staring eyen
As though she never had him seene before that instant time.
So farre she was beside hir selfe she thought it should not bee
The face of any worldly wight the which she then did see,
She was not able for hir life to turne hir eyes away.
But when he tooke hir by the hand and speaking gan to pray
Hir softly for to succor him, and promisde faithfully
To take hir to his wedded wife, she falling by and by
A weeping, said. Sir, what I doe I see apparantly.
Not want of knowledge of the truth, but love shall me deceive.
You shalbe saved by my meanes. And now I must receive
A faithfull promise at your hand for saving of your life.
He made a solemne vow, and sware to take hir to his wife,
By triple *Hecates* holie rites, and by what other power
So ever else had residence within that secret bower.
And by the Sire of him that should his Fathrinlaw become
Who all things doth behold, and as he hopte to overcome
The dreadfull daungers which he had soone after to assay.
Duke *Jason* being credited receivde of hir streight way
Enchaunted herbes: and having learnde the usage of the same,
Departed thence with merrie heart, and to his lodging came.
Next Morne had chaste ỹ streaming stars: and folke by heapes did flocke
To *Marsis* sacred field, and there stoode thronging in a shocke,
To see the straunge pastimes. The King most stately to beholde
With yvorie Mace above them all did sit in throne of golde.
Anon the brazenhoved Bulles from stonie nosethrils cast

Out flakes of fire: their scalding breath the growing grasse did blast,
And looke what noise a chimney full of burning fewell makes,
Or Flint in softning in the Kell when first the fire it takes
By sprincling water thereupon: such noyse their boyling brests
Turmoyling with the firie flames enclosed in their chests,
Such noise their scorched throtebolles make: yet stoutly *Jason* went
To meete them. They their dreadfull eyes against him grimly bent,
And eke their hornes with yron tipt: and strake the dust about
In stamping with their cloven clees: and with their belowing out
Set all the fielde upon a smoke. The *Myneis* seeing that
Were past their wits with sodaine feare, but *Jason* feeled nat
So much as any breath of theirs: such strength hath sorcerie.
Their dangling Dewlaps with his hand he coyd unfearfully,
And putting yokes upon their neckes he forced them to draw
The heavie burthen of the plough which erst they never saw,
And for to breake the fielde which erst had never felt the share.
The men of *Colchos* seeing this, like men amazed fare.
The *Myneis* with their shouting out their mazednesse augment,
And unto *Jason* therewithall give more encouragement.
Then in a souldiers cap of steele a Vipers teeth he takes,
And sowes them in the new plowde fielde: the ground then soking makes
The seede foresteepte in poyson strong, both supple lithe and soft,
And of these teeth a right straunge graine there growes anon aloft.
For even as in the mothers wombe an infant doth begin
To take the lively shape of man, and formed is within
To due proportion piece by piece in every limme, and when
Full ripe he is, he takes the use of Aire with other men:
So when that of the Vipers teeth the perfect shape of man
Within the bowels of the earth was formed, they began
To rise togither orderly upon the fruitefull fielde:
And (which a greater wonder is) immediatly they wielde
Their weapons growing up with them: whom when the Greekes behilde
Preparing for to push their Pikes (which sharply headed were)
In *Jasons* face, downe went their heades, their heartes did faint for feare:
And also she that made him safe began abasht to bee.
For when against one naked man so huge an armie shee
Beheld of armed enmies bent, hir colour did abate
And sodainly both voyd of bloud and livelie heate she sate.
And least the chaunted weedes the which she had him given before
Should faile at neede, a helping charme she whispred overmore,
And practisde other secret Artes the which she kept in store.
He casting streight a mightie stone amid his thickest foes,
Doth voyde the battell from him selfe and turnes it unto those.
These earthbred brothers by and by did one another wound
And never ceased till that all lay dead upon the ground.
The Greekes were glad, and in their armes did clasp their Champion stout,
And clinging to him earnestly embraced him about.
And thou O fond *Medea* too couldst well have found in hart
The Champion for to have embraste, but that withhelde thou wart
By shamefastnesse: and yet thou hadst embraced him, if dread
Of stayning of thine honor had not staid thee in that stead.

But yet as far forth as thou maist, thou dost in heart rejoyce,
And secretly (although without expressing it in voyce)
Doste thanke thy charmes and eke the Gods as Authors of the same.
Now was remaining as the last conclusion of this game,
By force of chaunted herbes to make the watchfull Dragon sleepe
Within whose eyes came never winke: who had in charge to keepe
The goodly tree upon the which the golden fleeces hung.
With crested head, and hooked pawes, and triple spirting tung.
Right ougly was he to beholde. When *Jason* had besprent
Him with the juice of certaine herbes from *Lethey* River sent,
And thrice had mumbled certaine wordes which are of force to cast
So sound a sleepe on things that even as dead a time they last,
Which make the raging surges calme, and flowing Rivers stay:
The dreadfull Dragon by and by (whose eyes before that day
Wist never erst what sleeping ment) did fall so fast a sleepe
That *Jason* safely tooke the fleece of golde that he did keepe.
Of which his bootie being proud, he led with him away
The Author of his good successe, another fairer pray.
And so with conquest and a wife he loosde from *Colchos* strond,
And in *Larissa* haven safe did go againe a lond.
The auncient men of *Thessalie* togither with their wives
To Church with offrings gone for saving of their childrens lives.
Great heapes of fuming frankincense were fryed in the flame,
And vowed Bulles to sacrifice with hornes faire gilded came.
But from this great solemnitie Duke *Aeson* was away,
Now at deathes doore and spent with yeares. Then *Jason* thus gan say.
O wife to whome I doe confesse I owe my life in deede,
Though al things thou to me hast given, and thy deserts exceede
Beleife: yet if enchauntment can, (for what so hard appeares
Which strong enchauntment can not doe?) abate thou from my yeares,
And adde them to my fathers life. As he these wordes did speake,
The teares were standing in his eyes. His godly sute did breake
Medeas heart: who therewithall bethought hir of hir Sire,
In leaving whome she had exprest a far unlike desire.
But yet bewraying not hir thoughts she said: O Husband, fie,
What wickednesse hath scapt your mouth? suppose you then that I
Am able of your life the terme where I will to bestow?
Let *Hecat* never suffer that. Your sute (as well you know)
Against all right and reason is. But I will put in proofe
A greater gift than you require, and more for your behoofe.
I will assay your fathers life by cunning to prolong,
And not with your yeares for to make him yong againe and strong:
So our threeformed Goddesse graunt with present helpe to stand
A furthrer of the great attempt the which I take in hand.
Before the Moone should circlewise close both hir hornes in one
Three nightes were yet as then to come. Assoone as that she shone
Most full of light, and did behold the earth with fulsome face,
Medea with hir haire not trust so much as in a lace,
But flaring on hir shoulders twaine, and barefoote, with hir gowne
Ungirded, gate hir out of doores and wandred up and downe
Alone the dead time of the night: both Man, and Beast, and Bird

Were fast a sleepe: the Serpents slie in trayling forward stird
So softly as you would have thought they still a sleepe had bene.
The moysting Ayre was whist: no leafe ye could have moving sene.
The starres alonly faire and bright did in the welkin shine.
To which she lifting up hir handes did thrise hirselfe encline,
And thrice with water of the brooke hir haire besprincled shee:
And gasping thrise she opte hir mouth: and bowing downe hir knee
Upon the bare hard ground, she said: O trustie time of night
Most faithfull unto privities, O golden starres whose light
Doth jointly with the Moone succeede the beames that blaze by day
And thou three headed *Hecatè* who knowest best the way
To compasse this our great attempt and art our chiefest stay:
Ye Charmes and Witchcrafts, and thou Earth which both with herbe and weed
Of mightie working furnishest the Wizardes at their neede:
Ye Ayres and windes: ye Elves of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye everychone.
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)
I have compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calme Seas rough, and make ŷ rough Seas plaine
And cover all the Skie with Cloudes, and chase them thence againe.
By charmes I rayse and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers jaw,
And from the bowels of the Earth both stones and trees doe drawe.
Whole woods and Forestes I remove: I make the Mountaines shake,
And even the Earth it selfe to grone and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves: and thee O lightsome Moone
I darken oft, though beaten brasse abate thy perill soone
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes ŷ Sun at Noone.
The flaming breath of firie Bulles ye quenched for my sake.
And caused there unwieldie neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the Earthbred brothers you a mortall war did set
And brought a sleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were never shet.
By meanes whereof deceiving him that had the golden fleece
In charge to keepe, you sent it thence by *Jason* into *Greece*.
Now have I neede of herbes that can by vertue of their juice
To flowring prime of lustie youth old withred age reduce.
I am assurde ye will it graunt. For not in vaine have shone
These twincling starres, ne yet in vaine this Chariot all alone
By draught of Dragons hither comes. With that was fro the Skie
A Chariot softly glaunced downe, and stayed hard thereby.
Assoone as she had gotten up, and with hir hand had coyd
The Dragons reined neckes, and with their bridles somewhat toyd,
They mounted with hir in the Ayre whence looking downe she saw
The pleasant *Temp* of *Thessalie*, and made hir Dragons draw
To places further from resort: and there she tooke the view
What herbes on high mount *Pelion*, and what on *Ossa* grew,
And what on mountaine *Othris*, and on *Pyndus* growing were,
And what *Olympus* (greater than mount *Pyndus* far) did beare.
Such herbes of them as liked hir she pullde up roote and rinde,
Or cropt them with a hooked knife. And many did she finde
Upon the bankes of *Apidane* agreeing to hir minde:
And many at *Amphrisus* foords: and thou *Enipeus* eke

Didst yeelde hir many pretie weedes of which she well did like.
Peneus and *Sperchius* streames contributarie were,
And so were *Bæbes* rushie bankes of such as growed there.
About *Anthedon* which against the Ile *Eubœa* standes,
A certaine kind of lively grasse she gathered with hir handes,
The name whereof was scarsly knowen or what the herbe could doe
Untill that *Glaucus* afterward was chaunged thereinto.
Nine dayes with winged Dragons drawen, nine nights in Chariot swift
She searching everie field and frith from place to place did shift.
She was no sooner home returnde but that the Dragons fell,
Which lightly of hir gathered herbes had taken but the smell,
Did cast their sloughes and with their sloughes their riveled age forgo.
She would none other house than heaven to hide hir head as tho:
But kept hir still without the doores: and as for man was none
That once might touch hir. Altars twayne of Turfe she builded: one
Upon hir lefthand unto Youth, another on the right
To tryple *Hecat.* Both the which assoone as she had dight
With Vervin and with other shrubbes that on the fieldes doe rise,
Not farre from thence she digde two pits: and making sacrifice
Did cut a couple of blacke Rams throtes, and filled with their blood
The open pits, on which she pourde of warme milke pure and good
A boll full, and another boll of honie clarifide.
And babling to hir selfe therewith full bitterly she cride
On *Pluto* and his ravisht wife the sovereigne states of Hell,
And all the Elves and Gods that on or in the earth doe dwell,
To spare olde *Aesons* life a while, and not in hast deprive
His limmes of that same aged soule which kept them yet alive.
Whome when she had sufficiently with mumbling long besought,
She bade that *Aesons* feebled corse should out of doores be brought
Before the Altars. Then with charmes she cast him in so deepe
A slumber, that upon the herbes he lay for dead a sleepe.
Which done, she willed *Jason* thence a great way off to go
And likewise all the Ministers that served hir as tho:
And not presume those secretes with unhallowed eyes to see.
They did as she commaunded them. When all were voyded, shee
With scattred haire about hir eares like one of *Bacchus* froes
Devoutly by and by about the burning Altars goes:
And dipping in the pits of bloud a sort of clifted brandes,
Upon the Altars kindled them that were on both hir handes.
And thrise with brimstone, thrise with fire, and thrise with water pure
She purged *Aesons* aged corse that slept and slumbred sure.
The medicine seething all the while a wallop in a pan
Of brasse, to spirt and leape a loft and gather froth began.
There boyled she the rootes, seedes, flowres, leaves, stalkes, and juice togither
Which from the fieldes of *Thessalie* she late had gathered thither.
She cast in also precious stones fetcht from the furthest East,
And (which the ebbing Ocean washt) fine gravell from the West.
She put thereto the deaw that fell upon a Monday night:
And flesh and feathers of a Witch a cursed odious wight
Which in the likenesse of an Owle abrode a nightes did flie,
And Infants in their cradels chaunge or sucke them that they die.

The singles also of a * Wolfe which when he list could take *A Ware wolfe*
The shape of man, and when he list the same againe forsake:
And from the River *Cyniphis* which is in *Lybie* lande
She had the fine sheere scaled filmes of water snayles at hand:
And of an endlesselived heart the liver had she got.
To which she added of a Crowe that then had lived not
So little as nine hundred yeares the head and Bill also.
Now when *Medea* had with these and with a thousand mo
Such other kinde of namelesse things bestead hir purpose through
For lengthning of the old mans life, she tooke a withered bough
Cut lately from an Olyf tree, and jumbling all togither
Did raise the bottome to the brim: and as she stirred hither
And thither with the withered sticke, behold it waxed greene,
Anon the leaves came budding out: and sodenly were seene
As many berries dangling downe as well the bough could beare.
And where the fire had from the pan the scumming cast, or where
The scalding drops did fall, the ground did springlike florish there,
And flowres with fodder fine and soft immediatly arose.
Which when *Medea* did behold, with naked knife she goes
And cuttes the olde mans throte: and letting all his old bloud go,
Supplies it with the boyled juice: the which when *Aeson* tho
Had at his mouth or at his wounde receyved in, his heare
As well of head as beard, from gray to coleblacke turned were.
His leane, pale, hore, and withered corse grew fulsome, faire and fresh:
His furrowed wrincles were fulfilde with yong and lustie flesh.
His limmes waxt frolicke, baine and lithe: at which he wondring much,
Remembred that at fortie yeares he was the same or such.
And as from dull unwieldsome age to youth he backward drew:
Even so a lively youthfull spright did in his heart renew.
The wonder of this monstruous act had *Bacchus* seene from hie:
And finding that to youthfull yeares his Nurses might thereby
Restored bee, did at hir hand receive it as a gift.
And least deceitfull guile should cease, *Medea* found a shift
To feyne that *Jason* and hir selfe were falne at oddes in wroth:
And thereupon in humble wise to *Pelias* Court she goth.
Where forbicause the King himselfe was feebled sore with age,
His daughters entertainde hir: whome *Medea* being sage,
Within a while through false pretence of feyned friendship, brought
To take hir baite. For as she tolde what pleasures she had wrought
For *Jason*, and among the rest as greatest, sadly tolde
How she had made his father yong that withred was and olde,
And taried long upon that point: they hoped glad and faine
That their olde father might likewise his youthfull yeares regaine.
And this they craving instantly did proffer for hir paine
What recompence she would desire. She helde hir peace a while
As though she doubted what to doe: and with hir suttle guile
Of counterfetted gravitie more eger did them make.
Assoone as she had promisde them to doe it for their sake,
For more assurance of my graunt, your selves (quoth she) shall see
The oldest Ram in all your flocke a Lambe streight made to bee
By force of my confections strong. Immediatly a Ram

So olde that no man thereabouts remembred him a Lam,
Was thither by his warped hornes, which turned inward to
His hollow Temples, drawne: whose withred throte she slit in two.
And when she cleane had drayned out that little bloud that was:
Upon the fire with herbes of strength she set a pan of brasse,
And cast his carcasse thereinto. The Medcine did abate
The largenesse of his limmes, and seard his dossers from his pate,
And with his hornes abridgde his yeares. Anon was plainly heard
The bleating of a new yeand Lambe from mid the Ketleward.
And as they wondred for to heare the bleating, streight the Lam
Leapt out, and frisking ran to seeke the udder of some Dam.
King *Pelias* daughters were amazde, and when they did beholde
Hir promise come to such effect, they were a thousand folde
More earnest at hir than before. Thrise *Phœbus* having pluckt
The Collars from his horses neckes, in *Iber* had them duckt.
And now in Heaven the streaming starres the fourth night shined cleare:
When false *Medea* on the fire had hanged water shere,
With herbes that had no powre at all. The King and all his garde
Which had the charge that night about his person for to warde,
Were through hir nightspels and hir charmes in deadly sleepe all cast.
And *Pelias* daughters with the Witch which eggde them forward, past
Into his chamber by the watch, and compast in his bed.
Then: wherefore stand ye doubting thus like fooles, *Medea* sed.
On: draw your swordes, and let ye out his old bloud, that I may
Fill up his emptie veynes againe with youthfull bloud streight way.
Your fathers life is in your handes: it lieth now in you
To have him olde and withred still, or yong and lustie. Now
If any nature in ye be, and that ye doe not feede
A fruitelesse hope, your dutie to your father doe with speede.
Expulse his age by sword, and let the filthy matter out.
Through these persuasions which of them so ever went about
To shew hirselfe most naturall, became the first that wrought
Against all nature: and for feare she should be wicked thought,
She executes the wickednesse which most to shun she sought.
Yet was not any one of them so bolde that durst abide
To looke upon their father when she strake, but wride aside
Hir eyes: and so their cruell handes not marking where they hit
With faces turnde another way at all aventure smit.
He all beweltred in his bloud awaked with the smart,
And maimde and mangled as he was did give a sodeyne start
Endevoring to have risen up, but when he did beholde
Himselfe among so many swordes, he lifting up his olde
Pale waryish armes, said: daughters mine what doe ye? who hath put
These wicked weapons in your hands your fathers throte to cut?
With that their heartes and handes did faint. And as he talked yet,
Medea breaking of his wordes, his windpipe quickly slit,
And in the scalding liquor torne did drowne him by and by.
But had she not with winged wormes streight mounted in the skie
She had not scaped punishment, but stying up on hie
She over shadie *Pelion* flew where *Chyron* erst did dwell,
And over *Othrys* and the grounds renowmde for that befell

To auncient *Ceramb:* who such time as old *Deucalions* flood
Upon the face of all the Earth like one maine water stood,
By helpe of Nymphes with fethered wings was in the Ayer lift,
And so escaped from the floud undrowned by the shift.
She left *Aeolian Pytanie* upon hir left hand: and
The Serpent that became a stone upon the *Lesbian* sand.
And *Ida* woods where *Bacchus* hid a Bullocke (as is sayd)
In shape of Stag the which his sonne had theevishly convayde.
And where the Sire of *Corytus* lies buried in the dust.
The fieldes which *Meras* (when he first did into barking brust)
Affraide with straungenesse of the noyse. And eke *Eurypils* towne
In which the wives of *Cos* had hornes like Oxen on their crowne
Such time as *Hercles* with his hoste departed from the Ile.
And *Rhodes* to *Phœbus* consecrate: and *Ialyse* where ere while
The *Telchines* with their noysome sight did every thing bewitch.
At which their hainous wickednesse *Jove* taking rightful pritch,
Did drowne them in his brothers waves. Moreover she did passe
By *Ceos* and olde *Carthey* walles where Sir *Alcidamas*
Did wonder how his daughter should be turned to a Dove.
The Swannie *Temp* and *Hyries* Poole she viewed from above,
The which a sodeine Swan did haunt. For *Phyllie* there for love
Of *Hyries* sonne did at his bidding Birdes and Lions tame,
And being willde to breake a Bull performed streight the same:
Till wrothfull that his love so oft so streightly should him use,
When for his last reward he askt the Bull, he did refuse
To give it him. The boy displeasde, said: well: thou wilt anon
Repent thou gave it not: and leapt downe headlong from a stone.
They all supposde he had bene falne: but being made a Swan
With snowie feathers in the Ayre to flacker he began.
His mother *Hyrie* knowing not he was preserved so,
Resolved into melting teares for pensivenesse and wo,
And made the Poole that beares hir name. Not far from hence doth stand
The Citie *Brauron*, where sometime by mounting from the land
With waving pinions *Ophies* ympe dame *Combe* did eschue
Hir children which with naked swordes to slea hir did pursue.
Anon she kend *Calaurie* fieldes which did sometime pertaine
To chast *Diana*, where a King and eke his wife both twaine
Were turnde to Birdes. *Cyllene* hill upon hir right hand stood,
In which *Menephron* like a beast of wilde and savage moode,
To force his mother did attempt. Far thence he spide where sad
Cephisus mourned for his Neece whome *Phebus* turned had
To ugly shape of swelling Seale: and *Eumelles* pallace faire
Lamenting for his sonnes mischaunce with whewling in the Aire.
At *Corinth* with hir winged Snakes at length she did arrive.
Here men (so auncient fathers said that were as then alive)
Did breede of deawie Mushrommes. But after that hir teene
With burning of hir husbands bride by witchcraft wreakt had beene,
And that King *Creons* pallace she on blasing fire had seene,
And in hir owne deare childrens bloud had bathde hir wicked knife,
Not like a mother but a beast bereving them of life:
Least *Jason* should have punisht hir, she tooke hir winged Snakes,

And flying thence againe in haste to *Pallas* Citie makes,
Which saw the auncient *Periphas* and rightuous *Phiney* to
Togither flying, and the Neece of *Polypemon*, who
Was fastened to a paire of wings as well as tother two.
Aegeus enterteined hir wherein he was too blame,
Although he had no further gone but staid upon the same.
He thought it not to be inough to use hir as his guest,
Onlesse he tooke hir to his wife. And now was *Thesey* prest,
Unknowne unto his father yet, who by his knightly force
Had set from robbers cleare the balke that makes the streight divorce
Betweene the seas *Ionian* and *Aegean*. To have killde
This worthie knight, *Medea* had a Goblet readie fillde
With juice of Flintwoort venemous, the which she long ago
Had out of *Scythie* with hir brought. The common brute is so
That of the teeth of *Cerberus* this Flintwoort first did grow.
There is a cave that gapeth wide with darksome entrie low:
There goes a way slope downe by which with triple cheyne made new
Of strong and sturdie Adamant the valiant *Hercle* drew
The currish Helhounde *Cerberus:* who dragging arsward still,
And writhing backe his scowling eyes because he had no skill
To see the Sunne and open day, for verie moodie wroth
Three barkings yelled out at once, and spit his slavering froth
Upon the greenish grasse. This froth (as men suppose) tooke roote
And thriving in the batling soyle in burgeons forth did shoote,
To bane and mischiefe men withall: and forbicause the same
Did grow upon the bare hard Flints, folke gave the foresaid name
Of Flintwoort thereunto. The King by egging of his Queene
Did reach his sonne this bane as if he had his enmie beene.
And *Thesey* of this treason wrought not knowing ought, had tane
The Goblet at his fathers hand which helde his deadly bane:
When sodenly by the Ivorie hilts that were upon his sword,
Aegeus knew he was his sonne: and rising from the borde,
Did strike the mischiefe from his mouth. *Medea* with a charme
Did cast a mist and so scapte death deserved for the harme
Entended. Now albeit that *Aegeus* were right glad
That in the saving of his sonne so happy chaunce he had:
Yet grieved it his heart full sore that such a wicked wight
With treason wrought against his sonne should scape so cleare and quight.
Then fell he unto kindling fire on Altars everie where
And glutted all the Gods with Gifts. The thicke neckt Oxen were
With garlands wreathd about their hornes knockt downe for sacrifice.
A day of more solemnitie than this did never rise
Before on *Athens* (by report). The auncients of the Towne
Made feastes: so did the meaner sort, and every common clowne.
And as the wine did sharpe their wits, they sang this song. O knight
Of peerlesse prowesse *Theseus*, thy manhod and thy might
Through all the coast of *Marathon* with worthie honor soundes,
For killing of the Cretish Bull that wasted those same groundes.
The folke of *Cremyon* thinke themselves beholden unto thee,
For that without disquietting their fieldes may tilled be.
By thee the land of *Epidaure* hathe seene the clubbish sonne

Of *Vulcane* dead. By thee likewise the countrie that doth runne
Along *Cephisus* bankes behelde the fell *Procrustes* slaine.
The dwelling place of *Ceres* our *Eleusis* glad and faine
Beheld the death of *Cercyon*. That orpid *Sinis* who
Abusde his strength in bending trees and tying folke thereto,
Their limmes a sunder for to teare, when loosened from the stops,
The trees unto their proper place did trice their streyned tops,
Was killde by thee. Thou made the way that leadeth to the towne
Alcathoe in *Beotia* cleare by putting *Scyron* downe.
To this same outlawes scattred bones the land denied rest,
And likewise did the Sea refuse to harbrough such a guest:
Till after floting to and fro long while, as men doe say,
At length they hardened into stones: and at this present day
The stones are called *Scyrons* cliffes. Now if we should account
Thy deedes togither with thy yeares, thy deedes would far surmount
Thy yeares. For thee most valiant Prince these publike vowes we keepe,
For thee with chereful heartes we quaffe these bolles of wine so deepe.
The Pallace also of the noyse and shouting did resounde
The which the people made for joy. There was not to be founde
In all the Citie any place of sadnesse. Nathelesse
(So hard it is of perfect joy to find so great excesse,
But that some sorrow therewithall is medled more or lesse),
Aegeus had not in his sonnes recoverie such delight,
But that there followed in the necke a piece of fortunes spight.
King *Minos* was preparing war: who though he had great store
Of ships and souldiers, yet the wrath the which he had before
Conceyved in his fathers brest for murthring of his sonne
Androgeus, made him farre more strong and fiercer for to ronne
To rightfull battell to revenge the great displeasure donne.
Howbeit he thought it best ere he his warfare did begin,
To finde the meanes of forreine aides some friendship for to win.
And thereupon with flying fleete where passage did permit
He went to visit all the Isles that in those seas doe sit.
Anon the Iles *Astypaley* and *Anaphey* both twaine,
The first constreynde for feare of war, the last in hope of gaine,
Tooke part with him. Low *Myconey* did also with him hold:
So did the chalkie *Cymoley*, and *Syphney* which of olde
Was verie riche with veynes of golde, and *Scyros* full of bolde
And valiant men, and *Seryphey* the smooth or rather fell,
And *Parey* which for Marblestone doth beare away the bell,
And *Sythney* which a wicked wench callde *Arne* did betray
For mony: who upon receit therof without delay
Was turned to a birde which yet of golde is gripple still,
And is as blacke as any cole, both fethers feete and bill:
A Cadowe is the name of hir. But yet *Olyarey*,
And *Didymey*, and *Andrey* eke, and *Tene*, and *Gyarey*,
And *Pepareth* where Olive trees most plenteously doe grow,
In no wise would agree their helpe on *Minos* to bestow.
Then *Minos* turning lefthandwise did sayle to *Oenope*
Where reignde that time King *Aeacus*. This Ile had called be
Of old by name of *Oenope:* but *Aeacus* turnde the name

And after of his mothers name *Aegina* callde the same.
The common folke ran out by heapes desirous for to see
A man of such renowne as *Minos* bruted was to bee.
The Kings three sonnes Duke *Telamon* Duke *Peley*, and the yong
Duke *Phocus* went to meete with him. Old *Aeacus* also clung
With age, came after leysurely, and asked him the cause
Of his repaire. The ruler of the hundred Shires gan pause:
And musing on the inward griefe that nipt him at the hart
Did shape him aunswere thus. O Prince vouchsafe to take my part
In this same godly warre of mine: assist me in the just
Revengement of my murthred sonne that sleepeth in the dust.
I crave your comfort for his death. *Aeginas* sonne replide,
Thy suite is vaine: and of my Realme perforce must be denide.
For unto *Athens* is no lande more sure than this alide.
Such leagues betweene us are, which shall infringde for me abide.
Away went *Minos* sad: and said: full dearly shalt thou bie
Thy leagues. He thought it for to be a better pollicie
To threaten war than war to make, and there to spend his store
And strength which in his other needes might much availe him more.
As yet might from *Oenopia* walles the Cretish fleete be kend,
When thitherward with puffed sayles and wind at will did tend
A ship from *Athens*, which anon arriving at the strand
Set *Cephal* with Ambassade from his Countrimen a land.
The Kings three sonnes though long it were since last they had him seene:
Yet knew they him. And after olde acquaintance eft had beene
Renewde by shaking hands, to Court they did him streight convay:
This Prince which did allure the eyes of all men by the way,
As in whose stately person still remained to be seene
The markes of beautie which in flowre of former yeares had beene,
Went holding out an Olife braunch that grew in *Atticke* lande:
And for the reverence of his age, there went on eyther hand
A nobleman of yonger yeares. Sir *Clytus* on the right
And *Butes* on the left, the sonnes of one that *Pallas* hight.
When greeting first had past betweene these Nobles and the King,
Then *Cephal* setting streight a broche the message he did bring,
Desired aide: and shewde what leagues stoode then in force betweene
His countrie and the *Aeginites*, and also what had beene
Decreed betwixt their aunceters, concluding in the ende
That under colour of this war which *Minos* did pretende
To only *Athens*, he in deede the conquest did intende
Of all *Achaia*. When he thus by helpe of learned skill
His countrie message furthred had, King *Aeacus* leaning still
His left hand on his scepter, saide. My Lordes, I would not have
Your state of *Athens* seeme so straunge as succor here to crave.
I pray commaund. For be ye sure that what this Ile can make,
Is yours. Yea all that ere I have shall hazard for your sake.
I want no strength. I have such store of souldiers, that I may
Both vex my foes and also keepe my Realme in quiet stay.
And now I thinke me blest of God, that time doth serve to showe
Without excuse the great good will that I to *Athens* owe.
God holde it sir (quoth *Cephalus*) God make the number grow

Of people in this towne of yours: it did me good a late
When such a goodly sort of youth of all one age and rate
Did meete me in the streete, but yet me thinkes that many misse
Which at my former being here I have beheld ere this.
At that the king did sigh, and thus with plaintfull voice did say.
A sad beginning afterward in better lucke did stay,
I would I plainly could the same before your faces lay.
Howbeit I will disorderly repeate it as I may.
And least I seeme to wearie you with overlong delay,
The men that you so mindefully enquire for lie in ground,
And nought of them save bones and dust remayneth to be found.
But as it hapt what losse thereby did unto me redound?
A cruell plague through *Junos* wrath who dreadfully did hate
This land that of hir husbands Love did take the name a late,
Upon my people fell: as long as that the maladie
None other seemde than such as haunts mans nature usually,
And of so great mortalitie the hurtfull cause was hid,
We strove by Phisicke of the same the Pacients for to rid.
The mischief overmaistred Art: yea Phisick was to seeke
To doe it selfe good. First the Aire with foggie stinking reeke
Did daily overdreepe the earth: and close culme Clouds did make
The wether faint: and while the Moone foure times hir light did take
And fillde hir emptie hornes therewith, and did as often slake:
The warme South windes with deadly heate continually did blow.
Infected were the Springs, and Ponds, and streames that ebbe and flow.
And swarmes of Serpents crawld about the fieldes that lay untillde,
Which with their poison even the brookes and running waters fillde.
In sodaine dropping downe of Dogs, of Horses, Sheepe and Kine,
Of Birds and Beasts both wild and tame as Oxen, Wolves, and Swine,
The mischiefe of this secret sore first outwardly appeeres.
The wretched Plowman was amazde to see his sturdie Steeres
Amid the forrow sinking downe ere halfe his worke was donne.
Whole flocks of sheepe did faintly bleate, and therewithall begonne
Their fleeces for to fall away and leave the naked skin,
And all their bodies with the rot attainted were within.
The lustie Horse that erst was fierce in field renowne to win,
Against his kinde grew cowardly, and now forgetting quight
The auncient honor which he preast so oft to get in fight,
Stoode sighing sadly at the Racke as wayting for to yeelde
His wearie life without renowne of combat in the fielde.
The Boare to chafe, the Hinde to runne, the cruell Beare to fall
Upon the herdes of Rother beastes had now no lust at all.
A languishing was falne on all. In wayes, in woods, in plaines,
The filthie carions lay, whose stinche the Aire it selfe distaines.
(A wondrous thing to tell) not Dogges, not ravening Foules, nor yit
Horecoted Wolves would once attempt to tast of them a bit.
Looke where they fell, there rotted they: and with their favor bred
More harme, and further still abrode the foule infection spred.
With losse that touched yet more nere, on Husbandmen it crept,
And ragingly within the walles of this great Citie stept.
It tooke men first with swelting heate that scalt their guts within,

The signes whereof were steaming breth and firie colourde skin.
The tongue was harsh & swolne, the mouth through drought of burning veines
Lay gaping up to hale in breath: and as the pacient streines
To draw it in, he suckes therewith corrupted Aire beside.
No bed, no clothes though nere so thinne the pacients could abide,
But laide their hardened stomackes flat against the bare colde ground.
Yet no abatement of the heate therein their bodies found,
But het the earth, and as for Leache was none that helpe could hight:
The Surgians and Phisitions too, were in the selfe same plight.
Their curelesse cunning hurt themselves. The nerer any man
Approcheth his diseased friend, and doth the best he can
To succor him most faithfully, the sooner did he catch
His bane. All hope of health was gone. No easment nor dispatch
Of this disease except in death and buriall did they finde.
Looke whereunto that eche mans minde and fancie was enclinde
That followed he. He never past what was for his behoofe,
For why? that nought could doe them good was felt too much by proofe.
In everie place without respect of shame or honestie
At Wels, at brookes, at ponds, at pits, by swarmes they thronging lie:
But sooner might they quench their life than staunch their thirst thereby.
And therewithall so heavie and unwieldie they become,
That wanting power to rise againe, they died there. Yet some
The selfe same waters guzled still without regard of feare.
So weary of their lothsome beds the wretched people were,
That out they lept: or if to stand their feeble force denide,
They wallowed downe and out of doores immediatly them hide:
It was a death to every man his owne house to abide.
And for they did not know the cause whereof the sicknesse came,
The place (bicause they did it know) was blamed for the same.
Ye should have seene some halfe fordead go plundring here and there
By highways sides, while that their legges were able them to beare.
And some lie weeping on the ground or rolling piteously
Their wearie eyes which afterwards should never see the Skie:
Or stretching out their limmes to Heaven that overhangs on hie,
Some here, some there, and yonder some, in what so ever coste
Death finding them enforced them to yeelde their fainting Ghoste.
What heart had I suppose you then, or ought I then to have?
In faith I might have lothde my life, and wisht me in my grave
As other of my people were. I could not cast mine eie
In any place, but that dead folke there strowed I did spie,
Even like as from a shaken twig when rotten Apples drop,
Or Mast from Beches, Holmes or Okes when Poales doe scare their top.
Yon stately Church with greeces long against our Court you see:
It is the shrine of *Jupiter*. What Wight was he or shee
That on those Altars burned not their frankincense in vaine?
How oft, yea even with Frankincense that partly did remaine
Still unconsumed in their hands, did die both man and wife,
As ech of them with mutuall care did pray for others life?
How often dide the moother there in sewing for hir sonne,
Unheard upon the Altarstone, hir prayer scarce begonne?
How often at the Temple doore even while the Priest did bid

His Beades, and poure pure wine betwene their hornes, at sodaine slid
The Oxen downe without stroke given? Yea once when I had thought
My selfe by offring sacrifice *Joves* favor to have sought,
For me, my Realme, and these three ymps, the Oxe with grievous grone
Upon the sodaine sunke me downe: and little bloud or none
Did issue scarce to staine the knife with which they slit his throte:
The sickly inwardes eke had lost the signes whereby we note
What things the Gods for certaintie would warne us of before:
For even the verie bowels were attainted with the sore.
Before the holie Temple doores, and (that the death might bee
The more dispitefull) even before the Altars did I see
The stinking corses scattred. Some with haltars stopt their winde,
By death expulsing feare of death: and of a wilfull minde
Did haste their ende, which of it selfe was coming on a pace.
The bodies which the plague had slaine were (O most wretched case)
Not caried forth to buriall now. For why such store there was
That scarce the gates were wyde inough for Coffins forth to passe.
So eyther lothly on the ground unburied did they lie,
Or else without solemnitie were burnt in bonfires hie.
No reverence or regard was had. Men fell togither by
The eares for firing. In the fire that was prepared for one
Another straungers corse was burnt. And lastly few or none
Were left to mourne. The sillie soules of Mothers with their small
And tender babes, and age with youth as Fortune did befall
Went wandring gastly up and downe unmourned for at all.
In fine, so farre outrageously this helpelesse Murren raves,
There was not wood inough for fire, nor ground inough for graves.
Astonied at the stourenesse of so stout a storme of ills
I said, O father *Jupiter* whose mightie power fulfills
Both Heaven and Earth, if flying fame report thee not amisse
In vouching that thou didst embrace in way of Love ere this
The River *Asops* daughter faire *Aegina* even by name,
And that to take me for thy sonne thou count it not a shame:
Restore thou me my folke againe, or kill thou me likewise.
He gave a signe by sodaine flash of lightning from the Skies,
And double peale of Thundercracks. I take this same (quoth I)
And as I take it for a true and certaine signe whereby
Thou doest confirme me for thy sonne: so also let it be
A hansell of some happie lucke thou mindest unto me.
Hard by us as it hapt that time, there was an Oken tree
With spreaded armes as bare of boughes as lightly one shall see.
This tree (as all the rest of Okes) was sacred unto *Jove*
And sprouted of an Acorne which was fet from *Dodon* grove.
Here markt we how the pretie Ants the gatherers up of graine
One following other all along in order of a traine,
Great burthens in their little mouthes did painfully sustaine,
And nimbly up the rugged barke their beaten path maintaine.
As wondring at the swarme I stoode, I said, O father deere
As many people give thou me, as Ants are creeping heere,
And fill mine empty walles againe. Anon the Oke did quake,
And unconstreynde of any blast, his loftie braunches shake,

The which did yeeld a certaine sound. With that for dreadfull feare
A shuddring through my bodie strake and up stoode stiffe my heare.
But yet I kissed reverently the ground and eke the tree.
Howbeit I durst not be so bolde of hope acknowne to bee.
Yet hoped I: and in my heart did shroude my secret hope.
Anon came night: and sleepe upon my carefull carcasse crope.
Me thought I saw the selfe same Oke with all his boughes and twigs,
And all the Pismeres creeping still upon his tawnts and sprigs.
Which trembling with a sodaine brayd these Harvest folke of threw,
And shed them on the ground about, who on the sodaine grew
In bignesse more and more, and from the earth themselves did lift,
And stoode upright against the tree, and therewithall did shift
Their meygernesse, and coleblacke hue, and number of their feete,
And clad their limmes with shape of man. Away my sleepe did fleete.
And when I wooke, misliking of my dreame I made my mone
That in the Gods I did perceive but slender helpe or none.
But straight much trampling up and downe and shuffling I did heare,
And (which to me that present time did verie straunge appeare)
Of people talking in my house me thought I herd the reare.
Now while I musing on the same supposde it to have been
Some fancie of the foolish dreame which lately I had seen,
Behold, in comes me *Telamon* in hast, and thrusting ope
My Chamber doore, said: Sir, a sight of things surmounting hope
And credit shall you have: come forth. Forth came I by and by
And even such men for all the world there standing did I spie
As in my sleepe I dreamed of, and knew them for the same.
They comming to me greeted me their sovereigne Lord by name.
And I (my vowes to *Jove* performde), my Citie did devide
Among my new inhabiters: and gave them land beside
Which by decease of such as were late owners of the same
Lay wast. And in remembrance of the race whereof they came,
The name of Emets I them gave. Their persons you have seen:
Their disposition is the same that erst in them hath been.
They are a sparing kinde of folke, on labor wholy set,
A gatherer, and an hoorder up of such as they doe get.
These fellowes being like in yeares and courage of the minde,
Shall go a warfare ny assoone as that the Easterne winde
Which brought you hither luckely, (the Easterne winde was it
That brought them thither) turning, to the Southerne coast doe flit.
With this and other such like talke they brought the day to ende:
The Even in feasting, and the night in sleeping they did spende.
The Sunne next Morrow in the heaven with golden beames did burne,
And still the Easterne winde did blow and hold them from returne.
Sir *Pallas* sonnes to *Cephal* came (for he their elder was)
And he and they to *Æacus* Court togither forth did passe.
The King as yet was fast a sleepe. Duke *Phocus* at the gate
Did meete them, and receyved them according to their state.
For *Telamon* and *Peleus* alreadie forth were gone,
To muster Souldiers for the warres. So *Phocus* all alone
Did leade them to an inner roume, where goodly Parlours were,
And caused them to sit them downe. As he was also there

Now sitting with them, he beheld a Dart in *Cephals* hand,
With golden head, the steale whereof he well might understand
Was of some straunge and unknowne tree. When certaine talke had past
A while of other matters there, I am (quoth he) at last
A man that hath delight in woods and loves to follow game,
And yet I am not able sure by any meanes to ame
What wood your Javeling steale is of. Of Ash it can not bee,
For then the colour should be browne: and if of Cornell tree,
It would be full of knubbed knots. I know not what it is:
But sure mine eies did never see a fairer Dart than this.
The one of those same brethren twaine replying to him said:
Nay then the speciall propertie will make you more dismaid,
Than doth the beautie of this Dart. It hitteth whatsoever
He throwes it at. The stroke thereof by Chaunce is ruled never.
For having done his feate, it flies all bloudie backe agen
Without the helpe of any hand. The Prince was earnest then
To know the truth of all: as whence so riche a present came,
Who gave it him, and whereupon the partie gave the same.
Duke *Cephal* answerde his demaund in all points (one except)
The which (as knowne apparantly) for shame he overlept:
His beautie namely, for the which he did receive the Dart.
And for the losse of his deare wife right pensive at the hart,
He thus began with weeping eies. This Dart O Goddesse sonne
(Ye ill would thinke it) makes me yirne, and long shall make me donne,
If long the Gods doe give me life. This weapon hath undonne
My deare beloved wife and me. O would to God this same
Had never unto me bene given. There was a noble Dame
That *Procris* hight (but you perchaunce have oftner heard the name
Of great *Orythia* whose renowne was bruted so by fame,
That blustring *Boreas* ravisht her). To this *Orythia* shee
Was sister. If a bodie should compare in ech degree
The face and natures of them both, he could none other deeme
But *Procris* worthier of the twaine of ravishment should seeme.
Hir father and our mutuall love did make us man and wife.
Men said I had (and so I had in deede) a happie life.
Howbeit Gods will was otherwise, for had it pleased him
Of all this while, and even still yet in pleasure should I swim.
The second Month that she and I by band of lawfull bed
Had joynde togither bene, as I my masking Toyles did spred,
To overthrow the horned Stags, the early Morning gray
Then newly having chased night and gun to breake the day,
From Mount *Hymettus* highest tops that freshly flourish ay,
Espide me, and against my will conveyde me quight away.
I trust the Goddesse will not be offended that I say
The troth of hir. Although it would delight one to beholde
Hir ruddie cheekes: although of day and night the bounds she holde:
Although on juice of Ambrosie continually she feede:
Yet *Procris* was the only Wight that I did love in deede.
On *Procris* only was my heart: none other word had I
But *Procris* only in my mouth: still *Procris* did I crie.
I upned what a holy thing was wedlocke: and how late

It was ago since she and I were coupled in that state,
Which band (and specially so soone) it were a shame to breake.
The Goddesse being moved at the wordes that I did speake,
Said: cease thy plaint thou Carle, and keepe thy *Procris* still for me,
But (if my minde deceyve me not) the time will shortly be
That wish thou wilt thou had hir not. And so in anger she
To *Procris* sent me backe againe. In going homeward as
Upon the Goddesse sayings with my selfe I musing was,
I gan to dreade bad measures least my wife had made some scape.
Hir youthfull yeares begarnished with beautie, grace and shape,
In maner made me to beleve the deede already done.
Againe hir maners did forbid mistrusting over soone.
But I had bene away: but even the same from whom I came
A shrewde example gave how lightly wives doe run in blame:
But we poore Lovers are afraide of all things. Hereupon
I thought to practice feates: which thing repented me anon,
And shall repent me while I live. The purpose of my drifts
Was for tassault hir honestie with great rewards and gifts.
The Morning fooding this my feare, to further my device,
My shape (which thing me thought I felt) had altered with a trice.
By meanes whereof anon unknowne to *Pallas* towne I came,
And entred so my house. The house was clearely voide of blame,
And shewed signes of chastitie in mourning ever sith
Their maister had bene rapt away. A thousand meanes wherewith
To come to *Procris* speach had I devisde: and scarce at last
Obteinde I it. Assoone as I mine eie upon hir cast,
My wits were ravisht in such wise that nigh I had forgot
The purposde triall of hir troth. Right much a doe God wot
I had to holde mine owne, that I the truth bewrayed not.
To keepe my selfe from kissing hir full much a doe I had
As reason was I should have done. She looked verie sad.
And yet as sadly as she lookte, no Wight alive can show
A better countenance than did she. Hir heart did inward glow
In longing for hir absent spouse. How beautifull a face
Thinke you Sir *Phocus* was in hir whome sorrow so did grace?
What should I make report how oft hir chast behaviour strave
And overcame most constantly the great assaults I gave?
Or tell how oft she shet me up with these same words? To one
(Where ere he is) I keepe my selfe, and none but he alone
Shall sure enjoy the use of me. What creature having his
Wits perfect would not be content with such a proofe as this
Of hir most stedfast chastitie? I could not be content:
But still to purchase to my selfe more wo I further went.
At last by profering endlesse welth, and heaping gifts on gifts,
In overlading hir with wordes I drave hir to hir shifts.
Then cride I out: Thine evill heart my selfe I tardie take.
Where of a straunge advouterer the countenance I did make,
I am in deede thy husband. O unfaithfull woman thou,
Even I my selfe can testifie thy lewde behavior now.
She made none answere to my words, but being stricken dum
And with the sorrow of hir heart alonly overcum,

Forsaketh hir entangling house, and naughtie husband quight:
And hating all the sort of men by reason of the spight
That I had wrought hir, straide abrode among the Mountaines hie,
And exercisde *Dianas* feates. Then kindled by and by
A fiercer fire within my bones than ever was before,
When she had thus forsaken me by whome I set such store.
I prayde hir she woulde pardon me, and did confesse my fault,
Affirming that my selfe likewise with such a great assault
Of richesse might right well have bene enforst to yeelde to blame,
The rather if performance had ensewed of the same.
When I had this submission made, and she sufficiently
Revengde hir wronged chastitie, she then immediatly
Was reconcilde: and afterward we lived many a yeare
In joy, and never any jarre betweene us did appeare.
Besides all this (as though hir love had bene to small a gift)
She gave me eke a goodly Grewnd which was of foote so swift,
That when *Diana* gave him hir, she said he should out go
All others: and with this same Grewnd she gave this Dart also
The which you see I hold in hand. Perchaunce ye faine would know
What fortune to the Grewnd befell. I will unto you show
A wondrous case. The straungenesse of the matter will you move.
The krinkes of certaine Prophesies surmounting farre above
The reach of auncient wits to read, the Brookenymphes did expound:
And mindlesse of hir owne darke doubts Dame *Themis* being found,
Was as a rechelesse Prophetisse throwne flat against the ground.
For which presumptuous deede of theirs she tooke just punishment.
To *Thebes* in *Bæotia* streight a cruell beast she sent,
Which wrought the bane of many a Wight. The countryfolk did feed
Him with their cattell and themselves, untill (as was agreed)
That all we youthfull Gentlemen that dwelled there about
Assembling pitcht our corded toyles the champion fields throughout.
But Net ne toyle was none so hie that could his wightnesse stop,
He mounted over at his ease the highest of the top.
Then everie man let slip their Grewnds, but he them all outstript
And even as nimbly as a birde in daliance from them whipt.
Then all the field desired me to let my *Lælaps* go:
(The Grewnd that *Procris* unto me did give was named so)
Who strugling for to wrest his necke already from the band
Did stretch his collar. Scarsly had we let him of of hand
But that where *Lælaps* was become we could not understand.
The print remained of his feete upon the parched sand,
But he was clearly out of sight. Was never Dart I trow,
Nor Pellet from enforced Sling, nor shaft from Cretish bow,
That flew more swift than he did runne. There was not farre fro thence
About the middle of the Laund a rising ground, from whence
A man might overlooke the fieldes. I gate me to the knap
Of this same hill, and there beheld of this straunge course the hap,
In which the beast seemes one while caught, and ere a man would think,
Doth quickly give the Grewnd the slip, and from his bighting shrink.
And like a wilie Foxe he runnes not forth directly out,
Nor makes a windlasse over all the champion fieldes about,

But doubling and indenting still avoydes his enmies lips,
And turning short, as swift about as spinning wheele he whips
To disapoint the snatch. The Grewnd pursuing at an inch
Doth cote him, never losing ground: but likely still to pinch
Is at the sodaine shifted of: continually he snatches
In vaine: for nothing in his mouth save only Aire he latches.
Then thought I for to trie what helpe my Dart at neede could show.
Which as I charged in my hand by levell aime to throw,
And set my fingars to the thongs, I lifting from bylow
Mine eies, did looke right forth againe, and straight amids the field
(A wondrous thing) two Images of Marble I beheld:
Of which ye would have thought the tone had fled on still a pace
And that with open barking mouth the tother did him chase.
In faith it was the will of God (at least if any Goddes
Had care of them) that in their pace there should be found none oddes.
Thus farre: and then he held his peace. But tell us ere we part
(Quoth *Phocus*) what offence or fault committed hath your Dart?
His Darts offence he thus declarde. My Lorde the ground of all
My griefe was joy. Those joyes of mine remember first I shall.
It doth me good even yet to thinke upon that blissfull time
(I meane the fresh and lustie yeares of pleasant youthfull Prime)
When I a happie man enjoyde so faire and good a wife,
And she with such a loving Make did lead a happie life.
The care was like of both of us, the mutuall love all one.
She would not to have line with *Jove* my presence have foregone.
Ne was there any Wight that could of me have wonne the love,
No though Dame *Venus* had hir selfe descended from above.
The glowing brands of love did burne in both our brests alike.
Such time as first with crased beames the Sunne is wont to strike
The tops of Towres and mountaines high, according to the wont
Of youthfull men, in woodie Parkes I went abrode to hunt.
But neither horse nor Hounds to make pursuit upon the sent,
Nor Servingman, nor knottie toyle before or after went.
For I was safe with this same Dart. When wearie waxt mine arme
With striking Deere, and that the day did make me somewhat warme,
Withdrawing for to coole my selfe I sought among the shades
For Aire that from the valleyes colde came breathing in at glades.
The more excessive was my heate, the more for Aire I sought.
I waited for the gentle Aire: the Aire was that that brought
Refreshing to my wearie limmes. And (well I beart in thought)
Come Aire, I wonted was to sing. Come ease the paine of me
Within my bosom lodge thy selfe most welcome unto me,
And as thou heretofore art wont, abate my burning heate.
By chaunce (such was my destinie) proceeding to repeate
Mo words of daliance like to these, I used for to say
Great pleasure doe I take in thee: for thou from day to day
Doste both refresh and nourish me. Thou makest me delight
In woods and solitarie grounds. Now would to God I might
Receive continuall at my mouth this pleasant breath of thine.
Some man (I wote not who) did heare these doubtfull words of mine,
And taking them amisse supposde that this same name of Aire

The which I callde so oft upon, had bene some Ladie faire:
He thought that I had loovde some Nymph. And thereupon streight way
He runnes me like a Harebrainde blab to *Procris*, to bewray
This fault as he surmised it: and there with lavas tung,
Reported all the wanton words that he had heard me sung.
A thing of light beliefe is love. She (as I since have harde)
For sodeine sorrow swounded downe: and when long afterwarde
She came againe unto hir selfe, she said she was accurst
And borne to cruell destinie: and me she blamed wurst
For breaking faith: and freating at a vaine surmised shame
She dreaded that which nothing was: she fearde a headlesse name.
She wist not what to say or thinke. The wretch did greatly feare
Deceit: yet could she not beleve the tales that talked were.
Onlesse she saw hir husbands fault apparant to hir eie,
She thought she would not him condemne of any villanie.
Next day as soone as Morning light had driven the night away,
I went abrode to hunt againe: and speeding, as I lay
Upon the grasse, I said, come Aire and ease my painfull heate.
And on the sodaine as I spake there seemed for to beate
A certaine sighing in mine eares of what I could not gesse.
But ceasing not for that, I still proceeded nathelesse:
And said, O come most pleasant Aire. With that I heard a sound
Of russling softly in the leaves that lay upon the ground.
And thinking it had bene some beast, I threw my flying Dart.
It was my wife: who being now sore wounded at the hart,
Cride out alas. Assoone as I perceyved by the shrieke
It was my faithfull spouse, I ran me to the voiceward lieke
A madman that had lost his wits. There found I hir halfe dead
Hir scattred garments staining in the bloud that she had bled,
And (wretched creature as I am) yet drawing from the wound
The gift that she hir selfe had given. Then softly from the ground
I lifted up that bodie of hirs of which I was more chare
Than of mine owne, and from hir brest hir clothes in hast I tare.
And binding up hir cruell wound, I strived for to stay
The bloud, and prayd she would not thus by passing so away
Forsake me as a murtherer. She waxing weake at length
And drawing to hir death a pace, enforced all hir strength
To utter these few wordes at last. I pray thee humbly by
Our bond of wedlocke, by the Gods as well above the Skie
As those to whome I now must passe, as ever I have ought
Deserved well by thee, and by the Love which having brought
Me to my death doth even in death unfaded still remaine,
To nestle in thy bed and mine let never Aire obtaine.
This sed, she held hir peace, and I perceyved by the same
And tolde hir also how she was beguiled in the name.
But what avayled telling then? she quoathde: and with hir bloud
Hir little strength did fade. Howbeit as long as that she coud
See ought, she stared in my face, and gasping still on me,

Even in my mouth she breathed forth hir wretched ghost. But she
Did seeme with better cheare to die for that hir conscience was
Discharged quight and cleare of doubtes. Now in conclusion as
Duke *Cephal* weeping told this tale to *Phocus* and the rest
Whose eyes were also moyst with teares to heare the pitious gest,
Behold King *Aeacus* and with him his eldest sonnes both twaine
Did enter in, and after them there followed in a traine
Of well appointed men of warre new levied: which the King
Delivered unto *Cephalus* to *Athens* towne to bring.

Finis septimi Libri.

THE EIGHT BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

THE day starre now beginning to disclose the Morning bright
And for to clense the droupie Skie from darkenesse of the night,
TheEasterne wind went downe&flakes of foggie clouds gan show
And from the South a merrie gale on *Cephals* sayles did blow.
The which did hold so fresh and large, that he and all his men
Before that he was looked for arrived safe agen
In wished Haven. In that while King *Minos* with his fleete
Did wast the cost of *Megara*. And first he thought it meete
To make a triall of the force and courage of his men
Against the towne *Alcathoe* where *Nisus* reigned then.
Among whose honorable haire that was of colour gray,
One scarlet haire did grow upon his crowne, whereon the stay
Of all his Kingdome did depende. Sixe times did *Phœbe* fill
Hir hornes with borrowed light, and yet the warre hung wavering still
In fickle fortunes doubtfull scoales: and long with fleeting wings
Betwene them both flew victorie. A Turret of the Kings
Stood hard adjoyning to the Wall, which being touched rings.
For *Phœbus* (so men say) did lay his golden Viall there,
And so the stones the sound thereof did ever after beare.
King *Nisus* daughter oftentimes resorted to this Wall,
And strake it with a little stone to raise the sound withall
In time of peace: And in the warre she many a time and oft
Behelde the sturdie stormes of *Mars* from that same place aloft.
And by continuance of the siege the Captaines names she knew,
Their armes, horse, armor and aray in everie band and crew.
But specially above the rest she noted *Minos* face.
She knew inough and more than was inough as stoode the case.
For were it that he hid his head in Helme with fethered crest,
To hir opinion in his Helme he stayned all the rest.
Or were it that he tooke in hand of steele his target bright,
She thought in weelding of his shielde he was a comly Knight.
Or were it that he raisde his arme to throw the piercing Dart,
The Ladie did commend his force and manhode joynde with Art.
Or drew he with his arrow nockt his bended Bow in hand,
She sware that so in all respectes was *Phœbus* wont to stand.
But when he shewde his visage bare with Helmet laid aside,
And on a Milke white Steede brave trapt, in Purple Robe did ride,
She scarce was Mistresse of hir selfe, hir wits were almost straught.
A happie Dart she thought it was that he in fingars caught,
And happie called she those reynes that he in hand had raught.
And if she might have had hir will, she could have founde in hart,
Among the enmies to have gone: she could have found in hart,
From downe the higher Turret there hir bodie to have throwne,
Among the thickest of the Tents of *Gnossus* to have flowne:
Or for to ope the brazen gates and let the enmie in,

Or whatsoever else she thought might *Minos* favor win.
And as she sate beholding still the King of *Candies* tent,
She said: I doubt me whether that I rather may lament
Or of this wofull warre be glad. It grieves me at the hart
That thou O *Minos* unto me thy Lover enmie art.
But had not this same warfare bene, I never had him knowne.
Yet might he leave this cruell warre, and take me as his owne.
A wife, a feere, a pledge for peace he might receive of me.
O flowre of beautie, O thou Prince most pearlesse: if that she
That bare thee in hir wombe were like in beautie unto thee,
A right good cause had *Jove* on hir enamored for to bee.
Oh happie were I if with wings I through the Aire might glide
And safely to King *Minos* Tent from this same Turret slide.
Then would I utter who I am, and how the firie flame
Of *Cupid* burned in my brest, desiring him to name
What dowrie he would aske with me in loan of his love,
Save only of my Fathers Realme no question he should move.
For rather than by traitrous meanes my purpose should take place,
Adue desire of hoped Love. Yet oftentimes such grace
Hath from the gentle Conqueror proceeded erst, that they
Which tooke the foyle have found the same their profit and their stay.
Assuredly the warre is just that *Minos* takes in hand,
As in revengement of his sonne late murthered in this land.
And as his quarrell seemeth just, even so it cannot faile,
But rightfull warre against the wrong must (I beleve) prevaile.
Now if this Citie in the ende must needes be taken: why
Should his owne sworde and not my Love be meanes to win it by?
It were yet better he should speede by gentle meanes, without
The slaughter of his people, yea and (as it may fall out)
With spending of his owne bloud too. For sure I have a care
O *Minos* least some Souldier wound thee ere he be aware.
For who is he in all the world that hath so hard a hart,
That wittingly against thy head would aime his cruell Dart?
I like well this devise, and on this purpose will I stand,
To yeelde my selfe endowed with this Citie to the hand
Of *Minos:* and in doing so to bring this warre to ende.
But smally it availeth me the matter to intende.
The gates and yssues of this towne are kept with watch and warde,
And of the Keyes continually my Father hath the garde.
My Father only is the man of whome I stand in dreede,
My Father only hindreth me of my desired speede.
Would God that I were Fatherlesse. Tush everie Wight may bee
A God as in their owne behalfe, and if their hearts be free
From fearefulnesse. For fortune works against the fond desire
Of such as through faint heartednesse attempt not to aspire.
Some other feeling in hir heart such flames of *Cupids* fire,
Already would have put in proofe some practise to destroy
What thing so ever of hir Love the furtherance might anoy.
And why should any woman have a bolder heart than I?
Throw fire and sword I boldly durst adventure for to flie.
And yet in this behalfe at all there needes no sword nor fire,

There needeth but my fathers haire to accomplish my desire.
That Purple haire of his to me more precious were than golde:
That Purple haire of his would make me blest a thousand folde:
That haire would compasse my desire and set my heart at rest.
Night (chiefest Nurce of thoughts to such as are with care opprest,)
Approched while she spake these words, and darknesse did encrease
Hir boldnesse. At such time as folke are wont to finde release
Of cares that all the day before were working in their heds,
By sleepe which falleth first of all upon them in their beds,
Hir fathers chamber secretly she entered: where (alasse
That ever Maiden should so farre the bounds of nature passe)
She robde hir Father of the haire upon the which the fate
Depended both of life and death and of his royall state.
And joying in hir wicked pray, she beares it with hir so
As if it were some lawfull spoyle acquired of the fo.
And passing through a posterne gate she marched through the mid
Of all hir enmies (such a trust she had in that she did)
Untill she came before the King: whom troubled with the sight
She thus bespake. Enforst O King by love against all right
I *Scylla Nisus* daughter doe present unto thee heere
My native soyle, my household Gods, and all that else is deere.
For this my gift none other thing in recompence I crave,
Than of thy person, which I love, fruition for to have.
And in assurance of my love receyve thou here of mee
My fathers Purple haire: and thinke I give not unto thee
A haire but even my fathers head. And as these words she spake,
The cursed gift with wicked hand she profered him to take.
But *Minos* did abhorre hir gift: and troubled in his minde
With straungenesse of the heynous act so sore against hir kinde,
He aunswerde. O thou slaunder of our age the Gods expell
Thee out of all this world of theirs and let thee no where dwell.
Let rest on neither Sea nor Land be graunted unto thee.
Assure thy selfe that as for me I never will agree
That *Candie Joves* owne foster place (as long as I there raigne)
Shall unto such a monstruous Wight a Harbrow place remaine.
This said, he like a righteous Judge among his vanquisht foes
Set order under paine of death. Which done, he willed those
That served him to go a boorde and Anchors up to wey.
When *Scylla* saw the Candian fleete a flote to go away,
And that the Captaine yeelded not so good reward as shee
Had for hir lewdnesse looked for: and when in fine she see
That no entreatance could prevaile: then bursting out in ire
With stretched hands and scattred haire, as furious as the fire
She shraming cryëd out aloud. And whither doste thou flie
Rejecting me the only meanes that thou hast conquerde by?
O cankerde Churle preferde before my native soyle, preferd
Before my father, whither flyste O Carle of heart most hard?
Whose conquest as it is my sinne, so doth it well deserve
Reward of thee, for that my fault so well thy turne did serve.
Doth neither thee the gift I gave, nor yet my faithfull love,
Nor yet that all my hope on thee alonly rested, move?

For whither shall I now resort forsaken thus of thee?
To *Megara* the wretched soyle of my nativitie?
Behold it lieth vanquished and troden under foote.
But put the case it flourisht still: yet could it nothing boote.
I have foreclosde it to my selfe through treason when I gave
My fathers head to thee. Whereby my countriefolke I drave
To hate me justly for my crime. And all the Realmes about
My lewde example doe abhorre. Thus have I shet me out
Of all the world, that only *Crete* might take me in: which if
Thou like a Churle denie, and cast me up without relief,
The Ladie *Europ* surely was not mother unto thee,
But one of *Affricke Sirts* where none but Serpents fostred bee:
But even some cruell Tiger bred in *Armen* or in *Inde*,
Or else the Gulfe *Charybdis* raisde with rage of Southerne winde.
Thou wert not got by *Jove:* ne yet thy mother was beguilde
In shape of Bull: of this thy birth the tale is false compilde.
But rather some unwieldie Bull even altogither wilde
That never lowed after Cow was out of doubt thy Sire.
O father *Nisus* put thou me to penance for my hire.
Rejoyce thou in my punishment thou towne by me betrayd.
I have deserved (I confesse) most justly to be payd
With death. But let some one of them that through my lewdnesse smart
Destroy me: why doste thou that by my crime a gainer art,
Commit like crime thy selfe? Admit this wicked act of me
As to my land and Fatherward in deede most hainous be:
Yet oughtest thou to take it as a friendship unto thee.
But she was meete to be thy wife, that in a Cow of tree
Could play the Harlot with a Bull, and in hir wombe could beare
A Barne, in whome the shapes of man and beasts confounded were.
How sayst thou Carle? compell not these my words thine eares to glow:
Or doe the windes that drive thy shyps, in vaine my sayings blow?
In faith it is no wonder though thy wife *Pasiphaë*
Preferrde a Bull to thee, for thou more cruell wert than he:
Now wo is me. To make more hast it standeth me in hand.
The water sounds with Ores, and hales from me and from my land.
In vaine thou strivest O thou Churle forgetfull quight of my
Desertes: for even in spight of thee pursue thee still will I.
Upon thy courbed Keele will I take holde: and hanging so
Be drawen along the Sea with thee where ever thou do go.
She scarce had said these words, but that she leaped on the wave,
And getting to the ships by force of strength that Love hir gave,
Upon the King of *Candies* Keele in spight of him she clave.
Whome when hir father spide (for now he hovered in the aire,
And being made a Hobby Hauke did soare betweene a paire
Of nimble wings of yron Mayle) he soused downe a maine
To seaze upon hir as she hung, and would have torne hir faine
With bowing Beake. But she for feare did let the Caricke go:
And as she was about to fall, the lightsome Aire did so
Uphold hir, that she could not touch the Sea as seemed tho.
Anon all fethers she became, and forth away did flie
Transformed to a pretie Bird that stieth to the Skie.

And for bicause like clipped haire hir head doth beare a marke,
The Greekes it *Cyris* call, and we doe name the same a Larke.
Assoone as *Minos* came a land in *Crete*, he by and by
Performde his vowes to *Jupiter* in causing for to die
A hundred Bulles for sacrifice. And then he did adorne
His Pallace with the enmies spoyles by conquest wonne beforne.
The slaunder of his house encreast: and now appeared more
The mothers filthie whoredome by the monster that she bore
Of double shape, an ugly thing. This shamefull infamie,
This monster borne him by his wife he mindes by pollicie
To put away: and in a house with many nookes and krinks
From all mens sights and speach of folke to shet it up he thinks.
Immediatly one *Dædalus* renowmed in that lande
For fine devise and workmanship in building, went in hand
To make it. He confounds his worke with sodaine stops and stayes,
And with the great uncertaintie of sundrie winding wayes
Leades in and out, and to and fro, at divers doores astray.
And as with trickling streame the Brooke *Mæander* seemes to play
In *Phrygia*, and with doubtfull race runnes counter to and fro,
And meeting with himselfe doth looke if all his streame or no
Come after, and retiring eft cleane backward to his spring
And marching eft to open Sea as streight as any string,
Indenteth with reversed streame: even so of winding wayes
Unnumerable *Dædalus* within his worke convayes.
Yea scarce himselfe could find the meanes to winde himselfe well out:
So busie and so intricate the house was all about.
Within this Maze did *Minos* shet the Monster that did beare
The shape of man and Bull. And when he twise had fed him there
With bloud of *Atticke* Princes sonnes that given for tribute were:
The third time at the ninth yeares end the lot did chaunce to light
On *Theseus* King *Aegæus* sonne: who like a valiant Knight
Did overcome the *Minotaur:* and by the pollicie
Of *Minos* eldest daughter (who had taught him for to tie
A clew of Linnen at the doore to guide himselfe thereby)
As busie as the turnings were, his way he out did finde,
Which never man had done before. And streight he having winde,
With *Minos* daughter sailde away to *Dia:* where (unkinde
And cruell creature that he was) he left hir post alone
Upon the shore. Thus desolate and making dolefull mone
God *Bacchus* did both comfort hir and take hir to his bed.
And with an everlasting starre the more hir fame to spred,
He tooke the Chaplet from hir head, and up to Heaven it threw.
The Chaplet thirled through the Aire: and as it gliding flew,
The precious stones were turnd to starres which blased cleare and bright,
And tooke their place (continuing like a Chaplet still to sight)
Amid betweene the kneeler downe and him that gripes the Snake.
Now in this while gan *Dædalus* a wearinesse to take
Of living like a banisht man and prisoner such a time
In *Crete*, and longed in his heart to see his native Clime.
But Seas enclosed him as if he had in prison be.
Then thought he: though both Sea and land King *Minos* stop fro me,

I am assurde he cannot stop the Aire and open Skie:
To make my passage that way then my cunning will I trie.
Although that *Minos* like a Lord held all the world beside:
Yet doth the Aire from *Minos* yoke for all men free abide.
This sed: to uncoth Arts he bent the force of all his wits
To alter natures course by craft. And orderly he knits
A rowe of fethers one by one, beginning with the short,
And overmatching still eche quill with one of longer sort,
That on the shoring of a hill a man would thinke them grow.
Even so the countrie Organpipes of Oten reedes in row
Ech higher than another rise. Then fastned he with Flax
The middle quilles, and joyned in the lowest sort with Wax.
And when he thus had finisht them, a little he them bent
In compasse, that the verie Birdes they full might represent.
There stoode me by him *Icarus* his sonne a pretie Lad:
Who knowing not that he in handes his owne destruction had,
With smiling mouth did one while blow the fethers to and fro
Which in the Aire on wings of Birds did flask not long ago:
And with his thumbes another while he chafes the yelow Wax
And lets his fathers wondrous worke with childish toyes and knax.
Assoone as that the worke was done, the workman by and by
Did peyse his bodie on his wings, and in the Aire on hie
Hung wavering: and did teach his sonne how he should also flie.
I warne thee (quoth he) *Icarus* a middle race to keepe.
For if thou hold to low a gate, the dankenesse of the deepe
Will overlade thy wings with wet. And if thou mount to hie,
The Sunne will sindge them. Therefore see betweene them both thou flie.
I bid thee not behold the Starre *Boötes* in the Skie,
Nor looke upon the bigger Beare to make thy course thereby,
Nor yet on *Orions* naked sword. But ever have an eie
To keepe the race that I doe keepe, and I will guide thee right.
In giving counsell to his sonne to order well his flight,
He fastned to his shoulders twaine a paire of uncoth wings.
And as he was in doing it and warning him of things,
His aged cheekes were wet, his handes did quake, in fine he gave
His sonne a kisse the last that he alive should ever have.
And then he mounting up aloft before him tooke his way
Right fearfull for his followers sake: as is the Bird the day
That first she tolleth from hir nest among the braunches hie
Hir tender yong ones in the Aire to teach them for to flie.
So heartens he his little sonne to follow teaching him
A hurtfull Art. His owne two wings he waveth verie trim,
And looketh backward still upon his sonnes. The fishermen
Then standing angling by the Sea, and shepeherdes leaning then
On sheepehookes, and the Ploughmen on the handles of their Plough,
Beholding them, amazed were: and thought that they that through
The Aire could flie were Gods. And now did on their left side stand
The Iles of *Paros* and of *Dele*, and *Samos*, *Junos* land:
And on their right, *Lebinthos*, and the faire *Calydna* fraught
With store of honie: when the Boy a frolicke courage caught
To flie at randon. Whereupon forsaking quight his guide,

Of fond desire to flie to Heaven, above his boundes he stide.
And there the nerenesse of the Sunne which burnd more hote aloft,
Did make the Wax (with which his wings were glewed) lithe and soft.
Assoone as that the Wax was molt, his naked armes he shakes,
And wanting wherewithall to wave, no helpe of Aire he takes.
But calling on his father loud he drowned in the wave:
And by this chaunce of his, those Seas his name for ever have.
His wretched Father (but as then no father) cride in feare
O *Icarus* O *Icarus* where art thou? tell me where
That I may finde thee *Icarus*. He saw the fethers swim
Upon the waves, and curst his Art that so had spighted him.
At last he tooke his bodie up and laid it in a grave,
And to the Ile the name of him then buried in it gave.
And as he of his wretched sonne the corse in ground did hide,
The cackling Partrich from a thicke and leavie thorne him spide,
And clapping with his wings for joy aloud to call began.
There was of that same kinde of Birde no mo but he as than:
In times forepast had none bene seene. It was but late anew
Since he was made a bird: and that thou *Dædalus* maist rew:
For whyle the world doth last, thy shame shall thereupon ensew.
For why thy sister ignorant of that which after hapt,
Did put him to thee to be taught full twelve yeares old, and apt
To take instruction. He did marke the middle bone that goes
Through fishes, and according to the paterne tane of those
He filed teeth upon a piece of yron one by one,
And so devised first the Saw where erst was never none.
Moreover he two yron shankes so joynde in one round head,
That opening an indifferent space the one point downe shall tread,
And tother draw a circle round. The finding of these things,
The spightfull hart of *Dædalus* with such a malice stings,
That headlong from the holye towre of *Pallas* downe he thrue
His Nephew, feyning him to fall by chaunce, which was not true.
But *Pallas* (who doth favour wits) did stay him in his fall,
And chaunging him into a Bird did clad him over all
With fethers soft amid the Aire. The quicknesse of his wit
(Which erst was swift) did shed it selfe among his wings and feete.
And as he Partrich hight before, so hights he Partrich still.
Yet mounteth not this Bird aloft ne seemes to have a will
To build hir nest in tops of trees among the boughes on hie,
But flecketh nere the ground and layes hir egges in hedges drie.
And forbicause hir former fall she ay in minde doth beare,
She ever since all lofty things doth warely shun for feare.
And now forwearied *Dædalus* alighted in the land
Within the which the burning hilles of firie *Aetna* stand.
To save whose life King *Cocalus* did weapon take in hand,
For which men thought him merciful. And now with high renowne
Had *Theseus* ceast the wofull pay of tribute in the towne
Of *Athens*. Temples decked were with garlands every where,
And supplications made to *Jove* and warlicke *Pallas* were,
And all the other Gods. To whome more honor for to show,
Gifts, blud of beasts, and frankincense the people did bestow

As in performance of their vowes. The right redoubted name
Of *Theseus* through the lande of Greece was spred by flying fame.
And now the folke that in the lande of rich *Achaia* dwelt,
Praid him of succor in the harmes and perils that they felt.
Although the land of *Calydon* had then *Meleager:*
Yet was it faine in humble wise to *Theseus* to prefer
A supplication for the aide of him. The cause wherefore
They made such humble suit to him was this. There was a Bore
The which *Diana*, for to wreake hir wrath conceyvde before,
Had thither as hir servant sent the countrie for to waast:
For men report that *Oenie*, when he had in storehouse plaast
The full encrease of former yeare, to *Ceres* did assigne
The firstlings of his corne and fruits: to *Bacchus*, of the Vine:
And unto *Pallas* Olife oyle. This honoring of the Gods
Of graine and fruits who put their help to toyling in the clods,
Ambitiously to all, even those that dwell in heaven did clime.
Dianaas Altars (as it hapt) alonly at that time
Without reward of Frankincense were overskipt (they say).
Even Gods are subject unto wrath. He shall not scape away
Unpunisht. Though unworshipped he passed me wyth spight:
He shall not make his vaunt he scapt me unrevenged quight,
Quoth *Phœbe*. And anon she sent a Bore to *Oenies* ground
Of such a hugenesse as no Bull could ever yet be found,
In *Epyre:* But in *Sicilie* are Bulles much lesse than hee.
His eies did glister blud and fire: right dreadfull was to see
His brawned necke, right dredfull was his haire which grew as thicke
With pricking points as one of them could well by other sticke.
And like a front of armed Pikes set close in battell ray,
The sturdie bristles on his back stoode staring up alway.
The scalding fome with gnashing hoarse which he did cast aside,
Upon his large and brawned shield did white as Curdes abide.
Among the greatest Oliphants in all the land of *Inde*,
A greater tush than had this Boare, ye shall not lightly finde.
Such lightning flashed from his chappes, as seared up the grasse.
Now trampled he the spindling corne to ground where he did passe,
Now ramping up their riped hope he made the Plowmen weepe.
And chankt the kernell in the eare. In vaine their floores they sweepe:
In vaine their Barnes for Harvest long the likely store they keepe.
The spreaded Vines with clustred Grapes to ground he rudely sent,
And full of Berries loden boughes from Olife trees he rent.
On cattell also did he rage. The shepeherd nor his dog,
Nor yet the Bulles could save the herdes from outrage of this Hog.
The folke themselves were faine to flie. And yet they thought them not
In safetie when they had themselves within the Citie got:
Untill their Prince *Meleager*, and with their Prince a knot
Of Lords and lustie gentlemen of hand and courage stout,
With chosen fellowes for the nonce of all the Lands about,
Inflamed were to win renowne. The chiefe that thither came
Were both * the twinnes of *Tyndarus* of great renowne and fame,
The one in all activitie of manhode, strength and force,
The other for his cunning skill in handling of a horse:

* *Castor & Pollux.*

And *Jason*, he that first of all the Gallie did invent:
And *Theseus* with *Pirithous*, betwene which two there went
* *Plexippus & Toxeus.* A happie leage of amitie: And * two of *Thesties* race:
And *Lynce* the sonne of *Apharie*, and *Idas* swift of pace.
And fierce *Leucyppus*, and the brave *Acastus* with his Dart,
In handling of the which he had the perfect skill and Art.
And *Cæny* who by birth a wench, the shape of man had wonne.
And *Drias* and *Hippothous:* and *Phœnix* eke the sonne
* *Eurytus & Cteatus.* Of olde *Amyntor:* and * a paire of *Actors* ympes: and *Phyle*
Who came from *Elis*. *Telamon* was also there that while:
And so was also *Peleus* the great *Achilles* Sire:
* *Ametus.* And * *Pherets* sonne: and *Iölay* the *Thebane*, who with fire,
Helpt *Hercules* the monstruous heades of *Hydra* of to seare.
The lively Lad *Eurytion* and *Echion* who did beare
The pricke and prise for footmanship, were present also there,
And *Lelex* of *Narytium* to. And *Panopie* beside:
* *Enesimus Akon & Dexippus.* And *Hyle:* and cruell *Hippasus:* and *Nestor* who that tide
Was in the Prime of lustie youth: Moreover thither went
* Three children of *Hippocoön* from olde *Amicle* sent.
† *Laërtes.* And † he that of *Penelope* the fathrinlaw became,
And eke the sonne of *Parrhasus Ancæus* cald by name.
* *Mopsus.* There was * the sonne of *Ampycus* of great forecasting wit:
† *Amphiardus.* And † *Oeclies* sonne who of his wife was unbetrayed yit.
And from the Citie *Tegea* there came the Paragone
Of *Lycey* forrest, *Atalant*, a goodly Ladie, one
Of *Schœnyes* daughters, then a Maide. The garment she did weare
A brayded button fastned at hir gorget. All hir heare
Untrimmed in one only knot was trussed. From hir left
Side hanging on hir shoulder was an Ivorie quiver deft:
Which being full of arrowes, made a clattring as she went.
And in hir right hand shee did beare a Bow already bent.
Hir furniture was such as this. Hir countnance and hir grace
Was such as in a Boy might well be cald a Wenches face,
And in a Wench be cald a Boyes. The Prince of *Calydon*
No sooner cast his eie on hir, but being caught anon
In love, he wisht hir to his wife: but unto this desire
God *Cupid* gave not his consent. The secret flames of fire
He haling inward still did say: O happy man is he
Whom this same Ladie shall vouchsafe hir husband for to be.
The shortnesse of the time and shame would give him leave to say
No more: a worke of greater weight did draw him then away.
A wood thick growen with trees which stoode unfelled to that day
Beginning from a plaine, had thence a large prospect throughout
The falling grounds that every way did muster round about.
Assoone as that the men came there, some pitched up the toyles,
Some tooke the couples from the Dogs, and some pursude the foyles
In places where the Swine had tract: desiring for to spie
Their owne destruction. Now there was a hollow bottom by,
To which the watershots of raine from all the high grounds drew.
Within the compasse of this pond great store of Oysyers grew:
And Sallowes lithe, and flackring Flags, and moorish Rushes eke,

And lazie Reedes on little shankes, and other baggage like.
From hence the Bore was rowzed out, and fiersly forth he flies
Among the thickest of his foes like thunder from the Skies,
When Clouds in meeting force the fire to burst by violence out.
He beares the trees before him downe, and all the wood about
Doth sound of crashing. All the youth with hideous noyse and shout
Against him bend their Boarspeare points with hand and courage stout.
He rushes forth among the Dogs that held him at a bay,
And now on this side now on that, as any come in way,
He rippes their skinnes and splitteth them, and chaseth them away.
Echion first of all the rout a Dart at him did throw,
Which mist, and in a Maple tree did give a little blow.
The next (if he that threw the same had used lesser might,)
The backe at which he aimed it was likely for to smight.
It overflew him. *Jason* was the man that cast the Dart.
With that the sonne of *Ampycus* sayd: *Phœbus* (if with hart *Mopsus.*
I have and still doe worship thee) now graunt me for to hit
The thing that I doe levell at. *Apollo* graunts him it
As much as lay in him to graunt. He hit the Swine in deede:
But neyther entred he his hide nor caused him to bleede,
For why *Diana* (as the Dart was flying) tooke away
The head of it: and so the Dart could headlesse beare no sway.
But yet the moodie beast thereby was set the more on fire:
And chafing like the lightning swift he uttreth forth his ire.
The fire did sparkle from his eyes: and from his boyling brest
He breathed flaming flakes of fire conceyved in his chest.
And looke with what a violent brunt a mightie Bullet goes
From engines bent against a wall, or bulwarks full of foes:
With even such violence rusht the Swine among the Hunts a mayne,
And overthrew *Eupalamon* and *Pelagon* both twaine
That in the right wing placed were. Their fellowes stepping to
And drawing them away, did save their lives with much a do.
But as for poore *Enesimus Hippocoons* sonne had not
The lucke to scape the deadly dint. He would away have got,
And trembling turnde his backe for feare. The Swine him overtooke,
And cut his hamstrings, so that streight his going him forsooke.
And *Næstor* to have lost his life was like by fortune ere
The siege of *Troie*, but that he tooke his rist upon his speare:
And leaping quickly up upon a tree that stoode hard by,
Did safely from the place behold his foe whome he did flie.
The Boare then whetting sharpe his tuskes against the Oken wood,
To mischiefe did prepare himselfe with fierce and cruell mood.
And trusting to his weapons which he sharpened had a new,
In great *Orithyas* thigh a wound with hooked groyne he drew.
Castor & Pollux. The valiant brothers those same twinnes of *Tyndarus* (not yet
Celestiall signes) did both of them on goodly coursers sit
As white as snow: and ech of them had shaking in his fist
A lightsome Dart with head of steele to throw it where he lyst:
And for to wound the bristled Bore they surely had not mist,
But that he still recovered so the coverts of the wood,
That neyther horse could follow him, nor Dart doe any good.

Still after followed *Telamon:* whom taking to his feete
No heede at all for eagernesse, a Maple roote did meete,
Which tripped up his heeles, and flat against the ground him laid.
And while his brother *Peleus* relieved him, the Maid
Of *Tegea* tooke an arrow swift, and shot it from hir bow.
The arrow lighting underneath the havers eare bylow,
And somewhat rasing of the skin, did make the bloud to show.
The Maid hirselfe not gladder was to see that luckie blow,
Than was the Prince *Meleager.* He was the first that saw,
And first that shewed to his Mates the blud that she did draw:
And said, for this thy valiant act due honor shalt thou have.
The men did blush, and chearing up ech other, courage gave
With shouting, and disorderly their Darts by heaps they threw.
The number of them hindred them, not suffring to ensew
That any lighted on the marke at which they all did ame.
Behold, enragde against his ende, the hardie Knight that came
From *Arcadie*, rusht rashly with a Pollax in his fist,
And said, you yonglings learne of me what difference is betwist
A wenches weapons and a mans: and all of you give place
To my redoubted force. For though *Diana* in this chase
Should with hir owne shielde him defend, yet should this hand of mine,
Even maugre Dame *Dianaas* heart, confound this orped Swine.
Such boasting words as these through pride presumptuously he crakes:
And streyning out himselfe upon his tiptoes, streight he takes
His Pollax up with both his hands. But as this bragger ment
To fetch his blow, the cruell beast his malice did prevent:
And in his coddes (the speeding place of death) his tushes puts,
And rippeth up his paunche. Downe falles *Ancæus* and his guts
Come tumbling out besmearde with bloud, and foyled all the plot.
Pirithous Ixions sonne at that abashed not:
But shaking in his valiant hand his hunting staffe did goe
Still stoutly forward face to face t'encounter with his foe.
To whome Duke *Theseus* cride a farre. O dearer unto mee
Than is my selfe, my soule I say, stay: lawfull we it see
For valiant men to keepe aloofe. The over hardie hart
In rash adventring of him selfe hath made *Ancæus* smart.
This sed, he threw a weightie Dart of Cornell with a head
Of brasse: which being leveld well was likely to have sped,
But that a bough of Chestnut tree thicke leaved by the way
Did latch it, and by meanes therof the dint of it did stay.
Another Dart that *Jason* threw, by fortune mist the Bore,
And light betwene a Maistifes chaps, and through his guts did gore,
And naild him to the earth. The hand of Prince *Meleager*
Plaid hittymissie. Of two Darts his first did flie so far,
And lighted in the ground: the next amid his backe stickt fast.
And while the Bore did play the fiend and turned round agast,
And grunting flang his fome about togither mixt with blood
The giver of the wound (the more to stirre his enmies mood,)
Stept in, and underneath the shield did thrust his Boarspeare through.
Then all the Hunters shouting out demeaned joy inough,
And glad was he that first might come to take him by the hand.

About the ugly beast they all with gladnesse gazing stand,
And wondring what a field of ground his carcasse did possesse,
There durst not any be so bolde to touch him. Nerethelesse,
They every of them with his bloud their hunting staves made red.
Then stepped forth *Meleager*, and treading on his hed
Said thus: O Ladie *Atalant*, receive thou here my fee,
And of my glorie vouch thou safe partaker for to bee.
Immediatly the ugly head with both the tusshes brave,
And eke the skin with bristles stur right griesly, he hir gave.
The Ladie for the givers sake, was in hir heart as glad
As for the gift. The rest repinde that she such honor had.
Through all the rout was murmuring: Of whom with roring reare
And armes displayd that all the field might easly see and heare,
The *Thesties* cried, Dame come of, and lay us downe this geare:
And thou a woman offer not us men so great a shame,
As we to toyle, and thou to take the honor of our game.
Ne let that faire smooth face of thine beguile thee, least that hee
That being doted in thy love did give thee this our fee,
Be over farre to rescow thee. And with that word they tooke
The gift from hir, and right of gift from him. He could not brooke
This wrong: but gnashing with his teeth for anger that did boyle
Within, said fiersly: learne ye you that other folkes dispoyle
Of honor given, what diffrence is betweene your threats, and deedes.
And therewithall *Plexippus* brest (who no such matter dreedes)
With wicked weapon he did pierce. As *Toxey* doubting stood
What way to take, desiring both t'advenge his brothers blood,
And fearing to be murthered as his brother was before:
Meleager (to dispatch all doubts of musing any more)
Did heate his sword for companie in bloud of him againe,
Before *Plexippus* bloud was cold that did thereon remaine.
Althæa going toward Church with presents for to yild
Due thankes and worship to the Gods bycause hir sonne had kild
The Boare, beheld hir brothers brought home dead: and by and by
She beate hir brest, and filde the towne with shrieking piteously,
And shifting all hir rich aray, did put on mourning weede.
But when she understoode what man was doer of the deede,
She left all mourning, and from teares to vengeance did proceede.
There was a certaine firebrand which when *Oenies* wife did lie
In childebed of *Meleagar*, she chaunced to espie
The Destnies putting in the fire: and in the putting in,
She heard them speake these words, as they his fatall threede did spin:
O lately borne, like time we give to thee and to this brand.
And when they so had spoken, they departed out of hand.
Immediatly the mother caught the blazing bough away,
And quenched it. This bough she kept full charely many a day:
And in the keeping of the same she kept hir sonne alive.
And now intending of his life him clearely to deprive,
She brought it forth, and causing all the coales and shivers to
Be layëd by, she like a foe did kindle fire thereto.
Fowre times she was about to cast the firebrand in the flame:
Fowre times she pulled backe hir hand from doing of the same.

As moother and as sister both she strove what way to go:
The divers names drew diversly hir stomacke to and fro.
Hir face waxt often pale for feare of mischiefe to ensue:
And often red about the eies through heate of ire she grew.
One while hir looke resembled one that threatned cruelnesse:
Another while ye would have thought she minded pitiousnesse.
And though the cruell burning of hir heart did drie hir teares,
Yet burst out some. And as a Boate which tide contrarie beares
Against the winde, feeles double force, and is compeld to yeelde
To both: So *Thesties* daughter now unable for to weelde
Hir doubtfull passions, diversly is caried of and on:
And chaungeably she waxes calme, and stormes againe anon.
But better sister ginneth she than mother for to be.
And to thintent hir brothers ghostes with bloud to honor, she
In meaning to be one way kinde, doth worke another way
Against kinde. When the plagie fire waxt strong, she thus did say:
Let this same fire my bowels burne. And as in cursed hands
The fatall wood she holding at the Hellish Altar stands,
She said: ye triple Goddesses of wreake, ye Helhounds three,
Beholde ye all this furious fact and sacrifice of mee.
I wreake, and do against all right: with death must death be payde:
On mischiefe mischiefe must be heapt: on corse must corse be laide:
Confounded let this wicked house with heaped sorrowes bee.
Shall *Oenie* joy his happy sonne in honor for to see,
And *Thestie* mourne bereft of his? Nay: better yet it were,
That eche with other companie in mourning you should beare.
Ye brothers Ghostes and soules new dead, I wish no more, but you
To feele the solemne obsequies which I prepare as now:
And that mine offring you accept, which dearly I have bought,
The yssue of my wretched wombe. Alas, alas what thought
I for to doe? O brothers I besech you beare with me:
I am his mother: so to doe my hands unable be.
His trespasse I confesse deserves the stopping of his breath:
But yet I doe not like that I be Author of his death.
And shall he then with life and limme, and honor to, scape free,
And vaunting in his good successe the King of *Calidon* bee,
And you deare soules lie raked up but in a little dust?
I will not surely suffer it. But let the villaine trust
That he shall die, and draw with him to ruine and decay
His Kingdome, Countrie, and his Sire that doth upon him stay.
Why, where is now the mothers heart and pitie that should raigne
In Parents? and the ten Monthes paines that once I did sustaine?
O would to God thou burned had a babie in this brand,
And that I had not tane it out and quencht it with my hand.
That all this while thou lived hast, my goodnesse is the cause,
And now most justly unto death thine owne desert thee drawes.
Receive the guerdon of thy deede: and render thou agen
Thy twice given life, by bearing first, and secondarly when
I caught this firebrand from the flame: or else come deale with me
As with my brothers, and with them let me entumbed be.
I would, and cannot. What then shall I stand to in this case?

One while my brothers corses seeme to prease before my face
With lively Image of their deaths. Another while my minde
Doth yeelde to pitie, and the name of mother doth me blinde.
Now wo is me. To let you have the upper hand is sinne:
But nerethelesse the upper hand O brothers doe you win,
Condicionly that when that I to comfort you withall
Have wrought this feate, my selfe to you resort in person shall.
This sed, she turnde away hir face, and with a trembling hand
Did cast the deathfull brand amid the burning fire. The brand
Did eyther sigh, or seeme to sigh in burning in the flame,
Which sorie and unwilling was to fasten on the same.
Meleager being absent and not knowing ought at all,
Was burned with this flame: and felt his bowels to appall
With secret fire. He bare out long the paine with courage stout.
But yet it grieved him to die so cowardly, without
The shedding of his bloud. He thought *Anceus* for to be
A happie man that dide of wound. With sighing called he
Upon his aged father, and his sisters, and his brother,
And lastly on his wife to, and by chaunce upon his mother.
His paine encreased with the fire, and fell therewith againe:
And at the selfe same instant quight extinguisht were both twaine.
And as the ashes soft and hore by leysure overgrew
The glowing coales: so leysurly his spirit from him drew.
Then drouped stately *Calydon*. Both yong and olde did mourne:
The Lords and Commons did lament: and maried wives with torne
And tattred haire did crie alas. His father did beray
His horie head and face with dust, and on the earth flat lay,
Lamenting that he lived had to see that wofull day.
For now his mothers giltie hand had for that cursed crime
Done execution on hirselfe by sword before hir time.
If God to me a hundred mouthes with sounding tongues should send,
And reason able to conceyve, and thereunto should lend
Me all the grace of eloquence that ere the Muses had,
I could not shew the wo wherewith his sisters were bestad.
Unmindfull of their high estate, their naked brests they smit,
Untill they made them blacke and blew. And while his bodie yit
Remained, they did cherish it, and cherish it againe,
They kist his bodie: yea they kist the chist that did containe
His corse. And after that the corse was burnt to ashes, they
Did presse his ashes with their brests: and downe along they lay
Upon his tumb, and there embraste his name upon the stone,
And fillde the letters of the same with teares that from them gone.
At length *Diana* satisfide with slaughter brought upon
The house of *Oenie*, lifts them up with fethers everichone
(Save *Gorgee* and the daughtrinlaw of noble *Alcmene*) and
Makes wings to stretch along their sides, and horned nebs to stand
Upon their mouthes. And finally she altring quight their faire
And native shape, in shape of Birds dooth send them through the Aire.
The noble *Theseus* in this while with others having donne
His part in killing of the Boare, too *Athens* ward begonne
Too take his way. But *Acheloy* then being swolne with raine

Did stay him of his journey, and from passage him restraine.
Of *Athens* valiant knight (quoth he) come underneath my roofe,
And for to passe my raging streame as yet attempt no proofe.
This brooke is woont whole trees too beare and evelong stones too carry
With hideous roring down his streame. I oft have seene him harry
Whole Shepcotes standing nere his banks, with flocks of sheepe therin:
Nought booted buls their strength, nought steedes by swiftnes there could win.
Yea many lustie men this brooke hath swallowed, when the snow
From mountaines molten, caused him his banks too overflow.
The best is for you for too rest untill the River fall
Within his boundes: and runne ageine within his chanell small.
Content (quoth *Theseus*): *Acheloy*, I will not sure refuse
Thy counsell nor thy house. And so he both of them did use.
Of Pommy hollowed diversly and ragged Pebble stone
The walles were made. The floore with Mosse was soft to tread upon.
The roofe thereof was checkerwise with shelles of Purple wrought
And Perle. The Sunne then full two parts of day to end had brought,
And *Theseus* downe to table sate with such as late before
Had friendly borne him companie at killing of the Bore.
A tone side sate *Ixions* sonne, and on the other sate
The Prince of *Troyzen*, *Lelex*, with a thin hearde horie pate,
And then such other as the brooke of *Acarnania* did
Vouchsafe the honor to his boord and table for to bid,
Who was right glad of such a guest. Immediatly there came
Barefooted Nymphes who brought in meate. And when that of the same
The Lords had taken their repast, the meate away they tooke,
And set downe wine in precious stones. Then *Theseus* who did looke
Upon the Sea that underneath did lie within their sight,
Said: tell us what is yonsame place, (and with his fingar right
Hee poynted thereuntoo) I pray, and what that Iland hight,
Although it seemeth mo than one. The River answerd thus,
It is not one mayne land alone that kenned is of us:
There are uppon a fyve of them. The distaunce of the place,
Dooth hinder too discerne betweene eche Ile the perfect space.
And that the lesse yee woonder may at *Phœbees* act a late,
To such as had neglected hir uppon contempt or hate,
Theis Iles were sumtyme Waternimphes: who having killed Neate,
Twyce fyve, and called too theyr feast the Country Gods too eate,
Forgetting mee kept frolicke cheere. At that gan I too swell,
And ran more large than ever erst: and being over fell
In stomacke and in streame, I rent the wood from wood, and feeld
From feeld, & with the ground the Nymphes as then with stomacks meeld
Remembring mee, I tumbled to the Sea. The waves of mee
And of the sea the ground that erst all whole was wont too bee
Did rend a sunder into all the Iles you yonder see,
And made a way for waters now too passe between them free.
They now of *Urchins* have theyr name. But of theis Ilands, one
A great way of (behold yee) stands a great way of alone,
As you may see. The Mariners doo call it *Perimell.*
With her (she was as then a Nymph) so farre in love I fell,
That of her maydenhod I hir spoyld: which thing displeasd so sore

Her father Sir *Hippodamas*, that from the craggy shore
He threw her headlong downe to drowne her in the sea. But I
Did latch her streight, and bearing her a flote did lowd thus crie.
O *Neptune* with thy threetynde Mace, who hast by lot the charge
Of all the waters wylde that bound uppon the earth at large,
To whom wee holy streames doo runne, in whom we take our end:
Draw neere, and gently to my boone effectually attend.
This Ladie whome I beare a flote myselfe hath hurt. Bee meeke
And upright. If *Hippodamas* perchaunce were fatherleeke,
Or if that he extremitie through outrage did not seeke,
He oughted too have pitied her and for too beare with mee.
Now help us *Neptune* I thee pray, and condescend that shee
Whom from the land her fathers wrath and cruelnesse dooth chace,
Who through her fathers cruelnesse is drownd: may find the grace
To have a place: or rather let hirselfe become a place,
And I will still embrace the same. The King of Seas did move
His head, and as a token that he did my sute approve,
He made his surges all too shake. The Nymph was sore afrayd.
Howbeet shee swam, and as shee swam, my hand I softly layd
Upon her brest which quivered still. And whyle I toucht the same,
I sensibly did feele how all her body hard became:
And how the earth did overgrow her bulk. And as I spake,
New earth enclosde hir swimming limbes, which by and by did take
Another shape, and grew intoo a mighty Ile. With that
The River ceast, and all men there did woonder much thereat.
Pirithous being over hault of mynde and such a one
As did despyse bothe God and man, did laugh them everychone
Too scorne for giving credit, and sayd thus. The woords thou spaakst
Are feyned fancies *Acheloy:* and overstrong thou maakst
The Gods: to say that they can give and take way shapes. This scoffe
Did make the heerers all amazde, for none did like thereof.
And *Lelex* of them all the man most rype in yeeres and wit,
Sayd thus. Unmeasurable is the powre of heaven, and it
Can have none end. And looke what God dooth mynd too bring about,
Must take effect. And in this case too put yee out of dout,
Upon the hilles of *Phrygie* neere a Teyle there stands a tree
Of Oke enclosed with a wall. Myself the place did see.
For *Pithey* untoo *Peleps* feelds did send mee where his father
Did sumtyme reigne. Not farre fro thence there is a poole which rather
Had bene dry ground inhabited. But now it is a meare
And Moorecoks, Cootes, and Cormorants doo breede and nestle there.
The mightie *Jove* and *Mercurie* his sonne in shape of men
Resorted thither on a tyme. A thousand houses when
For roome too lodge in they had sought, a thousand houses bard
Theyr doores against them. Nerethelesse one Cotage afterward
Receyved them, and that was but a pelting one in deede.
The roofe therof was thatched all with straw and fennish reede.
Howbeet twoo honest auncient folke, (of whom shee *Baucis* hight
And he *Philemon*) in that Cote theyr fayth in youth had plight:
And in that Cote had spent theyr age. And for they paciently
Did beare their simple povertie, they made it light thereby,

And shewed it no thinge to bee repyned at at all.
It skilles not whether there for Hyndes or Maister you doo call,
For all the houshold were but two: and both of them obeyde,
And both commaunded. When the Gods at this same Cotage staid,
And ducking downe their heads, within the low made Wicket came,
Philemon bringing ech a stoole, bade rest upon the same
Their limmes: and busie *Baucis* brought them quishons homely geere.
Which done, the embers on the harth she gan abrode to steere,
And laid the coales togither that were raakt up overnight,
And with the brands and dried leaves did make them gather might,
And with the blowing of hir mouth did make them kindle bright.
Then from an inner house she fetcht seare sticks and clifted brands,
And put them broken underneath a Skillet with hir hands.
Hir Husband from their Gardenplot fetcht Coleworts. Of the which
She shreaded small the leaves, and with a Forke tooke downe a flitche
Of restie Bacon from the Balke made blacke with smoke, and cut
A peece thereof, and in the pan to boyling did it put.
And while this meate a seething was, the time in talke they spent,
By meanes whereof away without much tedousnesse it went.
There hung a Boawle of Beeche upon a spirget by a ring.
The same with warmed water filld the twoo old folke did bring
To bathe their guests foule feete therein. Amid the house there stood
A Couch whose bottom sides and feete were all of Sallow wood,
And on the same a Mat of Sedge. They cast upon this bed
A covering which was never wont upon it too be spred
Except it were at solemne feastes: and yet the same was olde
And of the coursest, with a bed of sallow meete to holde.
The Gods sate downe. The aged wife right chare and busie as
A Bee, set out a table, of the which the thirde foote was
A little shorter than the rest. A tylesherd made it even
And tooke away the shoringnesse: and when they had it driven
To stand up levell, with greene Mintes they by and by it wipte.
Then set they on it * *Pallas* fruite with dubble colour stripte, *Ohyfi.*
And Cornels kept in pickle moyst, and Endive, and a roote
Of Radish, and a jolly lump of Butter fresh and soote,
And Egges reare rosted. All these Cates in earthen dishes came.
Then set they downe a graven cup made also of the same
Selfe kinde of Plate, and Mazers made of Beech, whose inner syde
Was rubd with yellow wax. And when they pawsed had a tyde,
Whote meate came pyping from the fyre. And shortly thereupon
A cup of greene hedg wyne was brought. This tane away, anon
Came in the latter course, which was of Nuts, Dates, dryed figges,
Sweete smelling Apples in a Mawnd made flat of Oysyer twigges.
And Prunes and Plums and Purple grapes cut newly from the tree,
And in the midst a honnycomb new taken from the Bee.
Besydes all this there did ensew good countnance overmore,
With will not poore nor nigardly. Now all the whyle before,
As often as *Philemon* and Dame *Baucis* did perceyve
The emptie Cup to fill alone, and wyne too still receyve,
Amazed at the straungenesse of the thing, they gan streyght way
With fearfull harts and hands hilld up too frame themselves too pray,

Desyring for theyr slender cheere and fare too pardoned bee;
They had but one poore Goose which kept theyr little Tennantree,
And this too offer too the Gods theyr guestes they did intend.
The Gander wyght of wing did make the slow old folke too spend
Theyr paynes in vayne, and mokt them long. At length he seemd too flye
For succor too the Gods themselves, who bade he should not dye,
For wee bee Gods (quoth they) and all this wicked towneship shall
Abye their gylt. On you alone this mischeef shall not fall.
No more but give you up your house, and follow up this hill
Toogither, and upon the top thereof abyde our will.
They bothe obeyd. And as the Gods did lead the way before,
They lagged slowly after with theyr staves, and labored sore
Ageinst the rysing of the hill. They were not mickle more
Than full a flyghtshot from the top, when looking backe they saw
How all the towne was drowned save their lyttle shed of straw.
And as they woondred at the thing and did bewayle the case
Of those that had their neyghbours beene, the old poore Cote so base
Whereof they had beene owners erst, became a Church. The proppes
Were turned into pillars howge: The straw uppon the toppes
Was yellow, so that all the roof did seeme of burnisht gold:
The floore with Marble paved was: The doores on eyther fold
Were graven. At the sight hereof *Philemon* and his make
Began too pray in feare. Then *Jove* thus gently them bespake.
Declare thou ryghtuowse man, and thou O woman meete too have
A ryghtuowse howsband what yee would most cheefly wish or crave.
Philemon taking conference a little with his wyfe,
Declared bothe theyr meenings thus. We covet during lyfe,
Your Chapleynes for too bee too keepe your Temple. And bycause
Our yeeres in concord wee have spent, I pray when death neere drawes
Let bothe of us toogither leave our lives: that neyther I
Behold my wyves deceace, nor shee see myne when I doo dye.
Theyr wish had sequele to theyr wyll. As long as lyfe did last,
They kept the Church. And beeing spent with age of yeares forepast,
By chaunce as standing on a tyme without the Temple doore
They told the fortune of the place, *Philemon* old and poore
Saw *Baucis* floorish greene with leaves, and *Baucis* saw likewyse
Philemon braunching out in boughes and twigs before hir eyes.
And as the Bark did overgrow the heades of bothe, eche spake
Too other whyle they myght. At last they eche of them did take
Theyr leave of other bothe at once, and therewithall the bark
Did hyde theyr faces both at once. The *Phrygians* in that park
Doo at this present day still shew the trees that shaped were
Of theyr twoo bodies, growing yit togither joyntly there.
Theis things did auncient men report of credit verie good.
For why there was no cause why they should lye. As I there stood
I saw the garlands hanging on the boughes, and adding new
I sayd let them whom God dooth love be Gods, and honor dew
Bee given to such as honor him with feare and reverence trew.
He hilld his peace, and bothe the thing and he that did it tell
Did move them all, but *Theseus* most. Whom being mynded well
To heere of wondrous things, the brooke of *Calydon* thus bespake.

There are O valiant knyght sum folke that had the powre too take
Straunge shape for once, and all their lyves continewed in the same,
And othersum to sundrie shapes have power themselves to frame,
As thou O *Protew* dwelling in the sea that cleepes the land.
For now a yoonker, now a boare, anon a Lyon, and
Streyght way thou didst become a Snake, and by and by a Bull,
That people were afrayd of thee too see thy horned skull.
And oftentymes thou seemde a stone, and now and then a tree,
And counterfetting water sheere thou seemedst oft to bee
A River: and another whyle contrarie thereuntoo
Thou wart a fyre. No lesser power than also thus too doo
Had *Erisicthons* daughter whom *Awtolychus* tooke to wyfe.
Hir father was a person that despysed all his lyfe
The powre of Gods, and never did vouchsauf them sacrifyse.
He also is reported too have heawen in wicked wyse
The grove of *Ceres*, and to fell her holy woods which ay
Had undiminisht and unhackt continewed to that day.
There stood in it a warrie Oke which was a wood alone.
Uppon it round hung fillets, crownes, and tables, many one,
The vowes of such as had obteynd theyr hearts desyre. Full oft
The Woodnymphes underneath this tree did fetch theyr frisks aloft,
And oftentymes with hand in hand they daunced in a round
About the Trunk, whose bignesse was of timber good and sound
Full fifteene fadom. All the trees within the wood besyde,
Were untoo this, as weedes to them: so farre it did them hyde.
Yit could not this move *Triops* sonne his axe therefro too hold,
But bade his servants cut it downe. And when he did behold
Them stunting at his hest, he snatcht an axe with furious mood
From one of them, and wickedly sayd thus. Although thys wood
Not only were the derling of the Goddesse, but also
The Goddesse even herself: yet would I make it ere I go
Too kisse the clowers with hir top that pranks with braunches so.
This spoken, as he sweakt his axe asyde to fetch his blow,
The manast Oke did quake and sygh, the Acornes that did grow
Thereon toogither with the leaves too wex full pale began,
And shrinking in for feare the boughes and braunches looked wan.
Assoone as that his cursed hand had wounded once the tree,
The blood came spinning from the carf, as freshly as yee see
It issue from a Bullocks necke whose throte is newly cut
Before the Altar, when his flesh to sacrifyse is put.
They were amazed everychone. And one among them all
Too let the wicked act, durst from the tree his hatchet call.
The lewd *Thessalian* facing him sayd: Take thou heere too thee
The guerdon of thy godlynesse: and turning from the tree,
He chopped of the fellowes head. Which done, he went agen
And heawed on the Oke. Streight from amid the tree as then
There issued such a sound as this. Within this tree dwell I
A Nymph too *Ceres* very deere, who now before I dye
In comfort of my death doo give thee warning thou shalt bye
Thy dooing deere within a whyle. He goeth wilfully
Still thorrough with his wickednesse, untill at length the Oke

Pulld partly by the force of ropes, and cut with axes stroke,
Did fall, and with his weyght bare downe of under wood great store.
The Woodnymphes with the losses of the woods and theyrs right sore
Amazed, gathered on a knot, and all in mourning weede
Went sad too *Ceres*, praying her too wreake that wicked deede
Of *Erisicthons*. *Ceres* was content it should bee so.
And with the mooving of her head in nodding too and fro,
She shooke the feeldes which laden were with frutefull Harvest tho.
And therewithall a punishment most piteous shee proceedes
Too put in practyse: were it not that his most heynous deedes,
No pitie did deserve to have at any bodies hand.
With helplesse hungar him to pyne, in purpose shee did stand.
And forasmuch as shee herself and famin myght not meete,
(For fate forbiddeth famin too abyde within the leete
Where plentie is) she thus bespake a fayrie of the hill.
There lyeth in the utmost bounds of Tartarie the chill
A Dreerie place, a wretched soyle, a barreine plot: no grayne,
No frute, no tree, is growing there: but there dooth ay remayne
Unweeldsome cold, with trembling feare, and palenesse white as clowt,
And foodlesse famin. Will thou her immediatly withowt
Delay too shed hirself intoo the stomacke of the wretch,
And let no plentie staunch her force, but let her working stretch
Above the powre of mee. And least the longnesse of the way
May make thee wearie, take thou heere my charyot: take I say
My draggons for to beare thee through the aire. In saying so
She gave hir them. The Nymph mounts up: and flying thence as tho
Alyghts in *Scythy* land, and up the cragged top of hye
Mount *Caucasus* did cause hir Snakes with much a doo too stye,
Where seeking long for famin, shee the gaptoothd elfe did spye
Amid a barreine stony feeld a ramping up the grasse
With ougly nayles, and chanking it. Her face pale colourd was.
Hir heare was harsh and shirle, her eyes were sunken in her head.
Her lyppes were hore with filth, her teeth were furd and rusty read;
Her skinne was starched, and so sheere a man myght well espye
The verie bowels in her bulk how every one did lye.
And eke above her coorbed loynes her withered hippes were seene.
In stead of belly was a space where belly should have beene.
Her brest did hang so sagging downe as that a man would weene
That scarcely to her ridgebone had hir ribbes beene fastened well;
Her leannesse made her joynts bolne big, and kneepannes for too swell,
And with exceeding mighty knubs her heeles behynd boynd out.
Now when the Nymph behild this elfe a farre (she was in dout
Too come too neere her:) shee declarde her Ladies message. And
In that same little whyle although the Nymph aloof did stand,
And though shee were but newly come, yit seemed shee too feele
The force of famin. Whereuppon shee turning backe her wheele
Did reyne her dragons up aloft: who streyght with courage free
Conveyd her into *Thessaly*. Although that famin bee
Ay contrarye too *Ceres* woork: yit did shee then agree
Too doo her will, and glyding through the Ayre supported by
The wynd, shee found thappoynted house: and entring by and by

The caytifs chamber where he slept (it was in tyme of nyght)
Shee hugged him betweene her armes there snorting bolt upryght.
And breathing her into him, blew uppon his face and brest,
That hungar in his emptie veynes myght woorke as hee did rest.
And when she had accomplished her charge, shee then forsooke
The frutefull Clymates of the world, and home ageine betooke
Herselfe untoo her frutelesse feeldes and former dwelling place.
The gentle sleep did all this whyle with fethers soft embrace
The wretched *Erisicthons* corse. Who dreaming streight of meate
Did stirre his hungry jawes in vayne as though he had too eate:
And chanking tooth on tooth a pace he gryndes them in his head,
And occupies his emptie throte with swallowing, and in stead
Of food devoures the lither ayre. But when that sleepe with nyght
Was shaken of, immediatly a furious appetite
Of feeding gan too rage in him, which in his greedy gummes
And in his meatlesse maw dooth reigne unstauncht. Anon there cummes
Before him whatsoever lives on sea, in aire or land:
And yit he crieth still for more. And though the platters stand
Before his face full furnished, yit dooth he still complayne
Of hungar, craving meate at meale. The food that would susteine
Whole householdes, Towneships, Shyres and Realmes suffyce not him alone:
The more his pampred paunch consumes the more it maketh mone.
And as the sea receyves the brookes of all the worldly Realmes,
And yit is never satisfyde for all the forreine streames:
And as the fell and ravening fyre refuseth never wood,
But burneth faggots numberlesse, and with a furious mood
The more it hath, the more it still desyreth evermore,
Encreacing in devouring through encreasement of the store:
So wicked *Erisicthons* mouth in swallowing of his meate
Was ever hungry more and more, and longed ay to eate.
Meate tolld in meate: and as he ate the place was empty still.
The hungar of his brinklesse Maw the gulf that nowght might fill
Had brought his fathers goods too nowght. But yit continewed ay
His cursed hungar unappeasd: and nothing could alay
The flaming of his starved throte. At length when all was spent,
And intoo his unfilled Maw both goods and lands were sent:
An only daughter did remayne unworthy too have had
So lewd a father. Hir he sold, so hard he was bestad.
But shee of gentle courage could no bondage well abyde.
And therfore stretching out her hands too seaward there besyde,
Now save mee quoth shee from the yoke of bondage I thee pray,
O thou that my virginitie enjoyest as a pray.
Neptunus had it: Who too this her prayer did consent.
And though her maister looking backe (for after him shee went)
Had newly seene her: yit he turnd hir shape and made hir man,
And gave her looke of fisherman. Her mayster looking than
Upon hir, sayd. Good fellow thou that on the shore doost stand
With angling rod and bayted hooke and hanging lyne in hand,
I pray thee as thou doost desyre the Sea ay calme too thee,
And fishes for to byght thy bayt, and striken still too bee,
Tell where the frizzletopped wench in course and sluttish geere,

That stoode right now uppon this shore (for well I wote that heere
I saw her standing) is become. For further than this place
No footestep is appering. Shee perceyving by the cace
That *Neptunes* gift made well with her, and beeing glad too see
Herselfe enquyrd for of herselfe, sayd thus: who ere you bee
I pray you for too pardon mee. I turned not myne eye
A tonesyde ne a toother from this place, but did apply
My labor hard. And that you may the lesser stand in dowt,
So *Neptune* further still the Art and craft I go abowt,
As now a whyle no living Wyght uppon this levell sand
(Myselfe excepted) neyther man nor woman heere did stand.
Her maister did beleeve her words: and turning backward went
His way beguyld: and streight too her her native shape was sent.
But when her father did perceyve his daughter for too have
A bodye so transformable, he oftentymes her gave
For monny, but the damzell still escaped, now a Mare,
And now a Cow, and now a Bird, a Hart, a Hynd, or Hare,
And ever fed her hungry Syre with undeserved fare.
But after that the maladie had wasted all the meates
As well of store as that which shee had purchast by hir feates:
Most cursed keytife as he was, with bighting hee did rend
His flesh, and by diminishing his bodye did intend
To feede his bodye, till that death did speed his fatall end.
But what meene I too busye mee in forreine matters thus?
Too alter shapes within precinct is lawfull even too us
My Lords. For sumtime I am such as you doo now mee see:
Sumtyme I wynd mee in a Snake: and oft I seeme too bee
A Capteine of the herd with hornes. For taking hornes on mee,
I lost a tyne which heeretoofore did arme mee, as the print
Dooth playnly shew. With that same word he syghed and did stint.

Finis octavi Libri.

THE NINTH BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

WHAT ayleth thee (quoth *Theseus*) too sygh so sore? and how
Befell it thee to get this mayme that is uppon thy brow?
The noble streame of *Calydon* made answer, who did weare
A Garland made of reedes and flags upon his sedgie heare.
A greevous pennance you enjoyne, for who would gladly show
The combats in the which himself did take the overthrow?
Yit will I make a just report in order of the same.
For why? too have the woorser hand was not so great a shame,
As was the honor such a match too undertake. And much
It comforts mee that he who did mee overcome, was such
A valiant champion. If perchaunce you erst have heard the name
Of *Deyanyre:* the fayrest Mayd that ever God did frame
Shee was in myne opinion. And the hope too win her love
Did mickle envy and debate among hir wooers move.
With whome I entring too the house of him that should have bee
My fathrilaw, *Parthaons* sonne (I sayd) accept thou mee
Thy Sonnylaw. And *Hercules* in selfe same sort did woo.
And all the other suters streight gave place untoo us twoo.
He vaunted of his father *Jove*, and of his famous deedes,
And how ageinst his stepdames spyght his prowesse still proceedes.
And I ageine a toother side sayd thus. It is a shame
That God should yeeld too man. (This stryfe was long ere he became
A God). Thou seeist me a Lord of waters in thy Realme
Where I in wyde and wynding banks doo beare my flowing streame.
No straunger shalt thou have of mee sent farre from forreine land:
But one of household, or at least a neyghbour heere at hand.
Alonly let it bee too mee no hindrance that the wyfe
Of *Jove* abhorres mee not, ne that upon the paine of lyfe
Shee sets mee not too task. For where thou bostest thee too bee
Alcmenas sonne, *Jove* eyther is not father unto thee:
Or if he bee, it is by sin. In making *Jove* thy father,
Thou maakst thy moother but a whoore. Now choose thee whither rather
Thou had too graunt this tale of *Jove* surmised for too bee,
Or else thy selfe begot in shame and borne in bastardee.
At that he grimly bendes his browes, and much a doo he hath
Too hold his hands, so sore his hart inflamed is with wrath.
He said no more but thus: My hand dooth serve mee better than
My toong. Content I am (so I in feighting vanquish can)
That thou shalt overcome in wordes. And therewithall he gan
Mee feercely to assaile. Mee thought it was a shame for mee
That had even now so stoutly talkt, in dooings faint to bee.
I casting of my greenish cloke thrust stifly out at length
Mine armes, and streynd my pawing handes too hold him out by strength,
And framed every limme too cope. With both his hollow hands
He caught up dust and sprincked mee: and I likewise with sands

Made him all yelow too. One whyle hee at my necke doth snatch:
Another whyle my cleere crisp legges he striveth for too catch,
Or trippes at mee: and everywhere the vauntage he dooth watch.
My weightinesse defended mee, and cleerly did disfeate
His stout assaults, as when a wave with hideous noyse doth beate
Against a Rocke, the Rocke dooth still both sauf and sound abyde
By reason of his massinesse. Wee drew a whyle a syde:
And then incountring fresh ageine, wee kept our places stowt,
Full minded not too yeeld an ynch, but for too hold it owt.
Now were wee stonding foote too foote. And I with all my brest
Was leaning forward, and with head ageinst his head did rest,
And with my gryping fingars I ageinst his fingars thrust.
So have I seene twoo myghtie Bulles togither feercely just
In seeking as their pryse to have the fayrest Cow in all
The feeld too bee their make, and all the herd bothe great and small
Stand gazing on them fearfully not knowing untoo which
The conquest of so greate a gayne shall fall. Three tymes a twich
Gave *Hercules* and could not wrinch my leaning brest him fro:
But at the fourth he shooke mee of and made mee too let go
My hold: and with a push (I will tell truthe) he had a knacke
Too turne me of, and heavily he hung upon my backe.
And if I may beleeved bee (as sure I meene not I
To vaunt my selfe vayngloriously by telling of a lye,)
Mee thought a mountaine whelmed me. But yit with much a doo
I wrested in my sweating armes, and hardly did undoo
His griping hands. He following still his vauntage, suffred not
Mee once too breath or gather strength, but by and by he got
Mee by the necke. Then was I fayne too sinke with knee too ground,
And kisse the dust. Now when in strength too weake myself I found,
I tooke mee too my slights, and slipt in shape of Snake away
Of woondrous length. And when that I of purpose him too fray
Did bend myself in swelling rolles, and made a hideous noyse
Of hissing with my forked toong, he smyling at my toyes,
And laughing them to scorne sayd thus. It is my Cradle game
To vanquish Snakes O *Acheloy*. Admit thou overcame
All other Snakes, yet what art thou compared too the Snake
Of *Lerna*, who by cutting of did still encreasement take?
For of a hundred heades not one so soone was paarde away,
But that uppon the stump therof there budded other tway.
This sprouting Snake whose braunching heads by slaughter did revive
And grow by cropping, I subdewd, and made it could not thryve.
And thinkest thou (who being none wouldst seeme a Snake) too scape?
Who doost with foorged weapons feyght and under borowed shape?
This sayd, his fingars of my necke he fastned in the nape.
Mee thought he graand my throte as though he did with pinsons nip:
I struggled from his churlish thumbes my pinched chappes too slip:
But doo the best and worst I could, he overcame mee so.
Then thirdly did remayne the shape of Bull, and quickly tho
I turning too the shape of Bull rebelld ageinst my fo.
He stepping too my left syde cloce, did fold his armes about
My wattled necke, and following mee then running maynely out

Did drag mee backe, and made mee pitch my hornes against the ground,
And in the deepest of the sand he overthrew mee round.
And yit not so content, such hold his cruell hand did take
Uppon my welked horne, that he a sunder quight it brake,
And pulld it from my maymed brew. The waterfayries came
And filling it with frute and flowres did consecrate the same,
And so my horne the Tresory of plenteousnesse became.
Assoone as *Acheloy* had told this tale a wayting Mayd
With flaring heare that lay on both hir shoulders, and arayd
Like one of Dame *Dianas* Nymphes, with solemne grace forth came
And brought that rich and precious horne, and heaped in the same
All kynd of frutes that Harvest sendes, and specially such frute
As serves for latter course at meales of every sort and sute.
Assoone as daylight came ageine, and that the Sunny rayes
Did shyne upon the tops of things, the Princes went their wayes.
They would not tarry till the floud were altogither falne,
And that the River in his banks ran low ageine and calme.
Then *Acheloy* amid his waves his Crabtree face did hyde
And head disarmed of a horne. And though he did abyde
In all parts else bothe sauf and sound, yit this deformitye
Did cut his comb: and for to hyde this blemish from the eye,
He hydes his hurt with Sallow leaves, or else with sedge and reede.
But of the selfsame Mayd the love killd thee feerce *Nesse* in deede,
When percing swiftly through thy back an arrow made thee bleede.
For as *Joves* issue with his wyfe was onward on his way
In going too his countryward, enforst he was too stay
At swift *Euenus* bank, bycause the streame was risen sore
Above his bounds through rage of rayne that fell but late before.
Agein so full of whoorlpooles and of gulles the channell was,
That scarce a man could any where fynd place of passage. As
Not caring for himself but for hys wyfe he there did stand,
This *Nessus* came unto him (who was strong of body and
Knew well the foordes,) and sayd use thou thy strength O *Hercules*
In swimming. I will fynd the meanes this Ladie shall with ease
Bee set uppon the further bank. So *Hercules* betooke
His wyfe too *Nessus*. Shee for feare of him and of the brooke
Lookte pale. Her husband as he had his quiver by his syde
Of arrowes full, and on his backe his heavy Lyons hyde,
(For too the further bank he urst his club and bow had cast)
Said. Sith I have begonne, this brooke bothe must and shal bee past.
He never casteth further douts, nor seekes the calmest place,
But through the roughest of the streame he cuts his way a pace.
Now as he on the furthersyde was taking up his bow,
He heard his wedlocke shreeking out, and did hir calling know:
And cryde to *Nesse* (who went about to deale unfaythfully
In running with his charge away) Hoawe whither doost thou fly
Thou Royster thou, uppon vaine hope by swiftnesse too escape
My hands? I say give eare thou *Nesse* for all thy double shape,
And meddle not with that thats myne. Though no regard of mee
Might move thee too refrayne from rape, thy father yit might bee
A warning, who for offring shame too *Juno* now dooth feele

Continuall torment in his limbes by turning on a wheele.
For all that thou hast horses feete which doo so bolde thee make,
Yit shalt thou not escape my hands. I will thee overtake
With wound and not with feete. He did according as he spake.
For with an arrow as he fled he strake him through the backe,
And out before his brist ageine the hooked iron stacke,
And when the same was pulled out, the blood a mayne ensewd
At both the holes with poyson foule of *Lerna* Snake embrewd:
This blood did *Nessus* take, and said within himselfe: well: sith
I needes must dye, yet will I not dye unrevendgd. And with
The same he staynd a shirt, and gave it unto *Dyanyre*,
Assuring hir it had the powre too kindle *Cupids* fyre.
A greate whyle after when the deedes of worthy *Hercules*
Were such as filled all the world, and also did appease
The hatred of his stepmother: As he uppon a day
With conquest from *Oechalia* came, and was abowt to pay
His vowes to *Jove* upon the Mount of *Cenye:* tatling fame
(Who in reporting things of truth delyghts too sauce the same
With tales, and of a thing of nowght dooth ever greater grow
Through false and newly forged lyes that shee hirself dooth sow)
Told *Dyanyre* that *Hercules* did cast a liking too
A Ladie called *Iolee.* And *Dyanyra* (whoo
Was jealous over *Hercules,*) gave credit too the same.
And when that of a Leman first the tidings too hir came,
She being striken too the hart, did fall too teares alone,
And in a lamentable wise did make most wofull mone.
Anon she said: what meene theis teares thus gushing from myne eyen?
My husbands Leman will rejoyce at theis same teares of myne.
Nay, sith she is too come, the best it were too shonne delay,
And for too woork sum new devyce and practyse whyle I may,
Beefore that in my bed hir limbes the filthy strumpet lay.
And shall I then complayne? or shall I hold my toong with skill?
Shall I returne too *Calydon?* or shall I tarry still?
Or shall I get me out of doores, and let them have their will?
What if that I *(Meleager)* remembring mee too bee
Thy suster, too attempt sum act notorious did agree?
And in a harlots death did shew (that all the world myght see)
What greef can cause the womankynd too enterpryse among?
And specially when thereuntoo they forced are by wrong.
With wavering thoughts ryght violently hir mynd was tossed long.
At last shee did preferre before all others, for too send
The shirt bestayned with the blood of *Nessus*, too the end
Too quicken up the quayling love. And so not knowing what
She gave, she gave her owne remorse and greef too *Lychas*, that
Did know as little as herself: and wretched woman, shee
Desyrd him gently too her Lord presented it too see.
The noble Prince receyving it without mistrust therein,
Did weare the poyson of the Snake of *Lerna* next his skin.
Too offer incense and too pray too *Jove* he did begin,
And on the Marble Altar he full boawles of wyne did shed,
When as the poyson with the heate resolving, largely spred

Through all the limbes of *Hercules*. As long as ere he could,
The stoutnesse of his hart was such, that sygh no whit he would.
But when the mischeef grew so great all pacience too surmount,
He thrust the altar from him streight, and filled all the mount
Of *Oeta* with his roring out. He went about too teare
The deathfull garment from his backe: but where he pulled, there
He pulld away the skin: and (which is lothsum too report)
It eyther cleaved to his limbes and members in such sort
As that he could not pull it of, or else it tare away
The flesh, that bare his myghty bones and grisly sinewes lay.
The scalding venim boyling in his blood, did make it hisse,
As when a gad of steele red whot in water quenched is.
There was no measure of his paine. The frying venim hent
His inwards, and a purple swet from all his body went.
His sindged sinewes shrinking crakt, and with a secret strength
The poyson even within his bones the Maree melts at length.
Then holding up his hands too heaven he sayd with hideous reere:
O *Saturnes* daughter feede thy selfe on my distresses heere.
Yea feede, and cruell wyght this plage behold thou from above,
And glut thy savage hart therewith. Or if thy fo may move
Thee untoo pitie, (for too thee I am an utter fo)
Bereeve mee of my hatefull soule distrest with helplesse wo,
And borne too endlesse toyle. For death shall untoo mee bee sweete,
And for a cruell stepmother is death a gift most meete.
And is it I that did destroy *Busiris* who did foyle
His temple floores with straungers blood? Ist I that did dispoyle
Anteus of his moothers help? Ist I that could not bee
Abashed at the Spanyard who in one had bodies three?
Nor at the trypleheaded shape O *Cerberus* of thee?
Are you the hands that by the hornes the Bull of *Candie* drew?
Did you king *Augies* stable clenze whom afterward yee slew?
Are you the same by whom the fowles were scaard from *Stymphaly?*
Caught you the Stag in Maydenwood which did not run but fly?
Are you the hands whose puissance receyved for your pay
The golden belt of *Thermodon?* Did you convey away
The Apples from the Dragon fell that waked nyght and day?
Ageinst the force of mee, defence the *Centaures* could not make.
Nor yit the Boare of *Arcadie:* nor yit the ougly Snake
Of *Lerna*, who by losse did grow and dooble force still take.
What? is it I that did behold the pampred Jades of *Thrace*
With Maungers full of flesh of men on which they fed a pace?
Ist I that downe at syght thereof theyr greazy Maungers threw,
And bothe the fatted Jades themselves and eke their mayster slew?
The *Nemean* Lyon by theis armes lyes dead uppon the ground.
Theis armes the monstruous Giant *Cake* by *Tyber* did confound.
Uppon theis shoulders have I borne the weyght of all the skie.
Joves cruell wyfe is weerye of commaunding mee. Yit I
Unweerie am of dooing still. But now on mee is lyght
An uncoth plage, which neyther force of hande, nor vertues myght,
Nor Arte is able too resist. Like wasting fyre it spreedes
Among myne inwards, and through out on all my body feedes.

But all this whyle *Eurysthye* lives in health. And sum men may
Beleeve there bee sum Goddes in deede. Thus much did *Hercule* say.
And wounded over *Oeta* hygh, he stalking gan too stray,
As when a Bull in maymed bulk, a deadly Dart dooth beare,
And that the dooer of the deede is shrunke asyde for feare.
Oft syghing myght you him have seene, oft trembling, oft about
Too teare the garment with his hands from top too to throughout.
And throwing downe the myghtye trees, and chaufing with the hilles,
Or casting up his handes too heaven where *Jove* his father dwelles.
Behold, as *Lychas* trembling in a hollow rock did lurk,
He spyed him. And as his greef did all in furie woork,
He sayd. Art thou syr *Lychas* he that broughtest untoo mee
This plagye present? of my death must thou the woorker bee?
Hee quaakt and shaakt, and looked pale, and fearfully gan make
Excuse. But as with humbled hands hee kneeling too him spake,
The furious *Hercule* caught him up, and swindging him about
His head a halfe a doozen tymes or more, he floong him out
Into th'*Euboyan* sea with force surmounting any sling.
He hardened intoo peble stone as in the ayre he hing.
And even as rayne conjeald by wynd is sayd too turne too snowe,
And of the snow round rolled up a thicker masse too growe,
Which falleth downe in hayle: so men in auncient tyme report,
That *Lychas* beeing swindgd about by violence in that sort,
(His blood then beeing drayned out, and having left at all
No moysture) intoo peble stone was turned in his fall.
Now also in th'*Euboyan* sea appeeres a hygh short rocke
In shape of man ageinst the which the shipmen shun too knocke,
As though it could them feele, and they doo call it by the name
Of *Lychas* still. But thou *Joves* imp of great renowme and fame,
Didst fell the trees of *Oeta* high and making of the same
A pyle, didst give too * *Pæans* sonne thy quiver and thy bow, *Philoctæ*
And arrowes which should help agein *Troy* towne too overthrow.
He put too fyre, and as the same was kindling in the pyle,
Thy selfe didst spred thy Lyons skin upon the wood the whyle,
And leaning with thy head ageinst thy Club, thou laydst thee downe
As cheerfully, as if with flowres and garlonds on thy crowne
Thou hadst beene set a banquetting among full cups of wyne.
Anon on every syde about those carelesse limbes of thyne
The fyre began too gather strength, and crackling noyse did make,
Assayling him whose noble hart for daliance did it take.
The Goddes for this defender of the earth were sore afrayd,
Too whom with cheerefull countnance *Jove* perceyving it thus sayd.
This feare of yours is my delyght, and gladly even with all
My hart I doo rejoyce O Gods that mortall folk mee call
Their king and father, thinking mee ay myndfull of their weale,
And that myne ofspring should doo well your selves doo show such zeale.
For though that you doo attribute your favor too desert,
Considring his most woondrous acts: yit I too for my part
Am bound untoo you. Nerethelesse, for that I would not have
Your faythfull harts without just cause in fearfull passions wave,
I would not have you of the flames in *Oeta* make account.

For as he hath all other things, so shall he them surmount.
Save only on that part that he hath taken of his mother,
The fyre shall have no power at all. Eternall is the tother,
The which he takes of mee, and cannot dye, ne yeeld too fyre.
When this is rid from earthly drosse, then will I lift it hygher,
And take it intoo heaven: and I beleeve this deede of myne
Will gladsome bee to all the Gods. If any doo repyne,
If any doo repyne I say that *Hercule* should become
A God, repyne he still for mee, and looke he sowre and glum.
But let him know that *Hercules* deserveth this reward,
And that he shall ageinst his will alow it afterward.
The Gods assented everychone. And *Juno* seemd too make
No evill countnance too the rest, untill hir husband spake
The last, for then her looke was such as well they might perceyve,
Shee did her husbands noting her in evill part conceyve.
Whyle *Jove* was talking with the Gods, as much as fyre could waste
So much had fyre consumde. And now O *Hercules* thou haste
No carkesse for too know thee by. That part is quyght bereft
Which of thy mother thou didst take. Alonly now is left
The likenesse that thou tookst of *Jove*. And as the Serpent slye
In casting of his withered slough, renewes his yeeres thereby,
And wexeth lustyer than before, and looketh crisp and bryght
With scoured scales: so *Hercules* as soone as that his spryght
Had left his mortall limbes, gan in his better part too thryve,
And for too seeme a greater thing than when he was alyve,
And with a stately majestie ryght reverend too appeere.
His myghty father tooke him up above the cloudy spheere,
And in a charyot placed him among the streaming starres.
Howge *Atlas* felt the weyght thereof. But nothing this disbarres
Eurysthyes malice. Cruelly he prosecutes the hate
Uppon the offspring, which he bare ageinst the father late.
But yit too make her mone untoo and wayle her miserie
And tell her sonnes great woorkes, which all the world could testifie,
Old *Alcmen* had Dame *Iolee*. By *Hercules* last will
In wedlocke and in hartie love shee joyned was too *Hill*,
By whome shee then was big with chyld: when thus *Alcmena* sayd,
The Gods at least bee mercifull and send thee then theyr ayd,
And short thy labor, when the frute the which thou goste withall
Now beeyng rype enforceth thee with fearfull voyce too call
Uppon *Ilithya* president of chyldbirthes, whom the ire
Of *Juno* at my travelling made deaf too my desire.
For when the Sun through twyce fyve signes his course had fully run,
And that the paynfull day of birth approched of my sonne:
My burthen strayned out my wombe, and that that I did beare
Became so greate that of so howge a masse yee well myght sweare
That *Jove* was father. Neyther was I able too endure
The travell any lenger tyme. Even now I you assure
In telling it a shuddring cold through all my limbes dooth strike,
And partly it renewes my peynes too thinke uppon the like.
I beeing in most cruell throwes nyghts seven and dayes eke seven,
And tyred with continuall pangs, did lift my hands too heaven,

And crying out aloud did call *Lucina* too myne ayd,
Too loose the burthen from my wombe. Shee came as I had prayd:
But so corrupted long before by *Juno* my most fo,
That for too martir mee too death with peyne she purposde tho.
For when shee heard my piteous plaints and gronings, downe shee sate
On yon same altar which you see there standing at my gate.
Upon hir left knee shee had pitcht hir right ham, and besyde
Shee stayd the birth with fingars one within another tyde
In lattiswyse. And secretly she whisperde witching spells
Which hindred my deliverance more then all her dooings ells.
I labord still: and forst by payne and torments of my fitts,
I rayld on *Jove* (although in vayne) as one besyde her witts.
And ay I wished for too dye. The woords that I did speake,
Were such as even the hardest stones of very flint myght breake.
The wyves of *Thebee* beeing there, for sauf deliverance prayd
And giving cheerefull woords, did bid I should not bee dismayd.
Among the other women there that too my labor came,
There was an honest yeomans wyfe, *Galantis* was her name.
Her heare was yellow as the gold, she was a jolly Dame,
And stoutly served mee, and I did love her for the same.
This wyfe (I know not how) did smell some packing gone about
On *Junos* part. And as she oft was passing in and out,
Shee spyde *Lucina* set uppon the altar holding fast
Her armes toogither on her knees, and with her fingars cast
Within ech other on a knot, and sayd untoo her thus.
I pray you who so ere you bee, rejoyce you now with us,
My Lady *Alcmen* hath her wish, and sauf is brought a bed.
Lucina leaped up amazde at that that shee had sed,
And let her hands a sunder slip. And I immediatly
With loosening of the knot, had sauf deliverance by and by.
They say that in deceyving Dame *Lucina Galant* laught.
And therfore by the yellow locks the Goddesse wroth hir caught,
And dragged her. And as she would have risen from the ground,
Shee kept her downe, and into legges her armes shee did confound.
Hir former stoutnesse still remaynes: hir backe dooth keepe the hew
That erst was in her heare: her shape is only altered new.
And for with lying mouth shee helpt a woman laboring, shee
Dooth kindle also at her mouth. And now she haunteth free
Our houses as shee did before, a Weasle as wee see.
With that shee syghes too think uppon her servants hap, and then
Her daughtrinlaw immediatly replied thus agen.
But mother, shee whose altred shape dooth move your hart so sore,
Was neyther kith nor kin too you. What will you say therefore,
If of myne owne deere suster I the woondrous fortune show?
Although my sorrow and the teares that from myne eyes doo flow,
Doo hinder mee, and stop my speeche. Her mother (you must know
My father by another wyfe had mee) bare never mo
But this same Ladie *Dryopee*, the fayrest Ladye tho
In all the land of *Oechalye*. Whom beeing then no mayd
(For why the * God of *Delos* and of *Delphos* had hir frayd)
Andræmon taketh too his wyfe, and thinkes him well apayd.

* *Apollo.*

There is a certaine leaning Lake whose bowing banks doo show
A likenesse of the salt sea shore. Uppon the brim doo grow
All round about it Mirtletrees. My suster thither goes
Unwares what was her destinie, and (which you may suppose
Was more too bee disdeyned at) the cause of comming there
Was too the fayries of the Lake fresh garlonds for too beare.
And in her armes a babye, her sweete burthen shee did hold,
Who sucking on her brest was yit not full a twelvemoonth old.
Not farre from this same pond did grow a *Lote* tree florisht gay
With purple flowres and beries sweete, and leaves as greene as Bay.
Of theis same flowres too please her boy my suster gathered sum,
And I had thought too doo so too, for I was thither cum.
I saw how from the slivered flowres red drops of blood did fall,
And how that shuddring horribly the braunches quaakt withall.
You must perceyve that (as too late the Countryfolk declare)
A Nymph cald *Lotos* flying from fowle *Pryaps* filthy ware,
Was turned intoo this same tree reserving still her name.
My suster did not know so much, who when shee backward came
Afrayd at that that shee had seene, and having sadly prayd
The Nymphes of pardon, too have gone her way agen assayd:
Her feete were fastned downe with rootes. Shee stryved all she myght
Too plucke them up, but they so sure within the earth were pyght,
That nothing save hir upper partes shee could that present move.
A tender barke growes from beneath up leysurly above,
And softly overspreddes her loynes: which when shee saw, shee went
About too teare her heare, and full of leaves her hand shee hent.
Her head was overgrowen with leaves. And little *Amphise* (so
Had *Eurytus* his Graundsyre naamd hir sonne not long ago)
Did feele his mothers dugges wex hard. And as he still them drew
In sucking, not a whit of milke nor moysture did ensew.
I standing by thee did behold thy cruell chaunce: but nought
I could releeve thee suster myne: yit too my powre I wrought
Too stay the growing of thy trunk and of thy braunches, by
Embracing thee. Yea I protest I would ryght willingly
Have in the selfe same barke with thee bene closed up. Behold,
Her husband good *Andræmon* and hir wretched father old
Sir *Eurytus* came thither and enquyrd for *Dryopee:*
And as they askt for *Dryopee*, I shewd them *Lote* the tree.
They kist the wood which yit was warme, and falling downe bylow,
Did hug the rootes of that their tree. My suster now could show
No part which was not wood except her face. A deawe of teares
Did stand uppon the wretched leaves late formed of her heares.
And whyle shee might, and whyle her mouth did give hir way too speake,
With such complaynt as this, her mynd shee last of all did breake.
If credit may bee given too such as are in wretchednesse,
I sweare by God I never yit deserved this distresse.
I suffer peyne without desert. My lyfe hath guiltlesse beene.
And if I lye, I would theis boughes of myne which now are greene,
Myght withered bee, and I heawen downe and burned in the fyre.
This infant from his mothers brests remove you I desyre:
And put him forth too nurce, and cause him underneath my tree

Oft tymes too sucke, and oftentymes too play. And when that hee
Is able for too speake, I pray you let him greete mee heere,
And sadly say, in this same trunk is hid my mother deere.
But lerne him for too shun all ponds and pulling flowres from trees,
And let him in his heart beleeve that all the shrubs he sees
Are bodyes of the Goddesses. Adew deere husband now,
Adew deere father, and adew deere suster. And in yow
If any love of mee remayne, defend my boughes I pray
From wound of cutting hooke and ax, and bit of beast for ay.
And for I cannot stoope too you, rayse you yourselves too mee,
And come and kisse mee whyle I may yit toucht and kissed bee.
And lift mee up my little boy. I can no lenger talke,
For now about my lillye necke as if it were a stalke
The tender rynd beginnes too creepe, and overgrowes my top.
Remove your fingars from my face, the spreading barke dooth stop
My dying eyes without your help. Shee had no sooner left
Her talking, but her lyfe therewith toogither was bereft.
But yit a goodwhyle after that her native shape did fade,
Her newmade boughes continewed warme. Now whyle that *Iöle* made
Report of this same woondrous tale, and whyle *Alcmena* (who
Did weepe) was drying up the teares of *Iöle* weeping too,
By putting too hir thomb: there hapt a sodeine thing so straunge,
That untoo mirth from heavinesse theyr harts it streight did chaunge.
For at the doore in maner even a very boy as then
With short soft Downe about his chin, revoked backe agen
Too youthfull yeares, stood *Iölay* with countnance smooth and trim.
Dame *Hebee Junos* daughter had bestowde this gift on him,
Entreated at his earnest sute. Whom mynding fully there
The giving of like gift ageine too any too forsweare,
Dame *Themis* would not suffer. For (quoth shee) this present howre
Is cruell warre in *Thebee* towne, and none but *Jove* hath powre
Too vanquish stately *Canapey*. The brothers shall a like
Wound eyther other. And alyve a Prophet shall go seeke
His owne quicke ghoste among the dead, the earth him swallowing in.
The sonne by taking vengeance for his fathers death, shall win
The name of kynd and wicked man, in one and self same cace.
And flayght with mischeefes, from his wits and from his native place
The furies and his mothers ghoste shall restlessely him chace,
Untill his wyfe demaund of him the fatall gold for meede,
And that his cousin *Phegies* swoord doo make his sydes too bleede.
Then shall the fayre *Callirrhoee Achelous* daughter pray
The myghty *Jove* in humble wyse too graunt her children may
Retyre ageine too youthfull yeeres, and that he will not see
The death of him that did revenge unvenged for too bee.
Jove moved at her sute shall cause his daughtrinlaw too give
Like gift, and backe from age too youth *Callirrhoës* children drive.
When *Themis* through foresyght had spoke theis woords of prophesie,
The Gods began among themselves vayne talke to multiplie.
They mooyld why others myght not give like gift as well as shee.
First *Pallants* daughter grudged that her husband old should bee.
The gentle *Ceres* murmurde that hir *Jasions* heare was hore.

And *Vulcane* would have calld ageine the yeeres long spent before
By *Ericthonius*. And the nyce Dame *Venus* having care
Of tyme too come, the making yong of old *Anchises* sware.
So every God had one too whom he speciall favor bare.
And through this partiall love of theyrs seditiously increast
A hurlyburly, till the time that *Jove* among them preast,
And sayd. So smally doo you stand in awe of mee this howre,
As thus too rage? Thinkes any of you himselfe too have such powre,
As for too alter destinye? I tell you *Iōlay*
Recovered hath by destinye his yeeres erst past away,
Callirrhoës children must returne too youth by destiny,
And not by force of armes, or sute susteynd ambitiously.
And too th'entent with meelder myndes yee may this matter beare,
Even I myself by destinyes am rulde: which if I were
Of power too alter, thinke you that our *Aeacus* should stoope
By reason of his feeble age? or *Radamanth* should droope?
Or *Minos*, who by reason of his age is now disdeynd,
And lives not in so sure a state as heretoofore he reygnd?
The woords of *Jove* so movd the Gods that none of them complaynd,
Sith *Radamanth* and *Aeacus* were both with age constreynd:
And *Minos* also: who (as long as lusty youth did last)
Did even with terror of his name make myghty Realmes agast.
But then was *Minos* weakened sore, and greatly stood in feare
Of *Milet* one of *Deyons* race: who proudly did him beare
Uppon his father *Phœbus* and the stoutnesse of his youth.
And though he feard he would rebell yit durst he not his mouth
Once open for too banish him his Realme: untill at last
Departing of his owne accord, *Miletus* swiftly past
The Gotesea, and did build a towne uppon the *Asian* ground,
Which still reteynes the name of him that first the same did found.
And there the daughter of the brooke *Mæander* which dooth go
So often backward, *Cyane* a Nymph of body so
Exceeding comly as the lyke was seldome heard of, as
Shee by her fathers wynding bankes for pleasure walking was,
Was knowen by *Milet:* unto whom a payre of twinnes shee brought,
And of the twinnes the names were *Caune* and *Byblis*. *Byblis* ought
Too bee a mirror untoo Maydes in lawfull wyse too love.
This *Byblis* cast a mynd too *Caune*. But not as did behove
A suster too her brotherward. When first of all the fyre
Did kindle, shee perceyvd it not. Shee thought in her desyre
Of kissing him so oftentymes no sin, ne yit no harme
In cleeping him about the necke so often with her arme.
The glittering glosse of godlynesse beguyld her long. Her love
Began from evill untoo woorse by little too remove.
Shee commes too see her brother deckt in brave and trim attyre,
And for too seeme exceeding fayre it was her whole desyre.
And if that any fayrer were in all the flocke than shee
It spyghts hir. In what case she was as yit shee did not see.
Her heate exceeded not so farre as for too vow: and yit
Shee suffred in her troubled brist full many a burning fit.
Now calleth shee him mayster, now shee utter hateth all

The names of kin. Shee rather had he should her *Byblis* call,
Than suster. Yit no filthy hope shee durst permit too creepe
Within her mynd awake. But as shee lay in quiet sleepe,
Shee oft behild her love: and oft she thought her brother came
And lay with her, and (though a sleepe) shee blushed at the same.
When sleepe was gone, she long lay dumb still musing on the syght,
And said with wavering mynd. Now wo is mee most wretched wyght.
What meenes the image of this dreame that I have seene this nyght?
I would not wish it should bee trew. Why dreamed I then so?
Sure hee is fayre although hee should bee judged by his fo.
Hee likes mee well, and were he not my brother, I myght set
My love on him, and he were mee ryght woorthy for too get,
But unto this same match the name of kinred is a let.
Well. So that I awake doo still mee undefyled keepe,
Let come as often as they will such dreamings in my sleepe.
In sleepe there is no witnesse by. In sleepe yit may I take
As greate a pleasure (in a sort) as if I were awake.
Oh *Venus* and thy tender sonne Sir *Cupid*, what delyght,
How present feeling of your sport hath touched mee this night?
How lay I as it were resolvd both maree, flesh, and bone?
How gladdes it mee too thinke thereon? Alas too soone was gone
That pleasure, and too hastye and despyghtfull was the nyght
In breaking of my joyes. O Lord if name of kinred myght
Betweene us twoo remooved bee, how well it would agree
O *Caune* that of thy father I the daughtrinlaw should bee?
How fitly myght my father have a sonneinlaw of thee?
Would God that all save auncesters were common too us twayne:
I would thou were of nobler stocke than I. I cannot fayne
O perle of beautie what shee is whom thou shalt make a mother.
Alas how ill befalles it mee that I could have none other
Than those same parents which are thyne? So only still my brother
And not my husband mayst thou bee. The thing that hurts us bothe
Is one, and that betweene us ay inseparably gothe.
What meene my dreames then? What effect have dreames? and may there bee
Effect in dreames? The Gods are farre in better case than wee.
For why? the Gods have matched with theyr susters as wee see.
So *Saturne* did alie with *Ops* the neerest of his blood.
So *Tethys* with *Oceanus:* So *Jove* did think it good
Too take his suster *Juno* too his wyfe. What then? the Goddes
Have lawes and charters by themselves. And sith there is such oddes
Betweene the state of us and them, why should I sample take,
Our worldly matters equall with the heavenly things too make?
This wicked love shall eyther from my hart be driven away,
Or if it cannot bee expulst, God graunt I perish may,
And that my brother kisse me layd on Herce too go too grave.
But my desyre the full consent of both of us dooth crave.
Admit the matter liketh me. He will for sin it take.
But yit the sonnes of *Aeolus* no scrupulousnesse did make
In going too theyr susters beds. And how come I too know
The feates of them? Too what intent theis samples doo I show?
Ah whither am I headlong driven? avaunt foule filthy fyre:

And let mee not in otherwyse than susterlyke desyre
My brothers love. Yit if that he were first in love with mee,
His fondness too inclyne untoo perchaunce I could agree.
Shall I therefore who would not have rejected him if hee
Had sude too mee, go sue too him: and canst thou speake in deede?
And canst thou utter forth thy mynd? and tell him of thy neede?
My love will make mee speake. I can. Or if that shame doo stay
My toong, a sealed letter shall my secret love bewray.
This likes hir best: uppon this poynt now restes her doubtfull mynd.
So raysing up herself uppon her leftsyde shee enclynd,
And leaning on her elbow sayd. Let him advyse him what
Too doo, for I my franticke love will utter playne and flat.
Alas too what ungraciousnesse intend I for too fall?
What furie raging in my hart my senses dooth appall?
In thinking so, with trembling hand shee framed her too wryght
The matter that her troubled mynd in musing did indyght.
Her ryght hand holdes the pen, her left dooth hold the empty wax.
She ginnes. Shee doutes, shee wryghtes: shee in the tables findeth lacks.
Shee notes, shee blurres, dislikes, and likes: and chaungeth this for that.
Shee layes away the booke, and takes it up. Shee wotes not what
She would herself. What ever thing shee myndeth for too doo
Misliketh hir. A shamefastnesse with boldenesse mixt theretoo
Was in her countnance. Shee had once writ Suster. Out agen
The name of Suster for too raze shee thought it best. And then
Shee snatcht the tables up, and did theis following woords ingrave.
The health which if thou give her not shee is not like too have,
Thy lover wisheth untoo thee. I dare not ah for shame
I dare not tell thee who I am, nor let thee heare my name.
And if thou doo demaund of mee what thing I doo desyre,
Would God that namelesse I myght pleade the matter I requyre,
And that I were unknowen too thee by name of *Byblis*, till
Assurance of my sute were wrought according too my will.
As tokens of my wounded hart myght theis too thee appeere:
My colour pale, my body leane, my heavy mirthlesse cheere,
My watry eyes, my sighes without apparant causes why,
My oft embracing of thee: and such kisses (if perdye
Thou marked them) as very well thou might have felt and found
Not for too have beene Susterlike. But though with greevous wound
I then were striken too the hart, although the raging flame
Did burne within: yit take I God too witnesse of the same,
I did as much as lay in mee this outrage for too tame.
And long I stryved (wretched wench) too scape the violent Dart
Of *Cupid*. More I have endurde of hardnesse and of smart,
Than any wench (a man would think) were able too abyde.
Force forceth mee too shew my case which faine I still would hyde,
And mercy at thy gentle hand in fearfull wyse too crave.
Thou only mayst the lyfe of mee thy lover spill or save.
Choose which thou wilt. No enmy craves this thing: but such a one
As though shee bee alyde so sure as surer can bee none,
Yit covets shee more surely yit alyed for too bee,
And with a neerer kynd of band too link her selfe too thee.

Let aged folkes have skill in law: too age it dooth belong
Too keepe the rigor of the lawes and search out ryght from wrong.
Such youthfull yeeres as ours are yit, rash folly dooth beseeme.
Wee know not what is lawfull yit. And therefore wee may deeme
That all is lawfull that wee list: ensewing in the same
The dooings of the myghtye Goddes. Not dread of worldly shame
Nor yit our fathers roughnesse, no nor fearfulnesse should let
Our purpose. Only let all feare asyde be wholy set.
Wee underneath the name of kin our pleasant scapes may hyde.
Thou knowest I have libertie too talke with thee a syde,
And openly wee kysse and cull. And what is all the rest
That wants? Have mercy on mee now, who playnly have exprest
My case: which thing I had not done, but that the utter rage
Of love constreynes mee thereuntoo the which I cannot swage.
Deserve not on my tumb thy name subscribed for too have,
That thou art he whose cruelnesse did bring mee too my grave.
    Thus much shee wrate in vayne, and wax did want her too indyght,
    And in the margent she was fayne the latter verse too wryght.
Immediatly too seale her shame shee takes a precious stone,
The which shee moystes with teares: from tung the moysture quight was gone.
Shee calld a servant shamefastly, and after certaine fayre
And gentle woords, my trusty man I pray thee beare this payre
Of tables (quoth shee) too my (and a great whyle afterward
Shee added) brother. Now through chaunce or want of good regard
The table slipped downe too ground in reaching too him ward.
The handsell troubled sore her mynd. But yit shee sent them. And
Her servant spying tyme did put them intoo *Caunyes* hand.
Mæanders nephew sodeinly in anger floong away
The tables ere he half had red, (scarce able for too stay
His fistocke from the servants face, who quaakt) and thus did say.
Avaunt thou baudye ribawd whyle thou mayst. For were it not
For shame I should have killed thee. Away afrayd he got,
And told his mistresse of the feerce and cruell answer made
By *Caunye*. By and by the hew of *Byblis* gan too fade,
And all her body was benumd with Icie colde for feare
Too heere of this repulse. Assoone as that her senses were
Returnd ageine, her furious flames returned with her witts.
And thus shee sayd so oft that scarce hir toong the ayer hitts:
    And woorthely. For why was I so rash as too discover
    By hasty wryghting this my wound which most I ought to cover?
I should with dowtfull glauncing woords have felt his humor furst,
And made a trayne too trye him if pursue or no he durst.
I should have vewed first the coast, too see the weather cleere,
And then I myght have launched sauf and boldly from the peere.
But now I hoyst up all my sayles before I tryde the wynd:
And therfore am I driven uppon the rockes ageinst my mynd,
And all the sea dooth overwhelme mee. Neyther may I fynd
The meanes too get too harbrough, or from daunger too retyre.
Why did not open tokens warne too bridle my desyre,
Then when the tables falling in delivering them declaard
My hope was vaine? And ought not I then eyther too have spaard

From sending them as that day? or have chaunged whole my mynd?
Nay rather shifted of the day? For had I not beene blynd,
Even God himselfe by soothfast signes the sequele seemd too hit.
Yea rather than too wryghting thus my secrets too commit,
I should have gone and spoke myself, and presently have showde
My fervent love. He should have seene how teares had from mee flowde.
Hee should have seene my piteous looke ryght loverlike. I could
Have spoken more than intoo those my tables enter would.
About his necke against his will, myne armes I myght have wound,
And had he shaakt me of, I myght have seemed for too swound.
I humbly myght have kist his feete, and kneeling on the ground
Besought him for too save my lyfe. All theis I myght have proved:
Wherof although no one alone his stomacke could have moved,
Yit all toogither myght have made his hardened hart relent.
Perchaunce there was some fault in him that was of message sent.
He stept untoo him bluntly (I beleeve) and did not watch
Convenient tyme, in merrie kew at leysure him too catch.
Theis are the things that hindred mee. For certeinly I knowe
No sturdy stone nor massy steele dooth in his stomacke grow.
He is not made of Adamant. He is no Tygers whelp.
He never sucked Lyonesse. He myght with little help
Bee vanquisht. Let us give fresh charge uppon him. Whyle I live
Without obteyning victorie I will not over give.
For firstly (if it lay in mee my dooings too revoke)
I should not have begonne at all. But seeing that the stroke
Is given, the second poynt is now too give the push too win.
For neyther he (although that I myne enterpryse should blin)
Can ever whyle he lyves forget my deede. And sith I shrink,
My love was lyght, or else I meant too trap him, he shall think.
Or at the least he may suppose that this my rage of love
Which broyleth so within my brest, proceedes not from above
By *Cupids* stroke, but of some foule and filthy lust. In fyne
I cannot but too wickednesse now more and more inclyne.
By wryghting is my sute commenst: my meening dooth appeere:
And though I cease: yit can I not accounted bee for cleere.
Now that that dooth remayne behynd is much as in respect
My fond desyre too satisfy: and little in effect
Too aggravate my fault withall. Thus much shee sayd. And so
Unconstant was her wavering mynd still floting too and fro,
That though it irkt hir for too have attempted, yit proceedes
Shee in the self same purpose of attempting, and exceedes
All measure, and unhapy wench shee takes from day too day
Repulse upon repulse, and yit shee hath not grace too stay.
Soone after when her brother saw there was with her no end,
He fled his countrie forbycause he would not so offend,
And in a forreine land did buyld a Citie. Then men say
That *Byblis* through despayre and thought all wholy did dismay.
Shee tare her garments from her brest, and furiously shee wroong
Her hands, and beete her armes, and like a bedlem with her toong
Confessed her unlawfull love. But beeing of the same
Dispoynted, shee forsooke her land and hatefull house for shame,

And followed after flying *Caune*. And as the Froes of *Thrace*
In dooing of the three yeere rites of *Bacchus*: in lyke cace
The maryed wyves of *Bubasie* saw *Byblis* howling out
Through all theyr champion feeldes. The which shee leaving, ran about
In *Caria* too the *Lelegs* who are men in battell stout,
And so too *Lycia*. Shee had past *Crag*, *Limyre*, and the brooke
Of *Xanthus*, and the countrie where *Chymæra* that same pooke
Hath Goatish body, Lions head and brist, and Dragons tayle,
When woods did want: and *Byblis* now beginning for too quayle
Through weerynesse in following *Caune*, sank down and layd her hed
Ageinst the ground, and kist the leaves that wynd from trees had shed.
The Nymphes of *Caria* went about in tender armes too take
Her often up. They oftentymes perswaded her too slake
Her love. And woords of comfort too hir deafe eard mynd they spake.
Shee still lay dumbe: and with her nayles the greenish herbes shee hild,
And moysted with a streame of teares the grasse upon the feeld.
The waternymphes (so folk report) put under her a spring,
Whych never myght be dryde. And could they give a greater thing?
Immediatly even like as when yee wound a pitchtree rynd,
The gum dooth issue out in droppes: or as the westerne wynd
With gentle blast toogither with the warmth of Sunne, unbynd
The yce: or as the clammy kynd of cement which they call
Bitumen issueth from the ground full fraughted therewithall:
So *Phœbus* neece Dame *Byblis* then consuming with her teares,
Was turned too a fountaine, which in those same vallyes beares
The tytle of the founder still, and gusheth freshly out
From underneath a Sugarchest as if it were a spowt.
The fame of this same wondrous thing perhappes had filled all
The hundred Townes of *Candye*, had a greater not befall
More neerer home by *Iphys* meanes transformed late before.
For in the shyre of *Phestos* hard by *Gnossus* dwelt of yore
A yeoman of the meaner sort that *Lyctus* had too name.
His stocke was simple, and his welth according too the same.
Howbeet his lyfe so upryght was, as noman could it blame.
He came untoo his wyfe then big and ready downe too lye,
And sayd: twoo things I wish thee. Tone, that when thou out shalt crye,
Thou mayst dispatch with little payne: the other that thou have
A Boay. For Gyrles too bring them up a greater cost doo crave,
And I have no abilitie. And therefore if thou bring
A wench (it goes ageinst my heart too thinke uppon the thing)
Although ageinst my will, I charge it streyght destroyed bee.
The bond of nature needes must beare in this behalf with mee.
This sed, both wept exceedingly, as well the husband who
Did give commaundement, as the wyfe that was commaunded too.
Yit *Telethusa* earnestly at *Lyct* her husband lay,
(Although in vayne) too have good hope, and of himselfe more stay.
But he was full determined. Within a whyle, the day
Approched that the frute was rype, and shee did looke too lay
Her belly every mynute: when at midnyght in her rest
Stood by her (or did seeme too stand) the Goddesse *Isis*, drest
And trayned with the solemne pomp of all her rytes. Twoo hornes

Uppon her forehead lyke the moone, with eares of rypened cornes
Stood glistring as the burnisht gold. Moreover shee did weare
A rich and stately diademe. Attendant on her were
The barking bug *Anubis*, and the saint of *Bubast*, and
The pydecote *Apis*, and the God that gives too understand
By fingar holden too his lippes that men should silence keepe,
And *Lybian* wormes whose stinging dooth enforce continuall sleepe,
And thou *Osyris* whom the folk of Aegypt ever seeke,
And never can have sought inough, and Rittlerattles eke.
Then even as though that *Telethuse* had fully beene awake,
And seene theis things with open eyes, thus *Isis* too her spake.
My servant *Telethusa*, cease this care, and breake the charge
Of *Lyct*. And when *Lucina* shall have let thy frute at large,
Bring up the same what ere it bee. I am a Goddesse who
Delyghts in helping folke at neede. I hither come too doo
Thee good. Thou shalt not have a cause hereafter too complayne
Of serving of a Goddesse that is thanklesse for thy payne.
When *Isis* had this comfort given, shee went her way agayne.
A joyfull wyght rose *Telethuse*, and lifting too the sky
Her hardened hands, did pray her dreame myght woorke effectually.
Her throwes increast, and forth alone anon the burthen came,
A wench was borne too *Lyctus* who knew nothing of the same.
The mother making him beleeve it was a boay, did bring
It up, and none but shee and nurce were privie too the thing.
The father thanking God did give the chyld the Graundsyres name,
The which was *Iphys*. Joyfull was the moother of the same,
Bycause the name did serve alike too man and woman bothe.
And so the lye through godly guile forth unperceyved gothe.
The garments of it were a boayes. The face of it was such
As eyther in a boay or gyrle of beawtie uttered much.
When *Iphys* was of thirteene yeeres, her father did insure
The browne *Iänthee* untoo hir, a wench of looke demure,
Commended for her favor and her person more than all
The Maydes of *Phestos: Telest*, men her fathers name did call.
He dwelt in *Dyctis*. They were bothe of age and favor leeke,
And under both one schoolemayster they did for nurture seeke.
And hereupon the hartes of both, the dart of Love did streeke,
And wounded both of them aleeke. But unlike was theyr hope.
Both longed for the wedding day toogither for too cope.
For whom *Iänthee* thinkes too bee a man, shee hopes too see
Her husband. *Iphys* loves whereof shee thinkes shee may not bee
Partaker, and the selfe same thing augmenteth still her flame.
Herself a Mayden with a Mayd (ryght straunge) in love became.
Shee scarce could stay her teares. What end remaynes for mee (quoth shee)
How straunge a love? how uncoth? how prodigious reygnes in mee?
If that the Gods did favor mee, they should destroy mee quyght.
Or if they would not mee destroy, at leastwyse yit they myght
Have given mee such a maladie as myght with nature stond,
Or nature were acquainted with. A Cow is never fond
Uppon a Cow, nor Mare on Mare. The Ram delyghts the Eawe,
The Stag the Hynde, the Cocke the Hen. But never man could shew

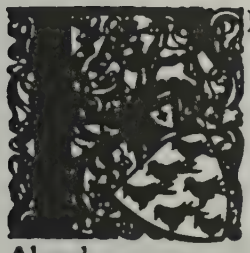
That female yit was tane in love with female kynd. O would
Too God I never had beene borne. Yit least that *Candy* should
Not bring foorth all that monstruous were, the daughter of the Sonne
Did love a Bull. Howbeet there was a Male too dote uppon.
My love is furiouser than hers, if truthe confessed bee.
For shee was fond of such a lust as myght bee compast. Shee
Was served by a Bull beguyld by Art in Cow of tree.
And one there was for her with whom advowtrie to commit.
If all the conning in the worlde and slyghts of suttle wit
Were heere, or if that *Dædalus* himselfe with uncowth wing
Of Wax should hither fly againe, what comfort should he bring?
Could he with all his conning crafts now make a boay of mee?
Or could he O *Iänthee* chaunge the native shape of thee?
Nay rather *Iphys* settle thou thy mynd and call thy witts
Abowt thee: shake thou of theis flames that foolishly by fitts
With out all reason reigne. Thou seest what Nature hathe thee made,
(Onlesse thou wilt deceyve thy selfe.) So farre foorth wysely wade
As ryght and reason may support, and love as women ought.
Hope is the thing that breedes desyre, hope feedes the amorous thought.
This hope thy sex denieth thee. Not watching doth restreyne
Thee from embracing of the thing wherof thou art so fayne.
Nor yit the Husbands jealowsie, nor rowghnesse of her Syre,
Nor yit the coynesse of the Wench dooth hinder thy desyre.
And yit thou canst not her enjoy. No though that God and Man
Should labor too their uttermost and doo the best they can
In thy behalfe, they could not make a happy wyght of thee.
I cannot wish the thing but that I have it. Frank and free
The Goddes have given mee what they could. As I will, so will hee
That must become my fathrinlaw, so willes my father too.
But nature stronger than them all consenteth not theretoo.
This hindreth mee, and nothing else. Behold the blissful tyme,
The day of Mariage is at hand. *Iänthee* shalbee myne,
And yit I shall not her enjoy. Amid the water wee
Shall thirst. O *Juno* president of mariage, why with thee
Comes *Hymen* too this wedding where no brydegroome you shall see,
But bothe are Brydes that must that day toogither coupled bee?
This spoken, shee did hold hir peace. And now the toother mayd
Did burne as whote in love as shee. And earnestly shee prayd
The brydale day myght come with speede. The thing for which shee longd
Dame *Telethusa* fearing sore, from day too day prolongd
The tyme, oft feyning siknesse, oft pretending shee had seene
Ill tokens of successe. At length all shifts consumed beene.
The wedding day so oft delayd was now at hand. The day
Before it, taking from her head the kercheef quyght away,
And from her daughters head likewyse, with scattred heare she layd
Her hands upon the Altar, and with humble voyce thus prayd.
O *Isis* who doost haunt the towne of *Paretonie*, and
The feeldes by *Marœotis* lake, and *Pharos* which dooth stand
By *Alexandria*, and the *Nyle* divided intoo seven
Great channels, comfort thou my feare, and send mee help from heaven.

Thyself O Goddesse, even thyself, and theis thy relikes I
Did once behold and knew them all: as well thy company
As eke thy sounding rattles, and thy cressets burning by,
And myndfully I marked what commaundement thou didst give.
That I escape unpunished, that this same wench dooth live,
Thy counsell and thy hest it is. Have mercy now on twayne,
And help us. With that word the teares ran downe her cheekes amayne.
The Goddesse seemed for too move her Altar: and in deede
She moved it. The temple doores did tremble like a reede.
And hornes in likenesse too the Moone about the Church did shyne,
And Rattles made a raughtish noyse. At this same luckie signe,
Although not wholy carelesse, yit ryght glad shee went away.
And *Iphys* followed after her with larger pace than ay
Shee was accustomd. And her face continued not so whyght.
Her strength encreased, and her looke more sharper was too syght.
Her heare grew shorter, and shee had a much more lively spryght,
Than when shee was a wench. For thou O *Iphys* who ryght now
A moother wert, art now a boay. With offrings both of yow
Too Church retyre, and there rejoyce with fayth unfearfull. They
With offrings went too Church ageine, and there theyr vowes did pay.
They also set a table up, which this breef meeter had.
The vowes that Iphys vowd a wench, he hath performd a Lad.
Next morrow over all the world did shine with lightsome flame,
When *Juno*, and Dame *Venus*, and Sir *Hymen* joyntly came
Too *Iphys* mariage, who as then transformed too a boay
Did take *Iänthee* too his wyfe, and so her love enjoy.

Finis noni Libri.

THE TENTH BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.



ROM thence in saffron colourd robe flew *Hymen* through ŷ ayre,
And into *Thracia* beeing calld by *Orphy* did repayre.
He came in deede at *Orphyes* call: but neyther did he sing
The woordes of that solemnitie, nor merry countnance bring,
Nor any handsell of good lucke. His torch with drizling smoke
Was dim: the same too burne out cleere, no stirring could provoke.
The end was woorser than the signe. For as the Bryde did rome
Abrode accompanyde with a trayne of Nymphes too bring her home,
A serpent lurking in the grasse did sting her in the ancle:
Whereof shee dyde incontinent, so swift the bane did rancle.
Whom when the *Thracian* Poet had bewayld sufficiently
On earth, the Ghostes departed hence he minding for too trie,
Downe at the gate of *Tænarus* did go too *Limbo* Lake.
And thence by gastly folk and soules late buried he did take
His journey too *Persephonee* and too the king of Ghosts
That like a Lordly tyran reignes in those unpleasant coasts.
And playing on his tuned harp he thus began too sound.
O you the Sovereines of the world set underneath the ground,
Too whome wee all (what ever thing is made of mortall kynd)
Repayre, if by your leave I now may freely speake my mynd,
I come not hither as a spye the shady Hell too see:
Nor yet the foule three headed Curre whose heares all Adders bee
Too tye in cheynes. The cause of this my vyage is my wyfe
Whose foote a Viper stinging did abridge her youthfull lyfe.
I would have borne it paciently: and so too doo I strave.
But Love surmounted powre. This God is knowen great force too have
Above on earth. And whether he reigne heere or no I dowt,
But I beleeve hee reignes heere too. If fame that flies abowt
Of former rape report not wrong, Love coupled also yow.
By theis same places full of feare: by this howge *Chaos* now
And by the stilnesse of this waste and emptye Kingdome, I
Beseech yee of *Eurydicee* unreele the destinye
That was so swiftly reeled up. All things too you belong.
And though wee lingring for a whyle our pageants doo prolong,
Yit soone or late wee all too one abyding place doo rome:
Wee haste us hither all: this place becomes our latest home:
And you doo over humaine kynd reigne longest tyme. Now when
This woman shall have lived full her tyme, shee shall agen
Become your owne. The use of her but for a whyle I crave.
And if the Destnyes for my wyfe denye mee for too have
Releace, I fully am resolvd for ever heere too dwell.
Rejoyce you in the death of both. As he this tale did tell,
And played on his instrument, the bloodlesse ghostes shed teares:
Too tyre on *Titius* growing hart the greedy Grype forbeares:
The shunning water *Tantalus* endevereth not too drink:
And *Danaus* daughters ceast too fill theyr tubbes that have no brink.

Ixions wheele stood still: and downe sate *Sisyphus* uppon
His rolling stone. Then first of all (so fame for truth hath gone)
The Furies beeing striken there with pitie at his song
Did weepe. And neyther *Pluto* nor his Ladie were so strong
And hard of stomacke too withhold his just petition long.
They called foorth *Eurydicee* who was as yit among
The newcome Ghosts, and limped of her wound. Her husband tooke
Her with condicion that he should not backe uppon her looke,
Untill the tyme that hee were past the bounds of *Limbo* quyght:
Or else too lose his gyft. They tooke a path that steepe upryght
Rose darke and full of foggye mist. And now they were within
A kenning of the upper earth, when *Orphye* did begin
Too dowt him least shee followed not, and through an eager love
Desyrous for too see her, he his eyes did backward move.
Immediatly shee slipped backe. He retching out his hands,
Desyrous too bee caught and for too ketch her grasping stands.
But nothing save the slippry aire (unhappy man) he caught.
Shee dying now the second tyme complaynd of *Orphye* naught.
For why what had shee too complayne, onlesse it were of love?
Which made her husband backe agen his eyes uppon her move?
Her last farewell shee spake so soft, that scarce he heard the sound,
And then revolted too the place in which he had her found.
This double dying of his wyfe set *Orphye* in a stound,
No lesse than him who at the syght of *Plutos* dreadfull Hound
That on the middle necke of three dooth beare an iron cheyne,
Was striken in a sodein feare and could it not restreyne,
Untill the tyme his former shape and nature beeing gone,
His body quyght was overgrowne, and turned intoo stone:
Or than the foolish *Olenus*, who on himself did take
Anothers fault, and giltlesse needes himself would giltie make,
Toogither with his wretched wyfe *Lethæa*, for whose pryde
They both becomming stones, doo stand even yit on watry *Ide*.
He would have gone too Hell ageine, and earnest sute did make:
But *Charon* would not suffer him too passe the *Stygian* lake.
Seven dayes he sate forlorne uppon the bank and never eate
A bit of bread. Care, teares, and thought, and sorrow were his meate:
And crying out uppon the Gods of Hell as cruell, hee
Withdrew too lofty *Rhodopee* and *Heme* which beaten bee
With Northern wynds. Three tymes the Sunne had passed through the sheere
And watry signe of *Pisces* and had finisht full the yeere.
And *Orphye* (were it that his ill successe hee still did rew,
Or that he vowed so too doo) did utterly eschew
The womankynd. Yit many a one desyrous were too match
With him, but he them with repulse did all alike dispatch.
He also taught the *Thracian* folke a stewes of Males too make
And of the flowring pryme of boayes the pleasure for too take.
There was a hyll, and on the hyll a verie levell plot
Fayre greene with grasse. But as for shade or covert was there not.
Assoone as that this Poet borne of Goddes, in that same place
Sate downe and toucht his tuned strings, a shadow came a pace.
There wanted neyther *Chaons* tree, nor yit the trees too which

Fresh *Phaetons* susters turned were, nor Beeche, nor Holme, nor Wich,
Nor gentle Asp, nor wyvelesse Bay, nor lofty Chestnuttree,
Nor Hazle spalt, nor Ash wherof the shafts of speares made bee,
Nor knotlesse Firre, nor cheerfull Plane, nor Maple flecked grayne,
Nor Lote, nor Sallow which delights by waters too remayne,
Nor slender twigged Tamarisk, nor Box ay greene of hew,
Nor Figtrees loden with theyr frute of colours browne and blew,
Nor double colourd Myrtletrees. Moreover thither came
The wrything Ivye, and the Vyne that runnes uppon a frame:
Elmes clad with Vynes, and Ashes wyld, and Pitchtrees blacke as cole,
And full of trees with goodly frute red stryped, Ortyards whole,
And Palmetrees lythe which in reward of conquest men doo beare,
And Pynapple with tufted top and harsh and prickling heare,
The tree too *Cybele* mother of the Goddes most deere. For why?
Her minion *Atys* putting of the shape of man, did dye,
And hardened intoo this same tree. Among this companee
Was present with a pyked top the Cypresse, now a tree,
Sumtime a boay beloved of the God that with a string
Dooth arme his bow, and with a string in tune his Viall bring.
For, hallowed too the Nymphes that in the feeldes of *Carthye* were
There was a goodly myghty Stag whose hornes such bredth did beare,
As that they shadowed all his head. His hornes of gold did shyne,
And downe his brest hung from his necke a cheyne with jewels fyne;
Amid his frunt with prettie strings a tablet beeing tyde,
Did waver as he went: and from his eares on eyther syde
Hung perles of all one growth about his hollow temples bryght.
This goodly Spitter beeing voyd of dread, as having quyght
Forgot his native fearefulnesse, did haunt mens houses, and
Would suffer folk (yea though unknowen) too coy him with theyr hand.
But more than untoo all folke else he deerer was too thee,
O *Cyparisse* the fayrest Wyght that ever man did see
In *Cæa*. Thou too pastures, thou too water springe him led,
Thou wreathedst sundry flowres betweene his hornes uppon his hed.
Sumtyme a horsman thou his backe for pleasure didst bestryde,
And haltring him with silken bit from place too place didst ryde.
In summer tyme about hygh noone when *Titan* with his heate
Did make the hollow crabbed cleas of *Cancer* for too sweate,
Unweeting *Cyparissus* with a Dart did strike this Hart
Quyght through. And when that of the wound he saw he must depart,
He purposd for too die himself. What woords of comfort spake
Not *Phœbus* too him? willing him the matter lyght too take
And not more sorrow for it than was requisite too make.
But still the Lad did sygh and sob, and as his last request,
Desyred God he myght thenceforth from moorning never rest.
Anon through weeping overmuch his blood was drayned quyght:
His limbes wext greene: his heare which hung upon his forehead whyght
Began too bee a bristled bush: and taking by and by
A stiffnesse, with a sharpened top did face the starrie skye.
The God did sigh, and sadly sayd: Myselfe shall moorne for thee,
And thou for others: and ay one in moorning thou shalt bee.
Such wood as this had *Orphye* drawen about him as among

The herdes of beasts, and flocks of Birds he sate amyds the throng.
And when his thumbe sufficiently had tryed every string,
And found that though they severally in sundry sounds did ring,
Yit made they all one Harmonie: He thus began too sing.
O *Muse* my mother frame my song of *Jove*. For every thing
Is subject untoo royall *Jove*. Of *Jove* the heavenly King
I oft have shewed the glorious power. I erst in graver verse
The Gyants slayne in *Phlegra* feeldes with thunder, did reherse.
But now I neede a meelder style too tell of prettie boyes
That were the derlings of the Gods: and of unlawfull joyes
That burned in the brests of Girles, who for theyr wicked lust
According as they did deserve, receyved penance just.
The King of Goddes did burne erewhyle in love of *Ganymed*
The *Phrygian*, and the thing was found which *Jupiter* that sted
Had rather bee than that he was. Yit could he not beteeme
The shape of any other Bird than Aegle for too seeme.
And so he soring in the ayre with borrowed wings trust up
The *Trojane* boay who still in heaven even yit dooth beare his cup,
And brings him *Nectar* though against Dame *Junos* will it bee.
And thou *Amyclys* sonne (had not thy heavy destinee
Abridged thee before thy tyme) hadst also placed beene
By *Phœbus* in the firmament. How bee it (as is seene)
Thou art eternall so farre forth as may bee. For as oft
As watrie *Piscis* giveth place too *Aries* that the soft
And gentle springtyde dooth succeede the winter sharp and stowre:
So often thou renewest thyself, and on the fayre greene clowre
Doost shoote out flowres. My father bare a speciall love too thee
Above all others. So that whyle the God went oft too see
Eurotas and unwalled *Spart*, he left his noble towne
Of *Delphos* (which a mid the world is situate in renowne)
Without a sovereigne. Neyther Harp nor Bow regarded were.
Unmyndfull of his Godhead, he refused not too beare
The nets, nor for too hold the hounds, nor as a peynfull mate
Too travell over cragged hilles, through which continuall gate
His flames augmented more and more. And now the sunne did stand
Well neere midway betweene the nyghts last past and next at hand.
They stript themselves and noynted them with oyle of Olyfe fat,
And fell to throwing of a Sledge that was ryght howge and flat.
Fyrst *Phœbus* peysing it did throw it from him with such strength,
As that the weyght drave downe the clouds in flying. And at length
It fell upon substantiall ground, where plainly it did show
As well the cunning as the force of him that did it throw.
Immediatly upon desyre himself the sport too trie,
The *Spartane* lad made haste too take up unadvisedly
The Sledge before it still did lye. But as he was in hand
Too catch it, it rebounding up ageinst the hardened land,
Did hit him full upon the face. The God himselfe did looke
As pale as did the lad, and up his swounding body tooke.
Now culles he him, now wypes he from the wound the blood away,
Anotherwhyle his fading lyfe he stryves with herbes too stay.
Nought booted Leechcraft. Helplesse was the wound. And like as one

Broosd violet stalkes or Poppie stalkes or Lillies growing on
Browne spindles, streight they withering droope with heavy heads and are
Not able for too hold them up, but with their tops doo stare
Uppon the ground. So *Hyacinth* in yeelding of his breath
Chopt downe his head. His necke bereft of strength by meanes of death
Was even a burthen too itself, and downe did loosely wrythe
On both his shoulders, now a tone and now a toother lythe.
Thou faadst away my *Hyacinth* defrauded of the pryme
Of youth (quoth *Phœbus*) and I see thy wound my heynous cryme.
Thou art my sorrow and my fault: this hand of myne hath wrought
Thy death: I like a murtherer have too thy grave thee brought.
But what have I offended thow? onlesse that too have playd,
Or if that too have loved, an offence it may be sayd.
Would God I render myght my lyfe with and in stead of thee.
Too which syth fatall destinee denyeth too agree,
Both in my mynd and in my mouth thou evermore shalt bee.
My Viall striken with my hand, my songs shall sound of thee,
And in a newmade flowre thou shalt with letters represent
Our syghings. And the tyme shall come ere many yeeres bee spent,
That in thy flowre a valeant Prince shall joyne himself with thee,
And leave his name uppon the leaves for men too reede and see.
Whyle *Phœbus* thus did prophesie, behold the blood of him
Which dyde the grasse, ceast blood too bee, and up there sprang a trim
And goodly flowre, more orient than the Purple cloth ingrayne,
In shape a Lillye, were it not that Lillyes doo remayne
Of sylver colour, whereas theis of purple hew are seene.
Although that *Phœbus* had the cause of this greate honor beene,
Yit thought he not the same ynough. And therfore did he wryght
His syghes uppon the leaves thereof: and so in colour bryght
The flowre hath a i writ theron, which letters are of greef.
So small the *Spartanes* thought the birth of *Hyacinth* repreef
Unto them, that they woorship him from that day untoo this.
And as their fathers did before, so they doe never misse
With solemne pomp too celebrate his feast from yeere too yeere.
But if perchaunce that *Amathus* the rich in mettals, weere
Demaunded if it would have bred the *Propets* it would sweare,
Yea even as gladly as the folke whose brewes sumtyme did beare
A payre of welked hornes: whereof they *Cerastes* named are.
Before theyr doore an Altar stood of *Jove* that takes the care
Of alyents and of travellers, which lothsome was too see,
For lewdnesse wrought theron. If one that had a straunger bee
Had lookt thereon, he would have thought there had on it beene killd
Sum sucking calves or lambes. The blood of straungers there was spilld.
Dame *Venus* sore offended at this wicked sacrifyse,
Too leave her Cities and the land of *Cyprus* did devyse.
But then bethinking her, shee sayd. What hath my pleasant ground
What have my Cities trespassed? what fault in them is found?
Nay rather let this wicked race by exyle punnisht beene,
Or death, or by sum other thing that is a meane betweene
Both death and exyle. What is that? save only for too chaunge
Theyr shape. In musing with herself what figure were most straunge,

Shee cast her eye uppon a horne. And therewithall shee thought
The same too bee a shape ryght meete uppon them too bee brought.
And so shee from theyr myghty limbes theyr native figure tooke,
And turnd them intoo boystous Bulles with grim and cruell looke.
Yit durst the filthy *Propets* stand in stiffe opinion that
Dame *Venus* was no Goddesse, till shee beeing wroth thereat,
Too make theyr bodies common first compelld them everychone,
And after chaungd theyr former kynd. For when that shame was gone,
And that they wexed brazen faast, shee turned them too stone,
In which betweene their former shape was diffrence small or none.
Whom forbycause *Pygmalion* saw too leade theyr lyfe in sin,
Offended with the vice whereof greate store is packt within
The nature of the womankynd, he led a single lyfe.
And long it was ere he could fynd in hart too take a wyfe.
Now in the whyle by wondrous Art an image he did grave
Of such proportion, shape, and grace as nature never gave
Nor can too any woman give. In this his worke he tooke
A certaine love. The looke of it was ryght a Maydens looke,
And such a one as that yee would beleeve had lyfe, and that
Would moved bee, if womanhod and reverence letted not:
So artificiall was the work. He woondreth at his Art,
And of his counterfetted corse conceyveth love in hart.
He often toucht it, feeling if the woork that he had made
Were verie flesh or Ivorye still. Yit could he not perswade
Himself too think it Ivory. For he oftentymes it kist,
And thought it kissed him ageine. He hild it by the fist,
And talked too it. He beleeved his fingars made a dint
Uppon her flesh, and feared least sum blacke or broosed print
Should come by touching over hard. Sumtyme with pleasaunt boords
And wanton toyes he dalyingly dooth cast foorth amorous woords.
Sumtime (the giftes wherein yong Maydes are wonted too delyght)
He brought her owches, fyne round stones, and Lillyes fayre and whyght,
And pretie singing birds, and flowres of thousand sorts and hew,
And peynted balles, and Amber from the tree distilled new.
In gorgeous garments furthermore he did her also decke,
And on her fingars put me rings, and cheynes about her necke.
Riche perles were hanging at her eares, and tablets at her brest.
All kynd of things became her well. And when she was undrest,
Shee seemed not lesse beawtifull. He layd her in a bed
The which with scarlet dyde in *Tyre* was richly overspred,
And terming her his bedfellow, he couched downe hir head
Uppon a pillow soft, as though shee could have felt the same.
The feast of *Venus* hallowed through the Ile of *Cyprus*, came
And Bullocks whyght with gilden hornes were slayne for sacrifyse,
And up too heaven of frankincence the smoky fume did ryse.
When as *Pygmalion* having doone his dutye that same day,
Beefore the altar standing, thus with fearefull hart did say:
If that you Goddes can all things give, then let my wife (I pray)
(He durst not say bee yoonsame wench of Ivory, but) bee leeke
My wench of Ivory. *Venus* (who was nought at all to seeke
What such a wish as that did meene) then present at her feast,

For handsell of her freendly helpe did cause three tymes at least
The fyre to kindle and to spyre thryse upward in the ayre.
Assoone as he came home, streyght way *Pygmalion* did repayre
Unto the Image of his wench, and leaning on the bed,
Did kisse her. In hir body streyght a warmenesse seemd too spred.
He put his mouth againe to hers, and on her brest did lay
His hand. The Ivory wexed soft: and putting quyght away
All hardnesse, yeelded underneathe his fingars, as wee see
A peece of wax made soft ageinst the Sunne, or drawen too bee
In divers shapes by chaufing it betweene ones handes, and so
To serve to uses. He amazde stood wavering too and fro
Tweene joy and feare too bee beeguyld, ageine he burnt in love,
Ageine with feeling he began his wisshed hope too prove.
He felt it verrye flesh in deede. By laying on his thumb,
He felt her pulses beating. Then he stood no longer dumb,
But thanked *Venus* with his hart: and at the length he layd
His mouth to hers, who was as then become a perfect mayd.
Shee felt the kisse, and blusht therat: and lifting fearefully
Hir eyelidds up, hir Lover and the light at once did spye.
The mariage that her selfe had made the Goddesse blessed so,
That when the Moone with fulsum lyght nyne tymes her course had go,
This Ladye was delivered of a Sun that *Paphus* hyght,
Of whom the Iland takes that name. Of him was borne a knyght
Calld *Cinyras* who (had he had none issue) surely myght
Of all men underneathe the sun beene thought the happyest wyght.
Of wicked and most cursed things to speake I now commence:
Yee daughters and yee parents all go get yee farre from hence,
Or if yee mynded bee to heere my tale, beleeve mee nought
In this beehalfe: ne think that such a thing was ever wrought.
Or if yee will beeleeve the deede, beleeve the vengeance too
Which lyghted on the partye that the wicked act did doo.
But if that it be possible that any wyght so much
From nature should degenerate, as for to fall to such
A heynous cryme as this is, I am glad for *Thracia*, I
Am glad for this same world of ours, yea glad exceedingly
I am for this my native soyle, for that there is such space
Betweene it and the land that bred a chyld so voyd of grace.
I would the land *Panchaya* should of *Amomie* be rich,
And Cinnamom, and Costus sweet, and Incence also which
Dooth issue largely out of trees, and other flowers straunge,
As long as that it beareth Myrrhe: not woorth it was the chaunge,
Newe trees to have of such a pryce. The God of love denyes
His weapons too have hurted thee, O *Myrrha*, and he tryes
Himselfe ungiltie by thy fault. One of the Furies three
With poysonde Snakes and hellish brands hath rather blasted thee.
To hate ones father is a cryme as heynous as may bee,
But yit more wicked is this love of thine than any hate.
The youthfull Lordes of all the East and Peeres of cheef estate
Desyre to have thee too their wyfe, and earnest sute doo make:
Of all (excepting onely one) thy choyce O *Myrrha* take.

Shee feeles her filthye love, and stryves ageynst it, and within
Herself sayde: whither roonnes my mynd? what thinke I to begin?
Yee Gods (I pray) and godlynesse, yee holy rites and awe
Of parents, from this heynous cryme my vicious mynd withdrawe,
And disappoynt my wickednesse. At leastwyse if it bee
A wickednesse that I intend. As farre as I can see,
This love infrindgeth not the bondes of godlynesse a whit.
For every other living wyght dame nature dooth permit
Too match without offence of sin. The Hecfer thinkes no shame
Too beare her father on her backe: The Horse beestrydes the same
Of whom he is the syre: The Gote dooth bucke the Kid that hee
Himself begate: and birdes doo tread the self same birdes wee see
Of whom they hatched were before. In happye cace they are
That may doo so without offence. But mans malicious care
Hath made a brydle for it self, and spyghtfull lawes restreyne
The things that nature setteth free: yit are their Realmes (men sayne)
In which the moother with the sonne, and daughter with the father
Doo match, where through of godlynesse the bond augments the rather
With doubled love. Now wo is mee it had not beene my lot
In that same countrie too bee borne. And that this lucklesse plot
Should hinder mee. Why thinke I thus? Avaunt unlawfull love.
I ought too love him I confesse: but so as dooth behove
His daughter: were not *Cinyras* my father then, Iwis
I myght obtaine too lye with him. But now bycause he is
Myne owne, he cannot bee myne owne. The neerenesse of our kin
Dooth hurt me. Were I further of perchaunce I more myght win.
And if I wist that I therby this wickednesse myght shunne,
I would forsake my native soyle and farre from *Cyprus* runne.
This evill heate dooth hold mee backe, that beeing present still
I may but talke with *Cinyras* and looke on him my fill,
And touch, and kisse him, if no more may further graunted bee.
Why wicked wench? and canst thou hope for further? doost not see
How by thy fault thou doost confound the ryghts of name and kin?
And wilt thou make thy mother bee a Cucqueane by thy sin?
Wilt thou thy fathers leman bee? wilt thou bee both the moother
And suster of thy chyld? shall he bee both thy sonne and brother?
And standst thou not in feare at all of those same susters three
Whose heads with crawling snakes in stead of heare bematted bee?
Which pushing with theyr cruell bronds folks eyes and mouthes, doo see
Theyr sinfull harts? but thou now whyle thy body yit is free,
Let never such a wickednesse once enter in thy mynd.
Defyle not myghtye natures hest by lust ageinst thy kynd.
What though thy will were fully bent? yit even the very thing
Is such as will not suffer thee the same too end too bring.
For why he beeing well disposde and godly, myndeth ay
So much his dewtye, that from ryght and truth he will not stray.
Would God lyke furie were in him as is in mee this day.
This sayd, her father *Cinyras* (who dowted what too doo
By reason of the worthy store of suters which did woo
His daughter,) bringing all theyr names did will hir for too show
On which of them shee had herself most fancie too bestow.

At first shee hild her peace a whyle, and looking wistly on
Her fathers face, did boyle within: and scalding teares anon
Ran downe her visage. *Cyniras*, (who thought them too proceede
Of tender harted shamefastnesse) did say there was no neede
Of teares, and dryed her cheekes, and kist her. *Myrrha* tooke of it
Exceeding pleasure in her selfe: and when that he did wit
What husband shee did wish too have, shee sayd: one like too yow.
He understanding not hir thought, did well her woordes allow.
And sayd: in this thy godly mynd continew. At the name
Of godlynesse, shee cast mee downe her looke for very shame.
For why her giltie hart did knowe shee well deserved blame.
Hygh mydnight came, and sleepe bothe care and carkesses opprest,
But *Myrrha* lying brode awake could neyther sleepe nor rest.
Shee fryes in *Cupids* flames, and woorkes continewally uppon
Her furious love. One while shee sinkes in deepe despayre. Anon
Shee fully myndes to give attempt, but shame doth hold her in.
Shee wisshes and shee wotes not what too doo, nor how too gin.
And like as when a mightye tree with axes heawed rownd,
Now reedye with a strype or twaine to lye uppon the grownd,
Uncerteine is which way to fall and tottreth every way:
Even so her mynd with dowtfull wound effeebled then did stray
Now heere now there uncerteinely, and tooke of bothe encreace.
No measure of her love was found, no rest, nor yit releace,
Save onely death. Death likes her best. Shee ryseth, full in mynd
To hang herself. About a post her girdle she doth bynd.
And sayd farewell deere *Cinyras*, and understand the cause
Of this my death. And with that woord about her necke shee drawes
The nooze. Her trustye nurce that in another Chamber lay,
By fortune heard the whispring sound of theis her woordes (folk say).
The aged woman rysing up unboltes the doore. And whan
Shee saw her in that plyght of death, shee shreeking out began
Too smyght her self, and scratcht her brest, and quickly too her ran
And rent the girdle from her necke. Then weeping bitterly
And holding her betweene her armes, shee askt the question why
Shee went about to hang her self so unadvisedly.
The Lady hilld her peace as dumb, and looking on the ground
Unmovably, was sorye in her hart for beeing found
Before shee had dispatcht herself. Her nurce still at her lay,
And shewing her her emptie dugges and naked head all gray,
Besought her for the paynes shee tooke with her both night and day
In rocking and in feeding her, shee would vouchsafe to say
What ere it were that greeved her. The Ladye turnd away
Displeasde and fetcht a sygh. The nurce was fully bent in mynd
Too bowlt the matter out: for which not onely shee did bynd
Her fayth, in secret things to keepe: but also sayd, put mee
In trust too fynd a remedye. I am not (thou shalt see)
Yit altoogither dulld by age. If furiousenesse it bee,
I have bothe charmes and chaunted herbes to help. If any wyght
Bewitcheth thee, by witchcraft I will purge and set thee quyght.
Or if it bee the wrath of God, we shall with sacrifyse
Appease the wrath of God right well. What may I more surmyse?

No theeves have broken in uppon this house and spoyld the welth.
Thy mother and thy father bothe are living and in helth.
When *Myrrha* heard her father naamd, a greevous sygh she fet
Even from the bottom of her hart. Howbeet the nurce as yet
Misdeemd not any wickednesse. But nerethelesse shee gest
There was some love: and standing in one purpose, made request
Too breake her mynd untoo her. And shee set her tenderly
Uppon her lappe. The Ladye wept and sobbed bitterly.
Then culling her in feeble armes, shee sayd I well espye
Thou art in love. My diligence in this behalf I sweare
Shall servisable too thee bee. Thou shalt not neede too feare
That ere thy father shall it knowe. At that same woord shee lept
From nurces lappe like one that had beene past her witts, and stept
With fury to her bed, at which shee leaning downe hir face
Sayd, hence I pray thee: force mee not to shewe my shamefull cace.
And when the nurce did urge her still, shee answered eyther get
The hence, or ceace too aske mee why myself I thus doo fret:
The thing that thou desyrste too knowe is wickednesse. The old
Poore nurce gan quake, and trembling both for age and feare did hold
Her handes to her. And kneeling downe right humbly at her feete,
One whyle shee fayre intreated her with gentle woordes and sweete,
Another whyle (onlesse shee made her privie of her sorrow)
Shee threatned her, and put her in a feare shee would next morrow
Bewray her how shee went about to hang herself. But if
Shee told her, shee did plyght her fayth and help too her releef.
Shee lifted up her head, and then with teares fast gusshing out
Beesloobered all her nurces brest: and going oft about
Too speake, shee often stayd: and with her garments hid her face
For shame, and lastly sayd: O happye is my moothers cace
That such a husband hath: with that a greevous sygh shee gave,
And hilld her peace. Theis woordes of hers a trembling chilnesse drave
In nurcis limbes, which perst her bones: (for now shee understood
The cace) and all her horye heare up stiffly staring stood:
And many things she talkt to put away her cursed love,
If that it had beene possible the madnesse to remove.
The Mayd herself to be full trew the councell dooth espye:
Yit if shee may not have her love shee fully myndes to dye.
Live still (quoth nurce) thou shalt obteine (shee durst not say thy father,
But stayd at that.) And forbycause that *Myrrha* should the rather
Beleeve her, shee confirmd her woordes by othe. The yeerely feast
Of gentle *Ceres* came, in which the wyves bothe moste and least
Appareld all in whyght, are woont the firstlings of the feeld
Fyne garlonds made of eares of corne too *Ceres* for to yeeld.
And for the space of thryce three nyghts they counted it a sin
To have the use of any man, or once too touche his skin.
Among theis women did the Queene freequent the secret rites.
Now whyle that of his lawfull wyfe his bed was voyd a nyghtes,
The nurce was dooble diligent: and fynding *Cinyras*
Well washt with wyne, shee did surmyse there was a pretye lasse
In love with him. And hyghly shee her beawty setteth out.
And beeing asked of her yeeres, she sayd shee was about

The age of *Myrrha:* well (quoth he) then bring her too my bed.
Returning home shee sayd: bee glad my nurcechilde: we have sped.
Not all so wholly in her hart was wretched *Myrrha* glad,
But that her fore misgiving mynd did also make her sad.
Howbeete shee also did rejoyce as in a certaine kynd,
Such discord of affections was within her combred mynd.
It was the tyme that all things rest. And now *Boötes* bryght,
The driver of the Oxen seven about the northpole pyght,
Had sumwhat turnd his wayne asyde, when wicked *Myrrha* sped
About her buysnesse. Out of heaven the golden *Phœbee* fled.
With clowds more black than any pitch the starres did hyde their hed.
The nyght beecommeth utter voyd of all her woonted lyght.
And first before all other hid their faces out of syght
Good *Icar* and *Erigonee* his daughter, who for love
Most vertuous too her fatherward, was taken up above
And made a starre in heaven. Three tymes had *Myrrha* warning given
By stumbling, to retyre. Three tymes the deathfull Owle that eeven
With doolefull noyse prognosticates unhappie lucke. Yet came
Shee forward still: the darknesse of the nyght abated shame.
Her left hand held her nurce, her right the darke blynd way did grope.
Anon shee too the chamber came: anon the doore was ope:
Anon shee entred in: with that her foltring hammes did quake:
Her colour dyde: her blood and hart did cleerly her forsake.
The neerer shee approched too her wickednesse, the more
Shee trembled: Of her enterpryse it irked her full sore:
And fayn shee would shee might unknowen have turned back. Nurce led
Her pawsing forward by the hand: and putting her too bed,
Heere take this Damzell *Cinyras*, shee is thine owne shee sed.
And so shee layd them brest too brest. The wicked father takes
His bowelles intoo filthy bed, and there with wordes asslakes
The maydens feare, and cheeres her up. And least this cryme of theyres
Myght want the ryghtfull termes, by chaunce as in respect of yeeres
He daughter did hir call, and shee him father. Beeing sped
With cursed seede in wicked womb, shee left her fathers bed,
Of which soone after shee became greate bagged with her shame.
Next night the lewdnesse doubled. And no end was of the same,
Untill at length that *Cinyras* desyrous for to knowe
His lover that so many nyghts uppon him did bestowe,
Did fetch a light: by which he sawe his owne most heynous cryme,
And eeke his daughter. Nathelesse, his sorrow at that time
Represt his speeche. Then hanging by he drew a Rapier bryght.
Away ran *Myrrha*, and by meanes of darknesse of the nyght
Shee was delivered from the death: and straying in the broade
Datebearing feeldes of *Arabye*, shee through *Panchaya* yode,
And wandring full nyne moonethes, at length shee rested beeing tyrde
In *Saba* land. And when the tyme was neere at hand expyrde,
And that uneath the burthen of her womb shee well could beare,
Not knowing what she might desyre, distrest betweene the feare
Of death, and tediousnesse of lyfe, this prayer shee did make.
O Goddes, if of repentant folke you any mercye take,
Sharpe vengeance I confesse I have deserved, and content

I am to take it paciently. How bee it too thentent
That neyther with my lyfe the quick, nor with my death the dead
Anoyed bee, from both of them exempt mee this same sted.
And altring mee, deny too mee both lyfe and death. We see
Too such as doo confesse theyr faults sum mercy shewd too bee.
The Goddes did graunt her this request, the last that she should make.
The ground did overgrow hir feete, and ancles as shee spake.
And from her bursten toes went rootes, which wrything heere and there
Did fasten so the trunk within the ground, shee could not steare.
Her bones did intoo timber turne, whereof the marie was
The pith, and into watrish sappe the blood of her did passe.
Her armes were turnd too greater boughes, her fingars into twig,
Her skin was hardned into bark. And now her belly big
The eatching tree had overgrowen, and overtane her brest,
And hasted for to win her neck, and hyde it with the rest.
Shee made no taryence nor delay, but met the comming tree,
And shroonk her face within the barke therof. Although that shee
Toogither with her former shape her senses all did loose,
Yit weepeth shee, and from her tree warme droppes doo softly woose:
The which her teares are had in pryce and honour. And the Myrrhe
That issueth from her gummy bark dooth beare the name of her,
And shall doo whyle the world dooth last. The misbegotten chyld
Grew still within the tree, and from his mothers womb defyld
Sought meanes too bee delyvered. Her burthened womb did swell
Amid the tree, and stretcht her out. But woordes wherwith to tell
And utter foorth her greef did want. She had no use of speech
With which *Lucina* in her throwes shee might of help beseech.
Yit like a woman labring was the tree, and bowwing downe
Gave often sighes, and shed foorth teares as though shee there should drowne.
Lucina to this wofull tree came gently downe, and layd
Her hand theron, and speaking woordes of ease, the midwife playd.
The tree did cranye, and the barke deviding made away,
And yeelded out the chyld alyve, which cryde and wayld streyght way.
The waternymphes uppon the soft sweete hearbes the chyld did lay,
And bathde him with his mothers teares. His face was such, as spyght
Must needes have praysd. For such he was in all condicions right,
As are the naked *Cupids* that in tables picturde bee.
But too thentent he may with them in every poynt agree,
Let eyther him bee furnisshed with wings and quiver light,
Or from the *Cupids* take theyr wings and bowes and arrowes quight.
Away slippes fleeting tyme unspyde and mocks us too our face,
And nothing may compare with yeares in swiftnesse of theyr pace.
That wretched imp whom wickedly his graundfather begate,
And whom his cursed suster bare, who hidden was alate
Within the tree, and lately borne, became immediatly
The beawtyfullyst babe on whom man ever set his eye.
Anon a stripling hee became, and by and by a man,
And every day more beawtifull than other he becam.
That in the end Dame *Venus* fell in love with him: wherby
He did revenge the outrage of his mothers villanye.
For as the armed *Cupid* kist Dame *Venus*, unbeware

An arrow sticking out did raze hir brest uppon the bare.
The Goddesse being wounded, thrust away her sonne. The wound
Appeered not too bee so deepe as afterward was found.
It did deceyve her at the first. The beawty of the lad
Inflaamd hir. Too *Cythera* Ile no mynd at all shee had,
Nor untoo *Paphos* where the sea beats round about the shore,
Nor fisshy *Gnyde*, nor *Amathus* that hath of mettalls store:
Yea even from heaven shee did absteyne. Shee lovd *Adonis* more
Than heaven. To him shee clinged ay, and bare him companye.
And in the shadowe woont shee was too rest continually,
And for too set her beawtye out most seemely too the eye
By trimly decking of her self. Through bushy grounds and groves,
And over Hills and Dales, and Lawnds and stony rocks shee roves,
Bare kneed with garment tucked up according too the woont
Of *Phebe*, and shee cheerd the hounds with hallowing like a hunt,
Pursewing game of hurtlesse sort, as Hares made lowe before,
Or stagges with loftye heades, or bucks. But with the sturdy Boare,
And ravening woolf, and Bearewhelpes armd with ugly pawes, and eeke
The cruell Lyons which delyght in blood, and slaughter seeke,
Shee meddled not. And of theis same shee warned also thee
Adonis for too shoonne them, if thou wooldst have warned bee.
Bee bold on cowards (*Venus* sayd) for whoso dooth advaunce
Himselfe against the bold, may hap too meete with sum mischaunce.
Wherfore I pray thee my sweete boy forbeare too bold too bee,
For feare thy rashnesse hurt thy self and woork the wo of mee.
Encounter not the kynd of beastes whom nature armed hath,
For dowt thou buy thy prayse too deere procuring thee sum scath.
Thy tender youth, thy beawty bryght, thy countnance fayre and brave
Although they had the force too win the hart of *Venus*, have
No powre ageinst the Lyons, nor ageinst the bristled swyne.
The eyes and harts of savage beasts doo nought too theis inclyne.
The cruell Boares beare thunder in theyr hooked tushes, and
Exceeding force and feercenesse is in Lyons too withstand,
And sure I hate them at my hart. Too him demaunding why?
A monstrous chaunce (quoth *Venus*) I will tell thee by and by,
That hapned for a fault. But now unwoonted toyle hath made
Mee weerye: and beholde, in tyme this Poplar with his shade
Allureth, and the ground for cowch dooth serve too rest uppon.
I prey thee let us rest us heere. They sate them downe anon,
And lying upward with her head uppon his lappe along,
Shee thus began: and in her tale shee bussed him among.

Perchaunce thou hast or this tyme hard of one that overcame
The swiftest men in footemanshippe: no fable was that same.

She overcame them out of dowt. And hard it is to tell
Thee whither she did in footemanshippe or beawty more excell.
Uppon a season as she askt of *Phebus*, what he was
That should her husband bee, he sayd. For husband doo not passe,
O *Atalanta*, thou at all of husband hast no neede:
Shonne husbanding. But yit thou canst not shonne it I thee reede;
Alyve thou shalt not be thy self. Shee being sore afrayd
Of this *Apollos* Oracle, did keepe herself a mayd,

And lived in the shady woodes. When wooers to her came,
And were of her importunate, shee drave away the same
With boystous woordes, and with the sore condition of the game.
I am not too be had (quoth shee) onlesse yee able bee
In ronning for too vanquish mee. Yee must contend with mee
In footemanshippe. And who so winnes the wager, I agree
Too bee his wife. But if that he bee found too slowe, then hee
Shall lose his head. This of your game the verrye law shall bee.
Shee was in deede unmercifull. But such is beawties powre,
That though the sayd condition were extreme and over sowre,
Yit many suters were so rash too undertake the same.
Hippomenes as a looker on of this uncurteous game,
Sate by, and sayd: Is any man so mad to seeke a wyfe
With such apparant perill and the hazard of his lyfe?
And utterly he did condemne the yongmens love. But when
He saw her face and bodye bare, (for why the Lady then
Did strippe her too her naked skin) the which was like too myne,
Or rather (if that thou wert made a woman) like too thyne:
He was amazde. And holding up his hands too heaven, he sayth:
Forgive mee you with whom I found such fault even now: In fayth
I did not know the wager that yee ran for. As hee prayseth
The beawty of her, in him selfe the fyre of love he rayseth.
And through an envy fearing least shee should a way be woonne,
He wisht that nere a one of them so swift as shee might roonne.
And wherfore (quoth hee), put not I myself in preace too trye
The fortune of this wager? God himself continually
Dooth help the bold and hardye sort. Now whyle *Hippomenes*
Debates theis things within himselfe and other like to these,
The Damzell ronnes as if her feete were wings. And though that shee
Did fly as swift as arrow from a Turkye bowe: yit hee
More woondred at her beawtye than at swiftnesse of her pace:
Her ronning greatly did augment her beawtye and her grace.
The wynd ay whisking from her feete the labells of her socks
Uppon her back as whyght as snowe did tosse her golden locks,
And eeke thembroydred garters that were tyde beneathe her ham.
A rednesse mixt with whyght uppon her tender bodye cam,
As when a scarlet curtaine streynd ageinst a playstred wall
Dooth cast like shadowe, making it seeme ruddye therwithall.
Now whyle the straunger noted this, the race was fully ronne,
And *Atalant* (as shee that had the wager cleerely wonne)
Was crowned with a garlond brave. The vanquisht sighing sore,
Did lose theyr lyves according too agreement made before.
Howbeeit nought at all dismayd with theis mennes lucklesse cace
He stepped foorth, and looking full uppon the maydens face,
Sayd: wherfore doost thou seeke renowne in vanquisshing of such
As were but dastards? cope with mee. If fortune bee so much
My freend too give mee victorie, thou needest not hold scorne
Too yeeld too such a noble man as I am. I am borne
The sonne of noble *Megaree Onchestyes* sonne, and hee
Was sonne to *Neptune*. Thus am I great graundchyld by degree
In ryght descent, of him that rules the waters. Neyther doo

I out of kynd degenerate from vertue meete thertoo.
Or if my fortune bee so hard as vanquisht for too bee,
Thou shalt obteine a famous name by overcomming mee.
In saying thus, *Atlanta* cast a gentle looke on him,
And dowting whither shee rather had too lose the day or win,
Sayd thus. What God an enmy to the beawtyfull, is bent
Too bring this person to his end, and therfore hath him sent
Too seeke a wyfe with hazard of his lyfe? If I should bee
Myselfe the judge in this behalfe, there is not sure in mee
That dooth deserve so deerely too bee earned. Neyther dooth
His beawty moove my hart at all. Yit is it such in sooth
As well might moove mee. But bycause as yit a chyld he is,
His person mooves mee not so much as dooth his age Iwis.
Beesydes that manhod is in him, and mynd unfrayd of death:
Beesydes that of the watrye race from *Neptune* as he seth
He is the fowrth: beesydes that he dooth love mee, and dooth make
So great accompt too win mee too his wyfe, that for my sake
He is contented for too dye, if fortune bee so sore
Ageinst him too denye him mee. Thou straunger hence therfore.
Away I say now whyle thou mayst, and shonne my bloody bed.
My mariage cruell is, and craves the losing of thy hed.
There is no wench but that would such a husband gladly catch,
And shee that wyse were, myght desyre too meete with such a match.
But why now after heading of so many, doo I care
For thee? Looke thou too that. For sith so many men as are
Alreadye put too slawghter can not warne thee too beeware,
But that thou wilt bee weerye of thy lyfe, dye: doo not spare.
And shall he perrish then bycause he sought to live with mee?
And for his love unwoorthely with death rewarded bee?
All men of such a victory will speake too foule a shame.
But all the world can testifye that I am not too blame.
Would God thou wouldst desist. Or else bycause thou are so mad,
I would too God a litle more thy feete of swiftnesse had.
Ah what a maydens countenance is in this chyldish face?
Ah foolish boy *Hippomines*, how wretched is thy cace?
I would thou never hadst mee seene. Thou woorthy art of lyfe.
And if so bee I happy were, and that too bee a wyfe
The cruell destnyes had not mee forbidden, sure thou art
The onely wyght with whom I would bee matcht with all my hart.
This spoken: shee yit rawe, and but new striken with the dart
Of *Cupid*, beeing ignorant, did love and knew it nat.
Anon her father and the folk assembled, willed that
They should begin theyr woonted race. Then *Neptunes* issue prayd
With carefull hart and voyce too mee, and thus devoutly sayd,
O *Venus*, favor myne attempt, and send mee downe thyne ayd
Too compasse my desyred love which thou hast on mee layd.
His prayer movd mee (I confesse), and long I not delayd
Before I helpt him. Now there is a certaine feeld the which
The *Cyprian* folk call *Damasene*, most fertile and most rich

Of all the *Cyprian* feelds: the same was consecrate too mee
In auncient tyme, and of my Church the glebland woont too bee.
Amid this feeld, with golden leaves there growes a goodly tree
The crackling boughes whereof are all of yellew gold. I came
And gathered golden Apples three: and bearing thence the same
Within my hand, immediatly too *Hippomen* I gat
Invisible too all wyghts else save him and taught him what
Too doo with them. The Trumpets blew: and girding forward, both
Set foorth, and on the hovering dust with nimble feete eche goth.
A man would think they able were uppon the Sea too go
And never wet theyr feete, and on the ayles of corne also
That still is growing in the feeld, and never downe them tread.
The man tooke courage at the showt and woordes of them that sed,
Now now is tyme *Hippomenes* too ply it, hye a pace:
Enforce thyself with all thy strength: lag not in any cace:
Thou shalt obteine. It is a thing ryght dowtfull whither hee
At theis well willing woordes of theyrs rejoysed more, or shee.
O Lord how often when shee might outstrippe him did shee stay,
And gazed long uppon his face, right loth too go her way?
A weerye breath proceeded from theyr parched lippes, and farre
They had too ronne. Then *Neptunes* imp her swiftnesse too disbarre,
Trolld downe a toneside of the way an Apple of the three.
Amazde thereat, and covetous of the goodly Apple, shee
Did step asyde and snatched up the rolling frute of gold.
With that *Hippomenes* coted her. The folke that did behold
Made noyse with clapping of theyr hands. She recompenst her slothe
And losse of tyme with footemanshippe: and streight ageine outgothe
Hippomenes, leaving him behind: and beeing stayd agen
With taking up the second, shee him overtooke. And when
The race was almost at an end: He sayd: O Goddesse, thou
That art the author of this gift, assist mee freendly now.
And therwithall, of purpose that she might the longer bee
In comming, hee with all his might did bowle the last of three
A skew a toneside of the feelde. The Lady seemde too make
A dowt in taking of it up. I forced her too take
It up, and too the Apple I did put a heavy weyght,
And made it of such massinesse shee could not lift it streight.
And least that I in telling of my tale may longer bee
Than they in ronning of their race, outstripped quight was shee.
And he that wan her, marying her enjoyd her for his fee.
Thinkst thou I was not woorthy thanks, *Adonis*, thinkest thow
I earned not that he too mee should frankincence allow?
But he forgetfull, neyther thanks nor frankincence did give.
By meanes wherof too sooden wrath he justly did me drive,
For beeing greeved with the spyght, bycause I would not bee
Despysd of such as were too come, I thought it best for mee
Too take such vengeance of them both as others might take heede
By them. And so ageinst them both in anger I proceede.

A temple of the mother of the Goddes that vowwed was
And buylded by *Echion* in a darksome grove, they passe.
There through my might *Hippomenes* was toucht and stirred so,
That needes he would too Venerie though out of season go.
Not farre from this same temple was with little light a den
With pommye vawlted naturally, long consecrate ere then
For old religion, not unlike a cave: wher priests of yore
Bestowed had of Images of wooden Goddes good store.
Hippomenes entring herintoo defyld the holy place
With his unlawfull lust: from which the Idolls turnd theyr face.
And *Cybell* with the towred toppes disdeyning, dowted whither
Shee in the lake of *Styx* might drowne the wicked folk toogither.
The pennance seemed over lyght, and therefore shee did cawse
Thinne yellow manes to growe uppon theyr necks: and hooked pawes
In stead of fingars too succeede. Theyr shoulders were the same
They were before: with woondrous force deepe brested they beecame.
Theyr looke beecame feerce, cruell, grim, and sowre: a tufted tayle
Stretcht out in length farre after them upon the ground dooth trayle.
In stead of speech they rore: in stead of bed they haunt the wood:
And dreadfull unto others, they for all theyr cruell moode
With tamed teeth chank *Cybells* bitts in shape of Lyons. Shonne
Theis beastes, deere hart: and not from theis alonely see thou ronne,
But also from eche other beast that turnes not backe too flight,
But offreth with his boystows brest too try the chaunce of fyght:
Anemis least thy valeantnesse bee hurtfull to us both.
This warning given, with yoked swannes away through aire she goth.
But manhod by admonishment restreyned could not bee.
By chaunce his hounds in following of the tracke, a Boare did see,
And rowsed him. And as the swyne was comming from the wood
Adonis hit him with a dart a skew, and drew the blood.
The Boare streyght with his hooked groyne the huntingstaffe out drew
Bestayned with his blood, and on *Adonis* did pursew,
Who trembling and retyring back too place of refuge drew,
And hyding in his codds his tuskes as farre as he could thrust
He layd him all along for dead uppon the yellow dust.
Dame *Venus* in her chariot drawen with swannes was scarce arrived
At *Cyprus*, when shee knew a farre the sygh of him depryved
Of lyfe. Shee turnd her Cygnets backe, and when shee from the skye
Beehilld him dead, and in his blood beweltred for to lye,
Shee leaped downe, and tare at once hir garments from her brist,
And rent her heare, and beate uppon her stomack with her fist,
And blaming sore the destnyes, sayd: Yit shall they not obteine
Their will in all things. Of my greefe remembrance shall remayne
(Adonis) whyle the world doth last. From yeere too yeere shall growe
A thing that of my heavinesse and of thy death shall showe
The lively likenesse. In a flowre thy blood I will bestowe.
Hadst thou the powre *Persephonee* rank sented Mints too make
Of womens limbes? and may not I lyke powre upon mee take

Without disdeine and spyght, too turne *Adonis* too a flowre?
This sed, shee sprinckled Nectar on the blood, which through the powre
Therof did swell like bubbles sheere that ryse in weather cleere
On water. And before that full an howre expyred weere,
Of all one colour with the blood a flowre she there did fynd,
Even like the flowre of that same tree whose frute in tender rynde
Have pleasant graynes inclosde. Howbeet the use of them is short.
For why the leaves doo hang so looce through lightnesse in such sort,
As that the windes that all things perce, with every little blast
Doo shake them of and shed them so, as that they cannot last.

Finis decimi Libri.

THE ELEVENTH BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

NOW whyle the *Thracian* Poet with this song delyghts ẏ mynds
Of savage beastes, & drawes both stones and trees ageynst their
Behold the wyves of *Ciconie* with reddeerskinnes about [kynds,
Their furious brists, as in the feeld they gadded on a rout,
Espyde him from a hillocks toppe still singing too his harp.
Of whom one shooke her head at him, and thus began to carp.
Behold (sayes shee) behold yoonsame is he that doth disdeine
Us women. And with that same woord shee sent her lawnce amayne
At *Orphyes* singing mouth. The Lawnce armd round about with leaves,
Did hit him, and without a wound a marke behynd it leaves.
Another threw a stone at him, which vanquisht with his sweete
And most melodius harmonye, fell humbly at his feete
As sorye for the furious act it purposed. But rash
And heady ryot out of frame all reason now did dash,
And frantik outrage reigned. Yit had the sweetenesse of his song
Appeasd all weapons, saving that the noyse now growing strong
With blowing shalmes, and beating drummes, and bedlem howling out,
And clapping hands on every syde by *Bacchus* drunken rout,
Did drowne the sownd of *Orphyes* harp. Then first of all stones were
Made ruddy with the prophets blood, and could not give him eare.
And first the flocke of *Bacchus* froes by violence brake the ring
Of Serpents, birds, and savage beastes that for to heere him sing
Sate gazing round about him there. And then with bluddy hands
They ran uppon the prophet who among them singing stands.
They flockt about him like as when a sort of birds have found
An Owle a day tymes in a tod: and hem him in full round,
As when a Stag by hungrye hownds is in a morning found,
The which forestall him round about and pull him to the ground.
Even so the prophet they assayle, and throwe their Thyrses greene
At him, which for another use than that invented beene.
Sum cast mee clods, sum boughes of trees, and sum threw stones. And least
That weapon, wherwithall too wreake their woodnesse which increast,
Should want, it chaunst that Oxen by were tilling of the ground
And labring men with brawned armes not farre fro thence were found
A digging of the hardned earth, and earning of theyr food,
With sweating browes. They seeing this same rout, no longer stood,
But ran away and left theyr tooles behynd them. Every where
Through all the feeld theyr mattocks, rakes, and shovells scattred were.
Which when the cruell feends had caught, and had a sunder rent
The horned Oxen, backe ageine to *Orphy*ward they went,
And (wicked wights) they murthred him, who never till that howre
Did utter woordes in vaine, nor sing without effectuall powre.
And through that mouth of his (oh lord) which even the stones had heard,
And unto which the witlesse beastes had often given regard,
His ghost then breathing intoo aire, departed. Even the fowles
Were sad for *Orphye*, and the beast with sorye syghing howles:

The rugged stones did moorne for him, the woods which many a tyme
Had followed him too heere him sing, bewayled this same cryme.
Yea even the trees lamenting him did cast theyr leavy heare.
The rivers also with theyr teares (men say) encreased were.
Yea and the Nymphes of brookes and woods uppon theyr streames did sayle
With scattred heare about theyr eares, in boats with sable sayle.
His members lay in sundrie steds. His head and harp both cam
To *Hebrus* and (a woondrous thing) as downe the streame they swam,
His Harp did yeeld a moorning sound: his livelesse toong did make
A certeine lamentable noyse as though it still yit spake,
And bothe the banks in moorning wyse made answer too the same.
At length a downe theyr country streame too open sea they came,
And lyghted on *Methymnye* shore in *Lesbos* land. And there
No sooner on the forreine coast now cast a land they were,
But that a cruell naturde Snake did streyght uppon them fly,
And licking on his ruffled heare the which was dropping drye,
Did gape too tyre uppon those lippes that had beene woont to sing
Most heavenly hymnes. But *Phebus* streyght preventing that same thing,
Dispoynts the Serpent of his bit, and turnes him into stone
With gaping chappes. Already was the Ghost of *Orphye* gone
To *Plutos* realme, and there he all the places eft beehilld
The which he heretoofore had seene. And as he sought the feeld
Of fayre *Elysion* (where the soules of godly folk doo woonne,)
He found his wyfe *Eurydicee*, to whom he streyght did roonne
And hilld her in imbracing armes. There now he one while walks
Toogither with hir cheeke by cheeke: another while he stalks
Before her, and another whyle he followeth her. And now
Without all kinde of forfeyture he saufly myght avow
His looking bakward at his wyfe. But *Bacchus* greeved at
The murther of the Chapleine of his Orgies, suffred not
The mischeef unrevengd too bee. For by and by he bound
The *Thracian* women by the feete with writhen roote in ground,
As many as consenting too this wicked act were found.
And looke how much that eche of them the prophet did pursew,
So much he sharpening of their toes, within the ground them drew.
And as the bird, that fynds her leg besnarled in the net
The which the fowlers suttlelye hathe clocely for her set,
And feeles shee cannot get away, stands flickering with her wings,
And with her fearefull leaping up drawes clocer still the strings:
So eche of theis, when in the ground they fastned were, assayd
Aflayghted for to fly away. But every one was stayd
With winding roote which hilld her downe: her frisking could not boote.
And whyle she lookte what was become of To, of nayle, and foote,
Shee sawe her leggs growe round in one, and turning intoo woode.
And as her thyghes with violent hand shee sadly striking stoode,
Shee felt them tree: her brest was tree: her shoulders eeke were tree.
Her armes long boughes yee myght have thought, and not deceyved bee.
But *Bacchus* was not so content: he quyght forsooke their land,
And with a better companye removed out of hand
Unto the Vyneyarde of his owne mount *Tmolus*, and the river
Pactolus though as yit no streames of gold it did deliver,

Ne spyghted was for precious sands. His olde accustomd rout
Of woodwards and of franticke froes envyrond him about.
But old *Silenus* was away. The *Phrygian* ploughmen found
Him reeling bothe for droonkennesse and age, and brought him bound
With garlands, unto *Midas* king of *Phrygia*, unto whom
The *Thracian* Orphye and the preest *Eumolphus* comming from
The towne of *Athens* erst had taught the Orgies. When he knew
His fellowe and companion of the selfe same badge and crew:
Uppon the comming of this guest, he kept a feast the space
Of twyce fyve dayes and twyce fyve nyghts toogither in that place.
And now theleventh tyme *Lucifer* had mustred in the sky
The heavenly host, when *Midas* commes too *Lydia* jocundly
And yeeldes the old *Silenus* too his fosterchyld. He glad
That he his fosterfather had eftsoones recovered, bad
King *Midas* ask him what he would. Right glad of that was hee,
But not a whit at latter end the better should he bee.
He minding too misuse his giftes, sayd: graunt that all and some
The which my body towcheth bare may yellow gold become.
God *Bacchus* graunting his request, his hurtfull gift performd,
And that he had not better wisht he in his stomacke stormd.
Rejoycing in his harme away full merye goes the king:
And for too try his promis true he towcheth every thing.
Scarce giving credit too himself, he pulled yoong greene twiggs
From of an Holmetree: by and by all golden were the spriggs.
He tooke a flintstone from the ground, the stone likewyse became
Pure gold. He towched next a clod of earth, and streight the same
By force of towching did become a wedge of yellow gold.
He gathered eares of rypened corne: immediatly, beholde,
The corne was gold. An Apple then he pulled from a tree:
Yee would have thought the *Hesperids* had given it him. If hee
On Pillars high his fingars layd, they glistred like the sonne.
The water where he washt his hands did from his hands so ronne,
As *Danae* might have beene therwith beguyld. He scarce could hold
His passing joyes within his hart, for making all things gold.
Whyle he thus joyd, his officers did spred the boord anon,
And set downe sundry sorts of meate and mancheate theruppon.
Then whither his hand did towch the bread, the bread was massy gold:
Or whither he chawde with hungry teeth his meate, yee might behold
The peece of meate betweene his jawes a plate of gold too bee.
In drinking wine and water mixt, yee myght discerne and see
The liquid gold ronne downe his throte. Amazed at the straunge
Mischaunce, and being both a wretch and rich, he wisht too chaunge
His riches for his former state, and now he did abhorre
The thing which even but late before he cheefly longed for.
No meate his hunger slakes: his throte is shrunken up with thurst:
And justly dooth his hatefull gold torment him as accurst.
Then lifting up his sory armes and handes too heaven, he cryde:
O father *Bacchus* pardon mee. My sinne I will not hyde.
Have mercy I beseech thee and vouchsauf too rid mee quyght
From this same harme that seemes so good and glorious untoo syght.
The gentle *Bacchus* streight uppon confession of his cryme

Restored *Midas* too the state hee had in former tyme.
And having made performance of his promis, hee beereft him
The gift that he had graunted him. And least he should have left him
Beedawbed with the dregges of that same gold which wickedly
Hee wisshed had, he willed him too get him by and by
Too that great ryver which dooth ronne by *Sardis* towne, and there
Along the chanell up the streame his open armes to beare
Untill he commeth too the spring: and then his head too put
Full underneathe the foming spowt where greatest was the gut,
And so in wasshing of his limbes too wash away his cryme.
The king (as was commaunded him) ageinst the streame did clyme.
And streyght the powre of making gold departing quyght from him,
Infects the ryver, making it with golden streame too swim.
The force whereof the bankes about so soked in theyr veynes,
That even as yit the yellow gold uppon the cloddes remaynes.
Then *Midas* hating riches haunts the pasturegrounds and groves,
And up and down with *Pan* among the Lawnds and mountaines roves.
But still a head more fat than wyse, and doltish wit he hath,
The which as erst, yit once againe must woork theyr mayster scath.
The mountayne *Tmole* from loftye toppe too seaward looketh downe,
And spreading farre his boorely sydes, extendeth too the towne
Of *Sardis* with the tonesyde and too *Hypep* with the toother.
There *Pan* among the fayrye elves that dawnced round toogither
In setting of his conning out for singing and for play
Uppon his pype of reedes and wax, presuming for too say
Apollos musick was not like too his, did take in hand
A farre unequall match, wherof the *Tmole* for judge should stand.
The auncient judge sitts downe uppon his hill, and ridds his eares
From trees: and onely on his head an Oken garlond weares,
Wherof the Acornes dangled downe about his hollow brow.
And looking on the God of neate he sayd: yee neede not now
Too tarry longer for your judge. Then *Pan* blew lowd and strong
His country pype of reedes, and with his rude and homely song
Delighted *Midas* eares, for he by chaunce was in the throng.
When *Pan* had doone, the sacred *Tmole* too *Phebus* turnd his looke,
And with the turning of his head his busshye heare he shooke.
Then *Phebus* with a crowne of Bay uppon his golden heare
Did sweepe the ground with scarlet robe. In left hand he did beare
His viall made of precious stones and Ivorye intermixt,
And in his right hand for too strike, his bowe was reedy fixt:
He was the verrye paterne of a good Musician ryght.
Anon he gan with conning hand the tuned strings too smyght,
The sweetenesse of the which did so the judge of them delyght,
That *Pan* was willed for to put his Reedepype in his cace
And not too fiddle nor too sing where vialls were in place.
The judgement of the holy hill was lyked well of all,
Save *Midas*, who found fault therwith and wrongfull did it call.
Apollo could not suffer well his foolish eares too keepe
Theyr humaine shape, but drew them wyde, and made them long and deepe,
And filld them full of whytish heares, and made them downe too sag,
And through too much unstablenesse continually too wag.

His body keeping in the rest his manly figure still,
Was ponnisht in the part that did offend for want of skill.
And so a slowe paaste Asses eares his heade did after beare.
This shame endevereth he too hyde. And therefore he did weare
A purple nyghtcappe ever since. But yit his Barber who
Was woont too notte him spyēd it: and beeing eager too
Disclose it, when he neyther durst too utter it, nor could
It keepe in secret still, hee went and digged up the mowld,
And whispring softly in the pit, declaard what eares hee spyde
His mayster have, and turning downe the clowre ageine, did hyde
His blabbed woordes within the ground, and closing up the pit
Departed thence and never made mo woordes at all of it.
Soone after, there began a tuft of quivering reedes too growe
Which beeing rype bewrayd theyr seede and him that did them sowe:
For when the gentle sowtherne wynd did lyghtly on them blowe,
They uttred foorth the woordes that had beene buried in the ground,
And so reprovde the Asses eares of *Midas* with theyr sound.
Apollo after this revenge from *Tmolus* tooke his flyght:
And sweeping through the ayre, did on the selfsame syde alyght
Of *Hellespontus*, in the Realme of king *Laomedon*.
There stoode uppon the right syde of *Sigæum*, and uppon
The left of *Rhetye* cliffe that tyme, an Altar buylt of old
Too *Jove* that heereth all mennes woordes. Heere *Phebus* did behold
The foresayd king *Laomedon* beginning for too lay
Foundation of the walles of *Troy:* which woork from day too day
Went hard and slowly forward, and requyrd no little charge,
Then he toogither with the God that rules the surges large,
Did put themselves in shape of men, and bargaynd with the king
Of *Phrygia* for a summe of gold his woork too end too bring.
Now when the woork was done, the king theyr wages them denayd,
And falsly faaste them downe with othes it was not as they sayd.
Thou shalt not mock us unrevendgd (quoth *Neptune.*) And anon
He caused all the surges of the sea too rush uppon
The shore of covetous *Troy*, and made the countrye like the deepe.
The goodes of all the husbandmen away he quight did sweepe,
And overwhelmd theyr feeldes with waves. And thinking this too small
A pennance for the falshod, he demaunded therwithall
His daughter for a monster of the Sea: whom beeing bound
Untoo a rocke, stout *Hercules* delivering saufe and sound,
Requyrd his steeds which were the hyre for which he did compound.
And when that of so great desert the king denyde the hyre,
The twyce forsworne false towne of *Troy* he sacked in his ire.
And *Telamon* in honour of his service did enjoy
The Lady *Hesion* daughter of the covetous king of *Troy*.
For *Peleus* had already got a Goddesse too his wife,
And lived untoo both theyr joyes a right renowmed lyfe.
And sure he was not prowder of his graundsyre, than of thee
That wert become his fathrinlaw. For many mo than hee
Have had the hap, of mighty *Jove* the nephewes for too bee.
But never was it heeretoofore the chaunce of any one
Too have a Goddesse too his wyfe, save only his alone.

For untoo watry *Thetis* thus old *Protew* did foretell.
Go marry: thou shalt beare a sonne whose dooings shall excell
His fathers farre in feates of armes, and greater he shall bee
In honour, hygh renowme, and fame, than ever erst was hee.
This caused *Jove* the watry bed of *Thetis* too forbeare,
Although his hart were more than warme with love of her, for feare
The world sum other greater thing than *Jove* himself should breede,
And willd the sonne of *Aeäcus* this *Peleus* to succeede
In that which he himself would faine have done, and for too take
The Lady of the sea in armes a moother her too make.
There is a bay of *Thessaly* that bendeth lyke a boawe.
The sydes shoote foorth, where if the sea of any depth did flowe
It were a haven. Scarcely dooth the water hyde the sand.
It hath a shore so firme, that if a man theron doo stand,
No print of foote remaynes behynd: it hindreth not ones pace,
Ne covered is with hovering reeke. Adjoyning too this place,
There is a grove of Myrtletrees with frute of dowle colour,
And in the midds thereof a Cave. I can not tell you whither
That nature or the art of man were maker of the same.
It seemed rather made by arte. Oft *Thetis* hither came
Starke naked, ryding bravely on a brydled Dolphins backe.
There *Peleus* as shee lay a sleepe, uppon her often bracke.
And forbycause that at her handes entreatance nothing winnes,
He folding her about the necke with both his armes, beginnes
Too offer force. And surely if shee had not falne too wyles,
And shifted oftentymes her shape, he had obteind erewhyles.
But shee became sumtymes a bird: He hilld her like a bird.
Anon shee was a massye log: but *Peleus* never stird
Awhit for that. Then thirdly shee of speckled Tyger tooke
The ugly shape: for feare of whose most feerce and cruell looke,
His armes he from her body twicht. And at his going thence,
In honour of the watry Goddes he burned frankincence,
And powred wyne uppon the sea, with fat of neate and sheepe:
Untill the prophet, that dooth dwell within *Carpathian* deepe,
Sayd thus. Thou sonne of *Aeäcus*, thy wish thou sure shalt have
Alonely when shee lyes a sleepe within her pleasant Cave.
Cast grinnes too trappe her unbewares: hold fast with snarling knot:
And though shee fayne a hundreth shapes, deceyve thee let her not,
But sticke untoot what ere it bee, untill the tyme that shee
Returneth too the native shape shee erst was woont too bee.
When *Protew* thus had sed, within the sea he duckt his head,
And suffred on his latter woordes the water for too spred.
The lyghtsum *Titan* downeward drew, and with declyning chayre
Approched too the westerne sea, when *Neryes* daughter fayre
Returning from the sea, resorts too her accustomd cowch.
And *Peleus* scarcely had begon hir naked limbes too towch,
But that shee chaungd from shape to shape, untill at length shee found
Herself surprysd. Then stretching out her armes with sighes profound
Shee sayd: Thou overcommest mee, and not without the ayd
Of God: and then she *Thetis* like, appeerd in shape of mayd.

The noble prince imbracing her obteynd her at his will
Too both theyr joyes, and with the great *Achylles* did her fill.
A happye wyght was *Peleus* in his wyfe: A happy wyght
Was *Peleus* also in his sonne. And if yee him acquight
Of murthring *Phocus*, happy him in all things count yee myght.
But giltye of his brothers blood, and bannisht for the same
From bothe his fathers house and Realme, too *Trachin* sad he came.
The sonne of lyghtsum *Lucifer* king *Ceyx* (who in face
Exprest the lively beawtye of his fathers heavenly grace,)
Without all violent rigor and sharpe executions reignd
In *Trachin*. He right sad that tyme unlike himself, remaynd
Yit moorning for his brothers chaunce transformed late before.
When *Peleus* thither came, with care and travayle tyred sore,
He left his cattell and his sheepe (whereof he brought great store)
Behynd him in a shady vale not farre from *Trachin* towne,
And with a little companye himself went thither downe.
Assoone as leave too come too Court was graunted him, he bare
A braunche of Olyf in his hand, and humbly did declare
His name and lynage. Onely of his crime no woord hee spake,
But of his flyght another cause pretensedly did make:
Desyring leave within his towne or countrye too abyde.
The king of *Trachin* gently thus too him ageine replyde.
Our bownty too the meanest sort (O *Peleus*) dooth extend:
Wee are not woont the desolate our countrye too forfend.
And though I bee of nature most inclyned good too doo:
Thyne owne renowme, thy graundsyre *Jove* are forcements thereuntoo.
Misspend no longer tyme in sute. I gladly doo agree
Too graunt thee what thou wilt desyre. Theis things that thou doost see
I would thou should account them as thyne owne: such as they bee
I would they better were. With that he weeped. *Peleus* and
His freends desyred of his greef the cause too understand.
He answerd thus. Perchaunce yee think this bird that lives by pray
And putts all other birds in feare had wings and fethers ay.
He was a man. And as he was right feerce in feats of armes,
And stout and readye bothe too wreake and also offer harmes:
So was he of a constant mynd. *Dædalion* men him hyght.
Our father was that noble starre that brings the morning bryght,
And in the welkin last of all gives place too *Phebus* lyght.
My study was too maynteine peace, in peace was my delyght,
And for too keepe mee true too her too whom my fayth is plyght.
My brother had felicite in warre and bloody fyght.
His prowesse and his force which now dooth chase in cruell flyght
The Dooves of *Thisbye* since his shape was altred thus a new,
Ryght puyssant Princes and theyr Realmes did heeretoofore subdew.
He had a chyld calld *Chyone*, whom nature did endew
With beawtye so, that when too age of fowreteene yeeres shee grew,
A thousand Princes liking her did for hir favour sew.
By fortune as bryght *Phebus* and the sonne of Lady *May*
Came tone from *Delphos*, toother from mount *Cyllen*, by the way
They saw her bothe at once, and bothe at once where tane in love.
Apollo till the tyme of nyght differd his sute too move.

But *Hermes* could not beare delay. He stroked on the face
The mayden with his charmed rod which hath the powre too chace
And bring in sleepe: the touch whereof did cast her in so dead
A sleepe, that *Hermes* by and by his purpose of her sped.
Assoone as nyght with twinckling starres the welkin had beesprent
Apollo in an old wyves shape too *Chyon* clocely went,
And tooke the pleasure which the sonne of *Maya* had forehent.
Now when shee full her tyme had gon, shee bare by *Mercurye*
A sonne that hyght *Awtolychus*, who provde a wyly pye,
And such a fellow as in theft and filching had no peere.
He was his fathers owne sonne right: he could mennes eyes so bleere,
As for too make ẙ black things whyght, and whyght things black appeere.
And by *Apollo* (for shee bare a payre) was borne his brother
Philammon, who in musick arte excelled farre all other,
As well in singing as in play. But what avayled it
Too beare such twinnes, and of twoo Goddes in favour too have sit,
And that shee too her father had a stowt and valeant knight,
Or that her graundsyre was the sonne of *Jove* that God of might?
Dooth glorie hurt too any folk? It surely hurted her.
For standing in her owne conceyt shee did herself prefer
Before *Diana*, and dispraysd her face: who there with all
Inflaamd with wrath, sayd: well, with deedes we better please her shall.
Immediatly shee bent her bowe, and let an arrow go,
Which strake her through the toong, whose spight deserved wounding so.
Her toong wext dumb, her speech gan fayle that erst was over ryfe,
And as shee stryved for too speake, away went blood and lyfe.
How wretched was I then O God? how strake it too my hart?
What woordes of comfort did I speake too ease my brothers smart?
Too which he gave his eare as much as dooth the stonny rocke
Too hideous roring of the waves that doo against it knocke.
There was no measure nor none ende in making of his mone,
Nor in bewayling comfortlesse his daughter that was gone.
But when he saw her bodye burne, fowre tymes with all his myght
He russhed foorth too thrust himself amid the fyre in syght:
Fowre tymes hee beeing thence repulst, did put himself too flyght,
And ran mee wheras was no way, as dooth a Bullocke when
A hornet stings him in the necke. Mee thought hee was as then
More wyghter farre than any man. Yee would have thought his feete
Had had sum wings. So fled he quyght from all, and being fleete
Through eagernesse too dye, he gat too mount *Parnasos* knappe,
And there *Apollo* pitying him and rewing his missehappe,
When as *Dædalion* from the cliffe himself had headlong floong,
Transformd him too a bird, and on the soodaine as hee hung
Did give him wings, and bowwing beake, and hooked talants keene,
And eeke a courage full as feerce as ever it had beene.
And furthermore a greater strength he lent him therwithall,
Than one would thinke conveyd myght bee within a roome so small.
And now in shape of Gossehawke hee too none indifferent is,
But wreakes his teene on all birds. And bycause him selfe ere this
Did feele the force of sorrowes sting within his wounded hart,
Hee maketh others oftentymes too sorrow and too smart.

As *Ceyx* of his brothers chaunce this wondrous story seth,
Commes ronning thither all in haste and almost out of breth
Anætor the *Phocayan* who was *Pelyes* herdman. Hee
Sayd: *Pelye Pelye* I doo bring sad tydings untoo thee.
Declare it man (quoth *Peleus*) what ever that it bee.
King *Ceyx* at his fearefull woordes did stand in dowtfull stowne.
Thiz noonetyde (quoth the herdman) Iche did drive your cattell downe
Too zea, and zum a them did zit uppon the yellow zand
And looked on the large mayne poole of water neere at hand.
Zum roayled zoftly up and downe, and zum a them did zwim
And bare their jolly horned heades aboove the water trim.
A Church stondes neere the zea not deckt with gold nor marble stone
But made of wood, and hid with trees that dreeping hang theron.
A vissherman that zat and dryde hiz netts uppo the zhore
Did tellz that *Nereus* and his Nymphes did haunt the place of yore,
And how that thay beene Goddes a zea. There butts a plot vorgrowne
With zallow trees uppon the zame, the which is overblowne
With tydes, and is a marsh. Vrom thence a woolf an orped wyght
With hideous noyse of rustling made the groundes neere hand afryght.
Anon he commes mee buskling out bezmeared all his chappes
With blood daubaken and with vome as veerce as thunder clappes.
Hiz eyen did glaster red as vyre, and though he raged zore
Vor vamin and vor madnesse bothe, yit raged he much more
In madnesse. Vor hee cared not his hunger vor too zlake,
Or i the death of oxen twoo or three an end too make:
But wounded all the herd and made a havocke of them all,
And zum of us too, in devence did happen vor too vall
In daunger of his deadly chappes, and lost our lyves. The zhore
And zea is staynd with blood, and all the ven is on a rore.
Delay breedes losse. The cace denyes now dowting vor too stond,
Whyle ought remaynes let all of us take weapon in our hond.
Lets arme our zelves, and let uz altoogither on him vall.
The herdman hilld his peace. The losse movde *Peleus* not at all,
But calling his offence too mynde, he thought that *Neryes* daughter
The chyldlesse Ladye *Psamathe* determynd with that slaughter
Too keepe an Obit too her sonne whom hee before had killd.
Immediatly uppon this newes the king of *Trachin* willd
His men too arme them, and too take their weapons in theyr hand,
And he addrest himself too bee the leader of the band.
His wyfe *Alcyone* by the noyse admonisht of the same,
In dressing of her head, before shee had it brought in frame,
Cast downe her heare, and ronning foorth caught *Ceyx* fast about
The necke, desyring him with teares too send his folk without
Himself, and in the lyfe of him too save the lyves of twayne.
O Princesse, cease your godly feare (quoth *Peleus* then agayne),
Your offer dooth deserve great thanks. I mynd not warre to make
Ageinst straunge monsters. I as now another way must take.
The seagods must bee pacifyde. There was a Castle hye,
And in the same a lofty towre whose toppe dooth face the skye,
A joyfull mark for maryners too guyde theyr vessells by.
Too this same Turret up they went, and there with syghes behilld

The Oxen lying every where stark dead uppon the feelde,
And eeke the cruell stroygood with his bluddy mouth and heare.
Then *Peleus* stretching foorth his handes too Seaward, prayd in feare
Too watrish *Psamath* that she would her sore displeasure stay,
And help him. She no whit relents too that that he did pray.
But *Thetis* for hir husband made such earnest sute, that shee
Obteynd his pardon. For anon the woolfe (who would not bee
Revoked from the slaughter for the sweetenesse of the blood)
Persisted sharpe and eager still, untill that as he stood
Fast byghting on a Bullocks necke, shee turnd him intoo stone
As well in substance as in hew, the name of woolf alone
Reserved. For although in shape hee seemed still yit one,
The verry colour of the stone beewrayd him too bee none,
And that he was not too bee feard. How be it froward fate
Permitts not *Peleus* in that land too have a setled state.
He wandreth like an outlaw too the *Magnets*. There at last
Acastus the *Thessalien* purgd him of his murther past.
In this meane tyme the *Trachine* king sore vexed in his thought
With signes that both before and since his brothers death were wrought,
For counsell at the sacret *Spelles* (which are but toyes too foode
Fond fancyes, and not counsellers in perill too doo goode)
Did make him reedy too the God of *Claros* for too go.
For heathenish *Phorbas* and the folk of *Phlegia* had as tho
The way too *Delphos* stopt, that none could travell too or fro.
But ere he on his journey went, he made his faythfull make
Alcyone preevye too the thing. Immediatly theyr strake
A chilnesse too her verry bones, and pale was all her face
Like box, and downe her heavy cheekes the teares did gush apace.
Three times about too speake, three times shee washt her face with teares,
And stinting oft with sobbes, shee thus complayned in his eares.
What fault of myne O husband deere hath turnd thy hart fro mee?
Where is that care of mee that erst was woont too bee in thee?
And canst thou having left thy deere *Alcyone* merrye bee?
Doo journeyes long delyght thee now? dooth now myne absence please
Thee better then my presence dooth? Think I that thou at ease
Shalt go by land? Shall I have cause but onely for too moorne?
And not too bee afrayd? And shall my care of thy returne
Bee voyd of feare? No no. The sea mee sore afrayd dooth make.
Too think uppon the sea dooth cause my flesh for feare too quake.
I sawe the broken ribbes of shippes a late uppon the shore.
And oft on Tumbes I reade theyr names whose bodyes long before
The sea had swallowed. Let not fond vayne hope seduce thy mynd,
That *Aeölus* is thy fathrinlaw who holdes the boystous wynd
In prison, and can calme the seas at pleasure. When the wynds
Are once let looce uppon the sea, no order then them bynds.
Then neyther land hathe priviledge, nor sea exemption fynds.
Yea even the clowdes of heaven they vex, and with theyr meeting stout
Enforce the fyre with hideous noyse too brust in flasshes out.
The more that I doo know them, (for ryght well I know theyr powre,
And saw them oft a little wench within my fathers bowre)
So much the more I think them too bee feard. But if thy will

By no intreatance may bee turnd at home too tarry still,
But that thou needes wilt go: then mee deere husband with thee take.
So shall the sea us equally toogither tosse and shake:
So woorser than I feele I shall bee certeine not too feare:
So shall wee whatsoever happes toogither joyntly beare:
So shall wee on the broad mayne sea toogither joyntly sayle.
Theis woordes and teares wherewith the imp of *Aeölus* did assayle
Her husbond borne of heavenly race, did make his hart relent
(For he lovd her no lesse than shee lovd him). But fully bent
He seemed, neyther for too leave the journey which he ment
Too take by sea, nor yit too give *Alcyone* leave as tho
Companion of his perlous course by water for too go.
He many woordes of comfort spake her feare away too chace,
But nought hee could perswade therein too make her like the cace.
This last asswagement of her greef he added in the end,
Which was the onely thing that made her loving hart too bend:
All taryance will assuredly seeme over long too mee.
And by my fathers blasing beames I make my vow too thee,
That at the furthest ere the tyme (if God thertoo agree)
The moone doo fill her circle twyce, ageine I will heere bee.
When in sum hope of his returne this promis had her set,
He willd a shippe immediatly from harbrough too bee fet,
And throughly rigged for too bee, that neyther maast, nor sayle,
Nor tackling, no nor other thing should apperteyning fayle.
Which when *Alcyone* did behold, as one whoose hart misgave
The happes at hand, shee quaakt ageine, and teares out gusshing drave.
And streyning *Ceyx* in her armes with pale and piteous looke,
Poore wretched soule, her last farewell at length shee sadly tooke,
And swounded flat uppon the ground. Anon the watermen
(As *Ceyx* sought delayes and was in dowt too turne agen),
Set hand too Ores, of which there were twoo rowes on eyther syde,
And all at once with equall stroke the swelling sea devyde.
Shee lifting up her watrye eyes behilld her husband stand
Uppon the hatches, making signes by beckening with his hand:
And shee made signes to him ageine. And after that the land
Was farre removed from the shippe, and that the sight began
Too bee unable too discerne the face of any man,
As long as ere shee could shee lookt uppon the rowing keele,
And when shee could no longer tyme for distance ken it weele,
Shee looked still uppon the sayles that flasked with the wynd
Uppon the maast. And when shee could the sayles no longer fynd
Shee gate her too her empty bed with sad and sorye hart,
And layd her downe. The chamber did renew a fresh her smart,
And of her bed did bring too mynd the deere departed part.
From harbrough now they quyght were gone: and now a plasant gale
Did blowe. The mayster made his men theyr Ores asyde too hale,
And hoysed up the toppesayle on the hyghest of the maast,
And clapt on all his other sayles bycause no wind should waast.
Scarce full tone half, (or sure not much above) the shippe had ronne
Uppon the sea, and every way the land did farre them shonne,
When toward night the wallowing waves began too waxen whyght,

And eeke the heady easterne wynd did blow with greater myght:
Anon the Mayster cryed: strike the toppesayle, let the mayne
Sheate flye and fardle it too the yard. Thus spake he, but in vayne.
For why so hideous was the storme uppon the soodeine brayd,
That not a man was able there too heere what other sayd.
And lowd the sea with meeting waves extreemely raging rores.
Yit fell they too it of themselves. Sum haalde asyde the Ores:
Sum fensed in the Gallyes sydes, sum downe the sayleclothes rend:
Sum pump the water out, and sea too sea ageine doo send.
Another hales the sayleyards downe. And whyle they did eche thing
Disorderly, the storme increast, and from eche quarter fling
The wyndes with deadly foode, and bownce the raging waves toogither:
The *Pilot* being sore dismayd sayth playne, he knowes not whither
Too wend himself, nor what too doo or bid, nor in what state
Things stood. So howge the mischeef was, and did so overmate
All arte. For why of ratling ropes, of crying men and boyes,
Of flusshing waves and thundring ayre, confused was the noyse;
The surges mounting up aloft did seeme too mate the skye,
And with theyr sprinckling for too wet the clowdes that hang on hye.
One whyle the sea, when from the brink it raysd the yellow sand,
Was like in colour too the same. Another whyle did stand
A colour on it blacker than the Lake of *Styx*. Anon
It lyeth playne and loometh whyght with seething froth thereon.
And with the sea the *Trachin* shippe ay alteration tooke.
One whyle as from a mountaynes toppe it seemed downe too looke
Too vallyes and the depth of hell. Another whyle beset
With swelling surges round about which neere above it met,
It looked from the bottom of the whoorlepoole up aloft
As if it were from hell too heaven. A hideous flusshing oft
The waves did make in beating full against the Gallyes syde.
The Gallye being striken gave as great a sownd that tyde,
As did sumtyme the Battellramb of steele, or now the Gonne
In making battrye too a towre. And as feerce Lyons ronne
Full brist with all theyr force ageinst the armed men that stand
In order bent too keepe them of with weapons in theyr hand:
Even so as often as the waves by force of wynd did rave,
So oft uppon the netting of the shippe they maynely drave,
And mounted farre above the same. Anon of fell the hoopes:
And having washt the pitch away, the sea made open loopes
Too let the deadly water in. Behold the clowdes did melt,
And showers large came pooring downe. The seamen that them felt
Myght thinke that all the heaven had falne uppon them that same tyme,
And that the swelling sea likewyse above the heaven would clyme.
The sayles were throughly wet with showers, and with the heavenly raine
Was mixt the waters of the sea: no lyghts at all remayne
Of sunne, or moone, or starres in heaven. The darknesse of the nyght
Augmented with the dreadfull storme, takes dowble powre and myght.
Howbeet the flasshing lightnings oft doo put the same too flyght,
And with theyr glauncing now and then doo give a soodeine lyght.
The lightnings setts the waves on fyre. Above the netting skippe
The waves, and with a violent force doo lyght within the shippe.

And as a souldyer stowter than the rest of all his band
That oft assayles a citie walles defended well by hand,
At length atteines his hope, and for too purchace prayse withall
Alone among a thousand men getts up uppon the wall:
So when the loftye waves had long the Gallyes sydes assayd,
At length the tenth wave rysing up with howger force and brayd,
Did never cease assaulting of the weery shippe, till that
Uppon the hatches like a fo victoriously it gat.
A part thereof did still as yit assault the shippe without,
And part had gotten in. The men all trembling ran about,
As in a Citie commes too passe, when of the enmyes sum
Dig downe the walles without, and sum already in are come.
All arte and conning was too seeke. Theyr harts and stomacks fayle:
And looke how many surges came theyr vessell too assayle,
So many deathes did seeme too charge and breake uppon them all.
One weepes: another stands amazde: the third them blist dooth call
Whom buryall dooth remayne. Too God another makes his vow,
And holding up his handes too heaven the which hee sees not now,
Dooth pray in vayne for help. The thought of this man is uppon
His brother and his parents whom he cleerely hath forgone.
Another calles his house and wyfe and children untoo mynd,
And every man in generall the things he left behynd.
Alcyone moveth *Ceyx* hart. In *Ceyx* mouth is none
But onely one *Alcyone*. And though shee were alone
The wyght that he desyred most, yit was he verry glad
Shee was not there. Too *Trachin*ward too looke desyre he had,
And homeward fayne he would have turnd his eyes which never more
Should see the land. But then he knew not which way was the shore,
Nor where he was. The raging sea did rowle about so fast:
And all the heaven with clowds as black as pitch was over cast,
That never nyght was halfe so dark. There came a flaw at last,
That with his violence brake the maste, and strake the sterne away.
A billowe proudly pranking up as vaunting of his pray
By conquest gotten, walloweth hole and breaketh not a sunder,
Beholding with a lofty looke the waters woorking under.
And looke as if a man should from the places where they growe
Rend downe the mountaynes *Athe* and *Pind*, and whole them overthrowe
Intoo the open sea: so soft the Billowe tumbling downe,
With weyght and violent stroke did sink and in the bottom drowne
The Gallye. And the moste of them that were within the same
Went downe therwith, and never up too open aiër came,
But dyed strangled in the gulf. Another sort againe
Caught peeces of the broken shippe. The king himself was fayne
A shiver of the sunken shippe in that same hand to hold,
In which hee erst a royall mace had hilld of yellow gold.
His father and his fathrinlawe he calles uppon (alas
In vayne). But cheefly in his mouth his wife *Alcyone* was:
In hart was shee: in toong was shee: He wisshed that his corse
Too land where shee myght take it up the surges myght enforce,
And that by her most loving handes he might be layd in grave.
In swimming still (as often as the surges leave him gave

Too ope his lippes) he harped still upon *Alcyones* name,
And when he drowned in the waves he muttred still the same.
Behold, even full uppon the wave a flake of water blacke
Did breake, and underneathe the sea the head of *Ceyx* stracke.
That nyght the lyghtsum *Lucifer* for sorrowe was so dim,
As scarcely could a man discerne or thinke it too bee him.
And forasmuch as out of heaven he might not steppe asyde,
With thick and darksum clowds that nyght his countnance he did hyde.
Alcyone of so great mischaunce not knowing aught as yit
Did keepe a reckening of the nyghts that in the whyle did flit,
And hasted garments both for him and for herself likewyse,
Too weare at his homecomming which shee vaynely did surmyse.
Too all the Goddes devoutly shee did offer frankincence:
But most above them all the Church of *Juno* shee did sence.
And for her husband (who as then was none) shee kneeld before
The Altar, wisshing health and soone arrivall at the shore,
And that none other woman myght before her be preferd.
Of all her prayers this one peece effectually was heard.
For *Juno* could not fynd in hart intreated for too bee
For him that was already dead. But too thentent that shee
From Dame *Alcyones* deadly hands might keepe her Altars free,
Shee sayd: Most faythfull messenger of my commaundments, O
Thou Raynebowe, too the slugguish house of Slomber swiftly go,
And bid him send a Dreame in shape of *Ceyx* too his wyfe
Alcyone, for too shew her playne the losing of his lyfe.
Dame *Iris* takes her pall wherein a thousand colours were,
And bowwing lyke a stringed bow upon the clowdy sphere,
Immediatly descended too the drowzye house of Sleepe,
Whose Court the clowdes continually doo clocely overdreepe.

The house of sleepe

Among the darke *Cimmerians* is a hollow mountaine found,
And in the hill a Cave that farre dooth ronne within the ground,
The chamber and the dwelling place where slouthfull sleepe dooth cowch;
The lyght of *Phebus* golden beames this place can never towch.
A foggye mist with dimnesse mixt streames upwarde from the ground,
And glimmering twylyght evermore within the same is found.
No watchfull bird with barbed bill and combed crowne dooth call
The morning foorth with crowing out. There is no noyse at all
Of waking dogge, nor gagling goose more waker than the hound,
Too hinder sleepe. Of beast ne wyld ne tame there is no sound.
No bowghes are stird with blastes of wynd, no noyse of tatling toong
Of man or woman ever yit within that bower roong.
Dumb quiet dwelleth there. Yit from the Roches foote dooth go
The ryver of forgetfulnesse, which ronneth trickling so
Uppon the little pebble stones which in the channell lye,
That untoo sleepe a great deale more it dooth provoke thereby.
Before the entry of the Cave, there growes of Poppye store,
With seeded heades, and other weedes innumerable more,
Out of the milkye jewce of which the night dooth gather sleepes,
And over all the shadowed earth with dankish deawe them dreepes.
Bycause the craking hindges of the doore no noyse should make,
There is no doore in all the house, nor porter at the gate.

Amid the Cave, of *Ebonye* a bedsted standeth hye,
And on the same a bed of downe with keeverings blacke dooth lye:
In which the drowzye God of sleepe his lither limbes dooth rest.
About him, forging sundrye shapes as many dreames lye prest,
As eares of corne doo stand in feeldes in harvest tyme, or leaves
Doo grow on trees, or sea too shore of sandye cinder heaves.
Assoone as *Iris* came within this house, and with her hand
Had put asyde the dazeling dreames that in her way did stand,
The brightnesse of her robe through all the sacred house did shine.
The God of sleepe scarce able for too rayse his heavy eyen,
A three or fowre tymes at the least did fall ageine too rest,
And with his nodding head did knocke his chinne ageinst his brest.
At length he shaking of himselfe, uppon his elbowe leande.
And though he knew for what shee came: he askt her what shee meand.
O sleepe (quoth shee,) the rest of things, O gentlest of the Goddes,
Sweete sleepe, the peace of mynd, with whom crookt care is aye at oddes:
Which cherrishest mennes weery limbes appalld with toyling sore,
And makest them as fresh too woork and lustye as beefore,
Commaund a dreame that in theyr kyndes can every thing expresse,
Too *Trachine Hercles* towne himself this instant too addresse.
And let him lively counterfet too Queene *Alcyonea*
The image of her husband who is drowned in the sea
By shipwrecke. *Juno* willeth so. Her message beeing told,
Dame *Iris* went her way: shee could her eyes no longer hold
From sleepe. But when shee felt it come shee fled that instant tyme,
And by the boawe that brought her downe too heaven ageine did clyme.
Among a thousand sonnes and mo that father slomber had,
He calld up *Morph* the feyner of mannes shape, a craftye lad.
None other could so conningly expresse mans verrye face,
His gesture and his sound of voyce, and manner of his pace,
Toogither with his woonted weede, and woonted phrase of talk.
But this same *Morphye* onely in the shape of man dooth walk.
There is another who the shapes of beast or bird dooth take,
Or else appeereth untoo men in likenesse of a snake.
The Goddes doo call him *Icilos*, and mortall folke him name
Phobetor. There is also yit a third who from theis same
Woorkes diversly, and *Phantasos* he highteth. Intoo streames
This turnes himself, and intoo stones, and earth, and timber beames,
And intoo every other thing that wanteth life. Theis three
Great kings and Capteines in the night are woonted for too see.
The meaner and inferiour sort of others haunted bee.
Sir Slomber overpast the rest, and of the brothers all
Too doo dame *Iris* message he did only *Morphye* call.
Which doone he waxing luskish, streyght layd downe his drowzy head
And softly shroonk his layzye limbes within his sluggish bed.
Away flew *Morphye* through the aire: no flickring made his wings:
And came anon too *Trachine*. There his fethers of he flings,
And in the shape of *Ceyx* standes before *Alcyones* bed,
Pale, wan, stark naakt, and like a man that was but lately deade.
His berde seemd wet, and of his head the heare was dropping drye,
And leaning on her bed, with teares he seemed thus too cry.

Most wretched woman knowest thou thy loving *Ceyx* now?
Or is my face by death disformd? behold mee well, and thow
Shalt know mee. For thy husband, thou thy husbandes Ghost shalt see.
No good thy prayers and thy vowes have done at all too mee.
For I am dead. In vayne of my returne no reckning make.
The clowdy sowth amid the sea our shippe did tardy take,
And tossing it with violent blastes asunder did it shake.
And floodes have filld my mouth which calld in vayne uppon thy name.
No persone whom thou mayst misdeeme brings tydings of the same,
Thou hearest not thereof by false report of flying fame:
But I myself: I presently my shipwrecke too thee showe.
Aryse therefore, and wofull teares uppon thy spouse bestowe.
Put moorning rayment on, and let mee not too *Limbo* go
Unmoorned for. In shewing of this shipwrecke *Morphye* so
Did feyne the voyce of *Ceyx*, that shee could none other deeme,
But that it should bee his in deede. Moreover he did seeme
Too weepe in earnest: and his handes the verry gesture had
Of *Ceyx*. Queene *Alcyone* did grone, and beeing sad
Did stirre her armes, and thrust them foorth his body too embrace.
In stead whereof shee caught but ayre. The teares ran downe her face.
Shee cryed, tarry: whither flyste? toogither let us go.
And all this whyle she was a sleepe. Both with her crying so,
And flayghted with the image of her husbands gastly spryght,
She started up: and sought about if fynd him there shee myght.
(For why her Groomes awaking with the shreeke had brought a light).
And when shee no where could him fynd, shee gan her face too smyght,
And tare her nyghtclothes from her brest, and strake it feercely, and
Not passing too unty her heare she rent it with her hand.
And when her nurce of this her greef desyrde too understand
The cause: *Alcoyne* is undoone, undoone and cast away
With *Ceyx* her deare spouse (shee sayd). Leave comforting I pray.
By shipwrecke he is perrisht: I have seene him: and I knew
His handes. When in departing I too hold him did pursew,
I caught a Ghost: but such a Ghost as well discerne I myght
Too bee my husbands. Nathelesse he had not too my syght
His woonted countenance, neyther did his visage shyne so bryght,
As heeretoofore it had beene woont. I saw him wretched wyght
Starke naked, pale, and with his heare still wet: even verry heere
I saw him stand. With that shee lookes if any print appeere
Of footing where as he did stand uppon the floore behynd.
This this is it that I did feare in farre forecasting mynd,
When flying mee I thee desyrde thou should not trust the wynd.
But syth thou wenteth too thy death, I would that I had gone
With thee. Ah meete, it meete had beene thou shouldst not go alone
Without mee. So it should have come to passe that neyther I
Had overlived thee, nor yit beene forced twice too dye.
Already, absent in the waves now tossed have I bee.
Already have I perrished. And yit the sea hath thee
Without mee. But the cruelnesse were greater farre of me
Than of the sea, if after thy decease I still would strive
In sorrow and in anguish still too pyne away alive.

But neyther will I strive in care too lengthen still my lyfe,
Nor (wretched wyght) abandon thee: but like a faythfull wyfe
At leastwyse now will come as thy companion. And the herse
Shall joyne us, though not in the selfsame coffin: yit in verse.
Although in tumb the bones of us toogither may not couch,
Yit in a graven Epitaph my name thy name shall touch.
Her sorrow would not suffer her too utter any more.
Shee sobd and syght at every woord, untill her hart was sore.
The morning came, and out shee went ryght pensif too the shore
Too that same place in which shee tooke her leave of him before.
Whyle there shee musing stood, and sayd: he kissed mee even heere,
Heere weyēd hee his Anchors up, heere loosd he from the peere,
And whyle shee calld too mynd the things there marked with her eyes:
In looking on the open sea, a great way of shee spyes
A certeine thing much like a corse come hovering on the wave.
At first shee dowted what it was. As tyde it neerer drave,
Although it were a good way of, yit did it plainely showe
Too bee a corce. And though that whose it was shee did not knowe,
Yit forbycause it seemd a wrecke, her hart therat did ryse:
And as it had sum straunger beene, with water in her eyes
Shee sayd: alas poore wretch who ere thou art, alas for her
That is thy wyfe, if any bee. And as the waves did stirre,
The body floted neerer land: the which the more that shee
Behilld, the lesse began in her of stayed wit too bee.
Anon it did arrive on shore. Then plainely shee did see
And know it, that it was her feere. Shee shreeked, it is hee.
And therewithall her face, her heare, and garments shee did teare,
And untoo *Ceyx* stretching out her trembling handes with feare,
Sayd: cumst thou home in such a plyght too mee O husband deere?
Returnst in such a wretched plyght? There was a certeine peere
That buylded was by hand, of waves the first assaults too breake,
And at the havons mouth too cause the tyde too enter weake.
Shee lept theron. (A wonder sure it was shee could doo so)
She flew, and with her newgrowen winges did beate the ayre as tho.
And on the waves a wretched bird shee whisked too and fro.
And with her crocking neb then growen too slender bill and round,
Like one that wayld and moorned still shee made a moaning sound.
Howbeet as soone as shee did touch his dumb and bloodlesse flesh,
And had embraast his loved limbes with winges made new and fresh,
And with her hardened neb had kist him coldly, though in vayne,
Folk dowt if *Ceyx* feeling it too rayse his head did strayne,
Or whither that the waves did lift it up. But surely hee
It felt: and through compassion of the Goddes both hee and shee
Were turnd too birdes. The love of them eeke subject too their fate,
Continued after: neyther did the faythfull bond abate
Of wedlocke in them beeing birdes: but standes in stedfast state.
They treade, and lay, and bring foorth yoong and now the * *Alcyon* sitts
In wintertime uppon her nest (which on the water flitts
A sevennyght. During all which tyme the sea is calme and still,
And every man may too and fro sayle saufly at his will.

* *The Kings fisher.*

For *Aeölus* for his ofsprings sake the windes at home dooth keepe,
And will not let them go abroade for troubling of the deepe.
An auncient father seeing them about the brode sea fly,
Did prayse theyr love for lasting too the end so stedfastly.
His neyghbour or the selfsame man made answer (such is chaunce)
Even this fowle also whom thou seest uppon the surges glaunce
With spindle shanks, (he poynted too the wydegoawld Cormorant)
Before that he became a bird, of royall race might vaunt.
And if thou covet lineally his pedegree too seeke,
His Auncetors were *Ilus*, and *Assaracus*, and eeke
Fayre *Ganymed* who *Jupiter* did ravish as his joy,
Laomedon and *Priamus* the last that reygnd in *Troy*.
Stout *Hectors* brother was this man. And had he not in pryme
Of lusty youth beene tane away, his deedes perchaunce in tyme
Had purchaast him as great a name as *Hector*, though that hee
Of *Dymants* daughter *Hecuba* had fortune borne too bee.
For *Aesacus* reported is begotten to have beene
By scape, in shady *Ida* on a mayden fayre and sheene
Whose name was *Alyxothoe*, a poore mans daughter that
With spade and mattocke for himselfe and his a living gat.
This *Aesacus* the Citie hates, and gorgious Court dooth shonne,
And in the unambicious feeldes and woods alone dooth wonne.
He seeldoom haunts the towne of *Troy*, yit having not a rude
And blockish wit, nor such a hart as could not be subdewd
By love, he spyde *Eperie* (whom oft he had pursewd
Through all the woodes) then sitting on her father *Cebrius* brim
A drying of her heare ageinst the sonne, which hanged trim
Uppon her back. Assoone as that the Nymph was ware of him,
She fled as when the grisild woolf dooth scare the fearefull hynd,
Or when the Fawcon farre from brookes a Mallard happes too fynd.
The *Trojane* knyght ronnes after her, and beeing swift through love,
Purseweth her whom feare dooth force apace her feete to move.
Behold an Adder lurking in the grasse there as shee fled,
Did byght her foote with hooked tooth, and in her bodye spred
His venim. Shee did cease her flyght and soodein fell downe dead.
Her lover being past his witts her carkesse did embrace,
And cryde, alas it irketh mee, it irkes mee of this chace.
But this I feard not: neyther was the gaine of that I willd
Woorth halfe so much. Now twoo of us thee (wretched soule) have killd.
The wound was given thee by the snake, the cause was given by mee.
The wickedder of both am I: who for too comfort thee
Will make thee satisfaction with my death. With that at last
Downe from a rocke (the which the waves had undermynde) he cast
Himself intoo the sea. Howbeet dame *Tethys* pitying him,
Receyvd him softly, and as he uppon the waves did swim,
Shee covered him with fethers. And though fayne he would have dyde,
Shee would not let him. Wroth was he that death was him denyde,
And that his soule compelld should bee ageinst his will too byde

Within his wretched body still, from which it would depart,
And that he was constreynd too live perforce ageinst his hart.
And as he on his shoulders now had newly taken wings,
He mounted up, and downe uppon the sea his boddye dings.
His fethers would not let him sinke. In rage he dyveth downe,
And despratly he strives himself continually too drowne.
His love did make him leane, long leggs, long neck dooth still remayne.
His head is from his shoulders farre: of Sea he is most fayne.
And for he underneath the waves delyghteth for too drive,
A name according thereuntoo the Latins doo him give.

Finis undecimi Libri.

THE TWELFTH BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

KING *Priam* beeing ignorant that *Aesacus* his sonne
Did live in shape of bird, did moorne: and at a tumb wheron
His name was written, *Hector* and his brother solemly
Did keepe an Obit. *Paris* was not at this obsequye.
Within a whyle with ravisht wyfe he brought a lasting warre
Home unto *Troy*. There followed him a thowsand shippes not farre
Conspyrd toogither, with the ayde that all the *Greekes* could fynd:
And vengeance had beene tane foorthwith but that the cruell wynd
Did make the seas unsaylable, so that theyr shippes were fayne
At rode at fisshye *Awlys* in *Bæotia* too remayne.
Heere as the *Greekes* according too their woont made sacrifyse
Too *Jove*, and on the Altar old the flame aloft did ryse,
They spyde a speckled Snake creepe up uppon a planetree bye,
Uppon the toppe whereof there was among the braunches hye
A nest, and in the nest eyght birdes: All which and eeke theyr dam
That flickering flew about her losse, the hungry snake did cram
Within his mawe. The standers by were all amazde therat.
But *Calchas Thestors* sonne who knew what meening was in that,
Sayd, wee shall win. Rejoyce yee *Greekes*, by us shall perish *Troy:*
But long the tyme will bee before wee may our will enjoy.
And then he told them how the birds nyne yeeres did signifie
Which they before the towne of *Troy* not taking it should lye.
The Serpent as he wound about the boughes and braunches greene,
Became a stone, and still in stone his snakish shape is seene.
The seas continewed verry rough and suffred not theyr hoste
Imbarked for too passe from thence too take the further coast.
Sum thought that *Neptune* favored *Troy* bycause himself did buyld
The walles therof. But *Calchas* (who both knew, and never hilld
His peace in tyme) declared that the Goddesse *Phebe* must
Appeased bee with virgins blood for wrath conceyved just.
Assoone as pitie yeelded had too cace of puplicke weale,
And reason got the upper hand of fathers loving zeale,
So that the Ladye *Iphigen* before the altar stood
Among the weeping ministers, too give her maydens blood:
The Goddesse taking pitie, cast a mist before theyr eyes,
And as they prayd and stird about too make the sacrifyse,
Conveyes her quight away, and with a Hynd her roome supplyes.
Thus with a slaughter meete for her *Diana* beeing pleasd,
The raging surges with her wrath toogither were appeasd,
The thousand shippes had wynd at poope. And when they had abode
Much trouble, at the length all safe they gat the *Phrygian* rode.
Amid the world tweene heaven, and earth, and sea, there is a place,
Set from the bounds of eche of them indifferently in space,
From whence is seene what ever thing is practisd any where,
Although the Realme bee nere so farre: and roundly too the eare
Commes whatsoever spoken is. Fame hath his dwelling there,

Who in the toppe of all the house is lodged in a towre.
A thousand entryes, glades, and holes are framed in this bowre.
There are no doores too shet. The doores stand open nyght and day.
The house is all of sounding brasse, and roreth every way,
Reporting dowble every woord it heareth people say:
There is no rest within, there is no silence any where,
Yit is there not a yelling out, but humming, as it were
The sound of surges beeing heard farre of, or like the sound
That at the end of thunderclappes long after dooth redound,
When *Jove* dooth make the clowdes too crack: within the courts is preace
Of common people, which too come and go doo never ceace.
And millions both of trothes and lyes ronne gadding every where,
And woordes confusely flye in heapes. Of which, sum fill the eare
That heard not of them erst, and sum Colcaryers part doo play,
Too spread abrode the things they heard. And ever by the way
The thing that was invented growes much greater than before,
And every one that getts it by the end addes sumwhat more.
Lyght credit dwelleth there. There dwells rash error: There dooth dwell
Vayne joy: There dwelleth hartlesse feare, and Brute that loves too tell
Uncertayne newes uppon report, whereof he dooth not knowe
The author, and Sedition who fresh rumors loves too sowe.
This Fame beholdeth what is doone in heaven, on sea, and land,
And what is wrought in all the world he layes to understand.
He gave the *Troyans* warning that the Greekes with valeant men
And shippes approched, that unwares they could not take them then.
For *Hector* and the *Trojan* folk well armed were at hand
Too keepe the coast and bid them bace before they came a land.
Protesilay by fatall doome was first that dyde in feeld
Of *Hectors* speare: and after him great numbers mo were killd
Of valeant men. That battell did the Greeks full deerly cost,
And *Hector* with his *Phrygian* folk of blood no little lost,
In trying what the *Greekes* could doo. The shore was red with blood.
And now king *Cygnet Neptunes* sonne had killed where he stood
A thousand *Greekes*. And now the stout *Achilles* causd to stay
His Charyot: and his lawnce did slea whole bandes of men that day.
And seeking *Cygnet* through the feeld or *Hector*, he did stray:
At last with *Cygnet* he did meete. For *Hector* had delay
Untill the tenth yeare afterward. Then hasting foorth his horses
With flaxen manes, ageinst his fo his Chariot he enforces.
And brandisshing his shaking dart, he sayd: O noble wyght
A comfort let it bee too thee that such a valeant knyght
As is *Achilles* killeth thee. In saying so he threw
A myghty dart, which though it hit the mark at which it flew,
Yit perst it not the skinne at all. Now when this blunted blowe
Had hit on *Cygnets* brest, and did no print of hitting showe:
Thou Goddesse sonne (quoth *Cygnet*) for by fame we doo the knowe
Why woondrest at mee for too see I cannot wounded bee?
(*Achilles* woondred much thereat). This helmet which yee see
Bedect with horses yellow manes, this sheeld that I doo beare,
Defend mee not. For ornaments alonly I them weare.
For this same cause armes *Mars* himself likewyse. I will disarme

Myself, and yit unrazed will I passe without all harme.
It is too sum effect, not borne too bee of *Neryes* race,
So that a man be borne of him that with threeforked mace
Rules *Nereus* and his daughters too, and all the sea besyde.
This sayd, he at *Achilles* sent a dart that should abyde
Uppon his sheeld. It perced through the steele and through nyne fold
Of Oxen hydes, and stayd uppon the tenth. *Achilles* bold
Did wrest it out, and forcybly did throwe the same agayne.
His bodye beeing hit ageine, unwounded did remayne,
And cleere from any print of wound. The third went eeke in vayne,
And yit did *Cygnet* too the same give full his naked brist.
Achilles chafed like a Bull that in the open list
With dreadfull hornes dooth push ageinst the scarlet clothes that there
Are hanged up too make him feerce, and when he would them teare
Dooth fynd his wounds deluded. Then *Achilles* lookt uppon
His Javelings socket, if the head thereof were looce or gone.
The head stacke fast. My hand byleeke is weakened then (quoth hee),
And all the force it had before is spent on one I see.
For sure I am it was of strength, both when I first downe threw
Lyrnessus walles, and when I did Ile *Tenedos* subdew,
And eeke *Aëtions Thebe* with her proper blood embrew.
And when so many of the folke of *Tewthranie* I slew,
That with theyr blood *Caycus* streame became of purple hew,
And when the noble *Telephus* did of my Dart of steele
The dowble force, of wounding and of healing also feele.
Yea even the heapes of men slayne heere by mee, that on this strond
Are lying still too looke uppon, doo give too understond
That this same hand of myne both had and still hath strength. This sed,
(As though he had distrusted all his dooings ere that sted),
He threw a Dart ageinst a man of *Lycia* land that hyght
Menetes, through whose Curets and his brest he strake him quyght.
And when he saw with dying limbes him sprawling on the ground,
He stepped too him streyght, and pulld the Javeling from the wound,
And sayd alowd: This is the hand, this is the self same dart
With which my hand did strike even now *Menetes* too the hart.
Ageinst my toother Copemate will I use the same: I pray
Too God it may have like successe. This sed, without delay
He sent it toward *Cygnet*, and the weapon did not stray,
Nor was not shunned. Insomuch it lighted full uppon
His shoulder, and it gave a rappe as if uppon sum ston
It lyghted had, rebownding backe. Howbeeit where it hit,
Achilles saw it bloodye, and was vaynly glad of it.
For why there was no wound. It was *Menetes* blood. Then lept
He hastly from his Charyot downe, and like a madman stept
Too carelesse *Cygnet* with his swoord. He sawe his swoord did pare
His Target and his morion bothe. But when it toucht the bare,
His bodye was so hard, it did the edge thereof abate.
He could no lenger suffer him to tryumph in that rate,
But with the pommell of his swoord did thump him on the pate,
And bobd him well about the brewes a doozen tymes and more,
And preacing on him as he still gave backe amaazd him sore,

And troubled him with buffetting, not respetting a whit.
Then *Cygnet* gan too bee afrayd, and mistes beegan too flit
Before his eyes, and dimd his syght. And as he still did yeeld,
In giving back, by chaunce he met a stone amid the feeld,
Ageinst the which *Achilles* thrust him back with all his myght,
And throwing him ageinst the ground, did cast him bolt upryght.
Then bearing bostowsely with both his knees ageinst his chest,
And leaning with his elbowes and his target on his brest,
He shet his headpeece cloce and just, and underneathe his chin
So hard it streynd, that way for breath was neyther out nor in,
And closed up the vent of lyfe. And having gotten so
The upper hand, he went about too spoyle his vanquisht fo.
But nought he in his armour found. For *Neptune* had as tho
Transformd him too the fowle whose name he bare but late ago.
This labour, this encounter brought the rest of many dayes,
And eyther partye in theyr strength a whyle from battell stayes.
Now whyle the *Phrygians* watch and ward uppon the walles of *Troy*,
And *Greekes* likewyse within theyr trench, there came a day of joy,
In which *Achilles* for his luck in *Cygnets* overthrow,
A Cow in way of sacrifyse on *Pallas* did bestowe.
Whose inwards when he had uppon the burning altar cast
And that the acceptable fume had through the ayer past
Too Godward, and the holy rytes had had theyr dewes, the rest
Was set on boords for men too eate in disshes fynely drest.
The princes sitting downe, did feede uppon the rosted flesh,
And both theyr thirst and present cares with wyne they did refresh.
Not Harpes, nor songs, nor hollowe flutes too heere did them delyght.
They talked till they nye had spent the greatest part of nyght.
And all theyr communication was of feates of armes in fyght
That had beene doone by them or by theyr foes. And every wyght
Delyghts too uppen oftentymes by turne as came about
The perills and the narrow brunts himself had shifted out.
For what thing should bee talkt beefore *Achilles* rather? Or
What kynd of things than such as theis could seeme more meeter for
Achilles too bee talking of? But in theyr talk most breeme
Was then *Achilles* victory of *Cygnet*. It did seeme
A woonder that the flesh of him should bee so hard and tough
As that no weapon myght have powre too raze or perce it through,
But that it did abate the edge of steele: It was a thing
That both *Achilles* and the *Greekes* in woondrous maze did bring.
Then *Nestor* sayd: This *Cygnet* is the person now alone
Of your tyme that defyed steele, and could bee perst of none.
But I have seene now long ago one *Cene* of *Perrhebye*,
I sawe one *Cene* of *Perrhebye* a thousand woundes defye
With unatteynted bodye. In mount *Othris* he did dwell,
And was renowmed for his deedes: (and which in him ryght well
A greater woonder did appeere) he was a woman borne.
This uncouth made them all much more amazed than beforne,
And every man desyred him to tell it. And among
The rest, *Achilles* sayd: Declare I pray thee (for wee long
Too heare it every one of us) O eloquent old man

The wisedome of our age: what was that *Cene*, and how he wan
Another than his native shape, and in what rode, or in
What fyght or skirmish, tweene you first acquaintance did beegin,
And who in fyne did vanquish him if any vanquisht him.
Then *Nestor*. Though the length of tyme have made my senses dim,
And dyvers things erst seene in youth now out of mynd be gone:
Yit beare I still mo things in mynd: and of them all is none
Among so many both of peace and warre, that yit dooth take
More stedfast roote in memorye. And if that tyme may make
A man great store of things through long continuance for too see,
Two hundred yeeres already of my lyfe full passed bee,
And now I go uppon the third. This foresayd *Ceny* was
Thedaughter of one *Elatey*. In beawty shee did passe
The maydens all of *Thessaly*. From all the Cities bye
And from thy Cities also O *Achilles* came (for why
Shee was thy countrywoman) store of wooers, who in vayne
In hope too win her love did take great travell sute and payne.
Thy father also had perchaunce attempted heere too matcht,
But that thy moothers maryage was alreadye then dispatcht,
Or shee at least affyanced. But *Ceny* matcht with none.
Howbeeit as shee on the shore was walking all alone,
The God of sea did ravish her, (so fame dooth make report),
And *Neptune* for the great delight he had in *Venus* sport,
Sayd: *Ceny*, aske mee what thou wilt, and I will give it thee.
(This also bruted is by fame). The wrong heere doone too mee
(Quoth *Ceny*) makes mee wish great things. And therefore too thentent
I may no more constreyned bee too such a thing, consent
I may no more a woman bee. And if thou graunt theretoo,
It is even all that I desyre, or wish thee for too doo.
In bacer tune theis latter woordes were uttred, and her voyce
Did seeme a mannes voyce as it was in deede. For too her choyce
The God of sea had given consent. He graunted him besyde
That free from wounding and from hurt he should from thence abyde,
And that he should not dye of steele. Right glad of this same graunt
Away went *Ceny*, and the feeldes of *Thessaly* did haunt;
And in the feates of Chevalrye from that tyme spent his lyfe.
The overbold * *Ixions* sonne had taken too his wyfe
Hippodame. And kevering boordes in bowres of boughes of trees,
His Clowdbred brothers one by one he placed in degrees.
There were the Lordes of *Thessaly*. I also was among
The rest, a cheerefull noyse of feast through all the Pallace roong.
Sum made the altars smoke, and sum the brydale carrolls soong.
Anon commes in the mayden bryde a goodly wench of face,
With wyves and maydens following her with comly gate and grace.
Wee sayd that sir *Pirithous* was happy in his wyfe:
Which handsell had deceyved us wellneere through soodeine stryfe.
For of the cruell *Centawres* thou most cruell *Eurytt*, tho
Like as thy stomacke was with wyne farre over charged: so
Assoone as thou behilldst the bryde, thy hart began too frayne,
And doubled with thy droonkennesse thy raging lust did reigne.
The feast was troubled by and by with tables overthrowen.

* *Pirithous.*

The bryde was hayled by the head, so farre was furye growen.
Feerce *Ewryt* caught *Hippodame*, and every of the rest
Caught such as commed next to hand, or such as likte him best.
It was the lively image of a Citie tane by foes.
The house did ring of womens shreekes, wee all up quickly rose.
And first sayd *Theseus* thus. What aylst? art mad O *Ewrytus?*
That darest (seeing mee alive) misuse *Pirithous*,
Not knowing that in one thou doost abuse us bothe? And least
He myght have seemd too speake in vayne, he thrustway such as preast
About the bryde, and tooke her from them freating sore thereat.
No answere made him *Ewrytus:* (for such a deede as that
Defended could not bee with woordes) but with his sawcye fist
He flew at gentle *Theseus* face, and bobd him on the brist.
By chaunce hard by, an auncient cuppe of image woork did stand,
Which being howge himself more howge sir *Theseus* tooke in hand,
And threwt at *Ewryts* head. He spewd as well at mouth as wound
Mixt cloddes of blood, and brayne and wyne, and on the soyled ground
Lay sprawling bolt upryght. The death of him did set the rest
His dowblelimbed brothers so on fyre, that all the quest
With one voyce cryēd out kill kill. The wyne had given them hart.
Theyr first encounter was with cuppes and Cannes throwen overthwart,
And brittle tankerds, and with boawles, pannes, dishes, potts, and trayes,
Things serving late for meate and drinke, and then for bluddy frayes.
First *Amycus Ophions* sonne without remorse began
Too reeve and rob the brydehouse of his furniture. He ran
And pulled downe a Lampbeame full of lyghtes, and lifting it
Aloft like one that with an Ax dooth fetch his blowe too slit
An Oxis necke in sacrifyse, He on the forehead hit
A *Lapith* named *Celadon*, and crusshed so his bones,
That none could know him by the face: both eyes flew out at ones.
His nose was beaten backe and too his pallat battred flat.
One *Pelates* a *Macedone* exceeding wroth therat,
Pulld out a maple tressles foote, and napt him in the necks,
That bobbing with his chin ageinst his brest too ground he becks.
And as he spitted out his teeth with blackish blood, he lent
Another blowe too *Amycus* which streyght too hell him sent.
Gryne standing by and lowring with a fell grim visage at
The smoking Altars, sayd: why use we not theis same? with that
He caught a myghty altar up with burning fyre thereon,
And it among the thickest of the *Lapithes* threw anon.
And twoo he over whelmd therewith calld *Brote* and *Orion*.
This *Orions* moother *Mycale* is knowne of certeintye
The Moone resisting too have drawne by witchcraft from the skye.
Full dearely shalt thou by it (quoth *Exadius*) may I get
A weapon: and with that in stead of weapon, he did set
His hand uppon a vowd harts horne that on a Pynetree hye
Was nayld, and with twoo tynes therof he strake out eyther eye
Of *Gryne:* whereof sum stacke uppon the horne, and sum did flye
Uppon his beard, and there with blood like jelly mixt did lye.
A flaming fyrebrand from amids an Altar *Rhætus* snatcht,
With which uppon the leftsyde of his head *Charaxus* latcht

A blow that crackt his skull. The blaze among his yellow heare
Ran sindging up, as if dry corne with lightning blasted were.
And in his wound the seared blood did make a greevous sound,
As when a peece of steele red whot tane up with tongs is drownd
In water by the smith, it spirts and hisseth in the trowgh.
Charaxus from his curled heare did shake the fyre, and thowgh
He wounded were, yit caught he up uppon his shoulders twayne
A stone the Jawme of eyther doore that well would loade a wayne.
The masse therof was such as that it would not let him hit
His fo. It lighted short: and with the falling downe of it
A mate of his that *Comet* hyght, it all in peeces smit.
Then *Rhæte* restreyning not his joy, sayd thus: I would the rowt
Of all thy mates myght in the selfsame maner prove them stowt.
And with his halfeburnt brond the wound he searched new agayne,
Not ceasing for to lay on loade uppon his pate amayne,
Untill his head was crusht, and of his scalp the bones did swim
Among his braynes. In jolly ruffe he passed streyght from him
Too *Coryt*, and *Euagrus*, and too *Dryant* on a rowe:
Of whom when *Coryt* (on whose cheekes yoong mossy downe gan grow)
Was slayne, what prayse or honor (quoth *Euagrus*) hast thou got
By killing of a boy? mo woordes him *Rhetus* suffred not
Too speake, but in his open mouth did thrust his burning brand,
And downe his throteboll too his chest. Then whisking in his hand
His fyrebrand round about his head he feercely did assayle
The valeant *Dryant*, but with him he could not so prevayle.
For as he triumpht in his lucke, proceeding for too make
Continuall slaughter of his foes, sir *Dryant* with a stake
(Whose poynt was hardned in the fyre) did cast at him a foyne
And thrust him through the place in which the neck and shoulders joyne.
He groand and from his cannell bone could scarcely pull the stake,
And beeing foyled with his blood too flyght he did him take.
Arnæus also ran away, and *Lycidas* likewyse.
And *Medon* (whose ryght shoulderplate was also wounded) flyes.
So did *Pisenor*, so did *Cawne*, and so did *Mermeros*,
Who late outronning every man, now wounded slower goes:
And so did *Phole*, and *Menelas*, and *Abas* who was woont
Too make a spoyle among wylde Boares as oft as he did hunt:
And eeke the wyzarde *Astylos* who counselled his mates
Too leave that fray: but he too them in vayne of leaving prates.
He eeke too *Nessus* (who for feare of wounding seemed shye)
Sayd: fly not, thou shalt scape this fray of *Hercles* bowe too dye.
But *Lycid* and *Ewrinomos*, and *Imbreus*, and *Are*
Escapte not death. Sir *Dryants* hand did all alike them spare.
Cayneius also (though that he in flying were not slacke)
Yit was he wounded on the face: For as he looked backe,
A weapons poynt did hit him full midway betweene the eyes,
Wheras the noze and forehead meete. For all this deane, yit lyes
Aphipnas snorting fast a sleepe not mynding for to wake,
Wrapt in a cloke of Bearskinnes which in *Ossa* mount were take,
And in his lither hand he hilld a potte of wyne. Whom when
That *Phorbas* saw (although in vayne) not medling with them, then

He set his fingars too the thong, and saying: thou shalt drink
Thy wyne with water taken from the *Stygian* fountaynes brink,
He threw his dart at him. The dart (as he that tyme, by chaunce
Lay bolt upright uppon his backe) did through his throteboll glaunce.
He dyde and felt no payne at all. The blacke swart blood gusht out,
And on the bed and in the potte fell flushing lyke a spout.
I saw *Petreius* go about too pull out of the ground
An Oken tree. But as he had his armes about it round,
And shaakt it too and fro too make it looce, *Pirithous* cast
A Dart which nayled too the tree his wrything stomacke fast.
Through prowesse of *Pirithous* (men say) was *Lycus* slayne.
Through prowesse of *Pirithous* dyde *Crome*. But they both twayne
Lesse honour too theyr conquerour were, than *Dyctis* was, or than
Was *Helops*. *Helops* with a dart was striken which through ran
His head, and entring at the ryght eare too the left eare went:
And *Dyctis* from a slipprye knappe downe slyding, as he ment
Too shone *Perithous* preacing on, fell headlong downe, and with
His howgenesse brake the greatest Ash that was in all the frith,
And goard his gutts uppon the stump. Too wreake his death commes *Phare*,
And from the mount a mighty rocke with bothe his handes he tare:
Which as he was about too throwe, Duke *Theseus* did prevent,
And with an Oken plant uppon his mighty elbowe lent
Him such a blowe, as that he brake the bones, and past no further,
For leysure would not serve him then his maymed corse too murther.
He lept on high *Bianors* backe, who none was woont too beare
Besydes himself. Ageinst his sydes his knees fast nipping were,
And with his left hand taking hold uppon his foretoppe heare
He cuft him with his knubbed plant about the frowning face,
And made his wattled browes too breake. And with his Oken mace
He overthrew *Nedimnus:* and *Lycespes* with his dart,
And *Hippasus* whose beard did hyde his brest the greater part:
And *Riphey* tallar than the trees, and *Therey* who was woont
Among the hilles of *Thessaly* for cruell Beares too hunt
And beare them angry home alyve. It did *Demoleon* spyght
That *Theseus* had so good successe and fortune in his fyght.
An old long Pynetree rooted fast he strave with all his myght
Too pluck up whole bothe trunk and roote: which when he could not bring
Too passe, he brake it of, and at his emnye did it fling.
But *Theseus* by admonishment of heavenly *Pallas* (so
He would have folke beleve it were) start backe a great way fro
The weapon as it came. Yit fell it not without some harme:
It cut from *Crantors* left syde bulke, his shoulder, brest and arme.
This *Crantor* was thy fathers Squyre *(Achilles)* and was given
Him by *Amyntor* ruler of the *Dolops*, who was driven
By battell for too give him as an hostage for the peace
Too bee observed faythfully. When *Peleus* in the preace
A great way of behilld him thus falne dead of this same wound,
O *Crantor* deerest man too mee of all above the ground,
Hold heere an obitgift, hee sayd: and both with force of hart
And hand, at stout *Demoleons* head he threw an asshen dart,
Which brake the watling of his ribbes, and sticking in the bone,

Did shake. He pulled out the steale with much a doo alone.
The head therof stacke still behynd among his lungs and lyghts.
Enforst too courage with his payne, he ryseth streight uprights,
And pawing at his emny with his horsish feete, he smyghts
Uppon him. *Peleus* bare his strokes uppon his burganet
And fenst his shoulders with his sheeld, and evermore did set
His weapon upward with the poynt, which by his shoulders perst
Through both his brestes at one full blowe. Howbeet your father erst
Had killed *Hyle* and *Phlegrye*, and *Hiphinöus* aloof,
And *Danes* who boldly durst at hand his manhod put in proof.
Too theis was added *Dorylas*, who ware uppon his head
A cap of woolves skinne. And the hornes of Oxen dyed red
With blood were then his weapon. I (for then my courage gave
Mee strength) sayd: see how much thy hornes lesse force than Iron have,
And therewithall with manly might a dart at him I drave.
Which when he could not shonne, he clapt his right hand flat uppon
His forehead, where the wound should bee. For why his hand anon
Was nayled too his forehead fast. Hee roared out amayne.
And as he stood amazed and began too faynt for payne,
Your father *Peleus* (for he stood hard by him) strake him under
The middle belly with his swoord, and ript his womb asunder.
Out girdes mee *Dorill* streyght, and trayles his guttes uppon the ground,
And trampling underneath his feete did breake them, and they wound
About his leggs so snarling, that he could no further go,
But fell downe dead with empty womb. Nought booted *Cyllar* tho
His beawtye in that frentick fray, (at leastwyse if wee graunt
That any myght in that straunge shape, of natures beawtye vaunt).
His beard began but then too bud: his beard was like the gold;
So also were his yellowe lokes, which goodly too behold
Midway beneath his shoulders hung. There rested in his face
A sharpe and lively cheerfulnesse with sweete and pleasant grace.
His necke, brest, shoulders, armes, and hands, as farre as he was man,
Were such as never carvers woork yit stayne them could or can.
His neather part likewyse (which was a horse) was every whit
Full equall with his upper part, or little woorse than it.
For had yee given him horses necke, and head, he was a beast
For *Castor* too have ridden on. So bourly was his brest,
So handsome was his backe too beare a saddle, and his heare
Was blacke as jeate, but that his tayle and feete mylk whyghtish were.
Full many Females of his race did wish him too theyr make,
But only dame *Hylonome* for lover he did take.
Of all the halfbrutes in the woodes there did not any dwell
More comly than *Hylonome*. She usde herself so well
In dalyance, and in loving, and in uttring of her love,
That shee alone hilld *Cyllarus*. As much as did behove
In suchye limbes, shee trimmed them as most the eye might move.
With combing, smoothe shee made her heare: shee wallowed her full oft
In Roses and in Rosemarye, or Violets sweete and soft:
Sumtyme shee caryed Lillyes whyght: and twyce a day shee washt
Her visage in the spring that from the toppe of *Pagase* past:
And in the streame shee twyce a day did bath her limbes: and on

Her leftsyde or her shoulders came the comlyest things: And none
But fynest skynnes of choycest beasts. Alike eche loved other:
Toogither they among the hilles roamd up and downe: toogither
They went too covert: and that tyme toogither they did enter
The *Lapithes* house, and there the fray toogither did adventer.
A dart on *Cyllars* left syde came, (I know not who it sent)
Which sumwhat underneathe his necke his brest a sunder splent.
As lyghtly as his hart was raazd, no sooner was the dart
Pluckt out, but all his bodye wext stark cold and dyëd swart.
Immediatly *Hylonome* his dying limbes up stayd,
And put her hand uppon the wound too stoppe the blood, and layd
Her mouth too his, and labored sore too stay his passing spryght.
But when shee sawe him throughly dead, then speaking woordes which might
Not too my hearing come for noyse, shee stikt herself uppon
The weapon that had gored him, and dyde with him anon
Embracing him beetweene her armes. There also stood before
Myne eyes the grim *Phetcomes* both man and horse, who wore
A Lyons skinne uppon his backe fast knit with knottes afore.
He snatching up a timber log (which scarcely twoo good teeme
Of Oxen could have stird) did throwe the same with force extreeme
At *Phonolenyes* sonne. The logge him all in fitters strake,
And of his head the braynepan in a thousand peeces brake,
That at his mouth, his eares, and eyes, and at his nosethrills too,
His crusshed brayne came roping out as creame is woont too doo
From sives or riddles made of wood, or as a Cullace out
From streyner or from Colender. But as he went about
Too strippe him from his harnesse as he lay uppon the ground,
(Your father knoweth this full well) my sword his gutts did wound.
Teleboäs and *Cthonius* bothe, were also slaine by mee.
Sir *Cthonius* for his weapon had a forked bough of tree.
The toother had a dart. His dart did wound mee: you may see
The scarre therof remayning yit. Then was the tyme that I
Should sent have beene too conquer *Troy*. Then was the tyme that I
Myght through my force and prowesse, if not vanquish *Hector* stout,
Yit at the least have hilld him wag, I put you out of Dout.
But then was *Hector* no body: or but a babe. And now
Am I forspent and worne with yeeres. What should I tell you how
Piretus dyde by *Periphas?* Or wherefore should I make
Long processe for too tell you of sir *Ampycus* that strake
The fowrefoote *Oecle* on the face with dart of Cornell tree
The which had neyther head nor poynt? Or how that *Macaree*
Of Mountaine *Pelithronye* with a leaver lent a blowe
Too *Erigdupus* on the brest, which did him overthrowe?
Full well I doo remember that *Cymelius* threw a dart
Which lyghted full in *Nesseyes* flank about his privie part.
And think not you that *Mops* the sonne of *Ampycus* could doo
No good but onely prophesye. This stout *Odites* whoo
Had bothe the shapes of man and horse, by *Mopsis* dart was slayne,
And labouring for too speake his last he did but strive in vayne.
For *Mopsis* dart toogither nayld his toong and neather chappe,
And percing through his throte did make a wyde and deadly gappe.

Fyve men had *Cene* already slayne: theyr wounds I cannot say:
The names and nomber of them all ryght well I beare away.
The names of them were *Stiphelus*, and *Brome*, and *Helimus*,
Pyracmon with his forest bill, and stout *Antimachus*.
Out steppes the biggest *Centawre* there howge *Latreus* armed in
Alesus of *Aemathias* spoyle slayne late before by him.
His yeeres were mid tweene youth and age, his courage still was yoong,
And on his abrun head hore heares peerd heere and there amoong.
His furniture was then a swoord, a target and a lawnce,
Aemathian like. Too bothe the parts he did his face advaunce,
And brandishing his weapon brave, in circlewyse did prawnce
About, and stoutly spake theis woordes: And must I beare with yow
Dame *Cenye?* for none-other than a moother (I avow)
No better than a moother will I count thee whyle I live.
Remembrest not what shape by birth dame nature did the give?
Forgettst thou how thou purchasedst this counterfetted shape
Of man? Consyderest what thou art by birth? and how for rape
Thou art become the thing thou art? Go take thy distaffe, and
Thy spindle, and in spinning yarne go exercyse thy hand.
Let men alone with feates of armes. As *Latreus* made this stout
And scornefull taunting, in a ring still turning him about,
This *Cenye* with a dart did hit him full uppon the syde
Where as the horse and man were joynd toogither in a hyde.
The strype made *Latreus* mad: and with his lawnce in rage he stracke
Uppon sir *Cenyes* naked ribbes. The lawnce rebounded backe
Like haylestones from a tyled house, or as a man should pat
Small stones uppon a dromslets head. He came more neere with that,
And in his brawned syde did stryve too thrust his swoord. There was
No way for swoord too enter in. Yit shalt thou not so passe
My handes (sayd he). Well sith the poynt is blunted thou shalt dye
Uppon the edge: and with that woord he fetcht his blow awrye,
And sydling with a sweeping stroke along his belly smit.
The strype did give a clinke as if it had on marble hit.
And therewithall the swoord did breake, and on his necke did lyght.
When *Ceny* had sufficiently given *Latreus* leave too smyght
His flesh which was unmaymeable. Well now (quoth he) lets see,
If my swoord able bee or no too byght the flesh of thee.
In saying so, his dreadfull swoord as farre as it would go
He underneathe his shoulder thrust, and wrinching too and fro
Among his gutts, made wound in wound. Behold, with hydeous crye
The dowblemembred *Centawres* sore abasht uppon him flye,
And throwe theyr weapons all at him. Theyr weapons downe did fall
As if they had rebated beene, and *Cenye* for them all
Abydes unstriken through. Yea none was able blood too drawe.
The straungenesse of the cace made all amazed that it sawe.
Fy, fy for shame (quoth *Monychus*) that such a rable can
Not overcome one wyght alone, who scarcely is a man.
Although (too say the very truthe) he is the man, and wee
Through fayntnesse, that that he was borne by nature for too bee.
What profits theis huge limbes of ours? what helpes our dowble force?
Or what avayles our dowble shape of man as well as horse

By puissant nature joynd in one? I can not thinke that wee
Of sovereigne Goddesse *Juno* were begot, or that wee bee
Ixions sonnes, who was so stout of courage and so hault,
As that he durst on *Junos* love attempt too give assault.
The emny that dooth vanquish us is scarcely half a man.
Whelme blocks, and stones, and mountaynes whole uppon his hard brayne pan,
And presse yee out his lively ghoste with trees. Let timber choke
His chappes, let weyght enforce his death in stead of wounding stroke.
This sayd, by chaunce he gets a tree blowne downe by blustring blasts
Of Southerne wynds, and on his fo with all his myght it casts,
And gave example too the rest too doo the like. Within
A whyle the shadowes which did hyde mount *Pelion* waxed thin:
And not a tree was left uppon mount *Othris* ere they went.
Sir *Cenye* underneathe this great howge pyle of timber pent,
Did chauf and on his shoulders hard the heavy logges did beare.
But when above his face and head the trees up stacked were,
So that he had no venting place too drawe his breth: One whyle
He faynted: and anotherwyle he heaved at the pyle,
Too tumble downe the loggs that lay so heavy on his backe,
And for too winne the open ayre ageine above the stacke:
As if the mountayne *Ida* (lo) which yoonder we doo see
So hygh, by earth quake at a tyme should chaunce to shaken bee.
Men dowt what did become of him. Sum hold opinion that
The burthen of the woodes had driven his soule too *Limbo* flat.
But *Mopsus* sayd it was not so. For he did see a browne
Bird flying from amid the stacke and towring up and downe.
It was the first tyme and the last that ever I behild
That fowle. When *Mopsus* softly saw him soring in the feeld,
He looked wistly after him, and cryed out on hye,
Hayle peerlesse perle of *Lapith* race, hayle *Ceny*, late ago
A valeant knyght, and now a bird of whom there is no mo.
The author caused men beleeve the matter too bee so.
Our sorrow set us in a rage. It was too us a greef
That by so many foes one knyght was killd without releef.
Then ceast wee not too wreake our teene till most was slaine in fyght,
And that the rest discomfited were fled away by nyght.
As *Nestor* all the processe of this battell did reherce
Betweene the valeant *Lapithes* and misshapen *Centawres* ferce,
Tlepolemus displeased sore that *Hercules* was past
With silence, could not hold his peace, but out theis woordes did cast.
My Lord, I muse you should forget my fathers prayse so quyght.
For often untoo mee himself was woonted too recite,
How that the clowdbred folk by him were cheefly put too flyght.
Ryght sadly *Nestor* answerd thus. Why should you mee constreyne
Too call too mynd forgotten greefs? and for to reere ageine
The sorrowes now outworne by tyme? or force mee too declare
The hatred and displeasure which I too your father bare?
In sooth his dooings greater were than myght bee well beleeved.
He fild the world with high renowme which nobly he atcheeved,
Which thing I would I could denye. For neyther set wee out
Deïphobus, *Polydamas*, nor *Hector* that most stout

And valeant knyght, the strength of *Troy*. For whoo will prayse his fo?
Your father overthrew the walles of *Messen* long ago,
And razed *Pyle*, and *Ely* townes unwoorthye serving so,
And feerce ageinst my fathers house hee usde bothe swoord and fyre.
And (not too speake of others whom he killed in his ire)
Twyce six wee were the sonnes of *Nele*, all lusty gentlemen:
Twyce six of us (excepting mee) by him were murthred then.
The death of all the rest myght seeme a matter not so straunge:
But straunge was *Periclymens* death whoo had the powre to chaunge
And leave and take what shape he list (by *Neptune* too him given,
The founder of the house of *Nele*). For when he had beene driven
Too try all shapes, and none could help: he last of all became
The fowle that in his hooked feete dooth beare the flasshing flame
Sent downe from heaven by *Jupiter*. He practising those birds,
With flapping wings, and bowwing beake, and hooked talants girds
At *Hercle*, and beescratcht his face. Too certeine (I may say)
Thy father amde his shaft at him. For as hee towring lay
Among the clowdes, he hit him underneath the wing. The stroke
Was small: Howbeet, bycause therwith the sinewes being broke,
He wanted strength to maynteine flyght, he fell mee too the ground
Through weakenesse of his wing. The shaft that sticked in the wound
By reason of the burthen of his bodye perst his syde,
And at the leftsyde of his necke all bloodye foorth did glyde.
Now tell mee O thou beawtyfull Lord Amirall of the fleete
Of *Rhodes*, if mee too speake the prayse of *Hercle* it bee meete.
But least that of my brothers deathes men think I doo desyre
A further vendge than silence of the prowesse of thy syre,
I love thee even with all my hart, and take thee for my freend.
When *Nestor* of his pleasant tales had made this freendly end,
They called for a boll of wyne, and from the table went,
And all the resdew of the nyght in sleeping soundly spent.
But neptune like a father tooke the matter sore too hart,
That *Cygnet* too a Swan he was constreyned to convert.
And hating feerce *Achilles*, he did wreake his cruell teene
Uppon him more uncourteously than had beseeming beene.
For when the warres well neere full twyce fyve yeeres had lasted. Hee
Unshorne *Apollo* thus bespake. O nevew untoo mee
Most deere of all my brothers impes, who helpedst mee too lay
Foundation of the walles of *Troy* for which we had no pay,
And canst thou syghes forbeare too see the Asian Empyre fall?
And dooth it not lament thy hart when thou too mynd doost call
So many thousand people slayne in keeping *Ilion* wall?
Or (too thentent particlerly I doo not speake of all)
Remembrest thou not *Hectors* Ghost whoo harryed was about
His towne of *Troy?* where nerethelesse *Achilles* that same stout
And farre in fyght more butcherly, whoo stryves with all his myght
Too stroy the woorke of mee and thee, lives still in healthfull plyght?
If ever hee doo come within my daunger he shall feele
What force is in my tryple mace. But sith with swoord of steele
I may not meete him as my fo, I pray thee unbeeware
Go kill him with a sodeine shaft and rid mee of my care.

Apollo did consent: as well his uncle for too please,
As also for a pryvate grudge himself had for too ease.
And in a clowd he downe among the host of *Troy* did slyde,
Where *Paris* dribbling out his shaftes among the Greekes hee spyde:
And telling him what God he was, sayd: wherfore doost thou waast
Thyne arrowes on the simple sort: If any care thou haste
Of those that are thy freendes, go turne ageinst *Achilles* head,
And like a man revendge on him thy brothers that are dead.
In saying this, he brought him where *Achilles* with his brond
Was beating downe the Trojane folk, and leveld so his hond
As that *Achilles* tumbled downe starke dead uppon the lond.
This was the onely thing wherof the old king *Priam* myght
Take comfort after *Hectors* death. That stout and valeant knyght
Achilles whoo had overthrowen so many men in fyght,
Was by that coward carpet knyght beereeved of his lyfe,
Whoo like a caytif stale away the *Spartane* princes wyfe.
But if of weapon womanish he had foreknowen it had
His destnye beene too lose his lyfe, he would have beene more glad
That Queene *Penthesileas* bill had slaine him out of hand.
Now was the feare of Phrygian folk, the onely glory, and
Defence of Greekes, that peerelesse prince in armes, *Achilles* turnd
Too asshes. That same God that had him armd, him also burnd.
Now is he dust: and of that great *Achilles* bydeth still
A thing of nought, that scarcely can a little coffin fill.
Howbeet his woorthy fame dooth lyve, and spreadeth over all
The world, a measure meete for such a persone too beefall.
This matcheth thee *Achilles* full. And this can never dye.
His target also (too thentent that men myght playnly spye
What wyghts it was) did move debate, and for his armour burst
Out deadly foode. Not *Diomed*, nor *Ajax Oylye* durst
Make clayme or chalendge too the same, nor *Atreus* yoonger sonne,
Nor yit his elder, though in armes much honour they had wonne.
Alone the sonnes of *Telamon* and *Laërt* did assay
Which of them twoo of that great pryse should beare the bell away.
But *Agamemnon* from himself the burthen putts, and cleeres
His handes of envye, causing all the Capteines and the Peeres
Of *Greece* too meete amid the camp toogither in a place,
Too whom he put the heering and the judgement of the cace.

Finis duodecimi Libri.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

THE Lordes and Capteynes being set toogither with the King,
And all the souldiers standing round about them in a ring,
The owner of the sevenfold sheeld, too theis did *Ajax* ryse,
And (as he could not brydle wrath) he cast his frowning eyes
Uppon the shore, and on the fleete that there at Anchor lyes,
And throwing up his handes, O God and must wee plead (quoth hee)
Our case before our shippes? and must *Ulysses* stand with mee?
But like a wretch he ran his way when *Hector* came with fyre,
Which I defending from theis shippes did force him too retyre.
It easyer is therefore with woordes in print too maynteine stryfe,
Than for too fyght it out with fists. But neyther I am ryfe
In woordes, nor hee in deedes. For looke how farre I him excell
In battell and in feates of armes: so farre beares hee the bell
From mee in talking. Neyther think I requisite too tell
My actes among you. You your selves have seene them verry well.
But let *Ulysses* tell you his doone all in hudther mudther,
And wheruntoo the only nyght is privy and none other.
The pryse is great (I doo confesse) For which wee stryve. But yit
It is dishonour untoo mee, for that in clayming it
So bace a person standeth in contention for the same.
Too think it myne already ought too counted bee no shame
Nor pryde in mee: although the thing of ryght great valew bee
Of which *Ulysses* standes in hope. For now alreadye hee
Hath wonne the honour of this pryse, in that when he shall sit
Besydes the quisshon, he may brag he strave with mee for it.
And though I wanted valiantnesse, yit should nobilitee
Make with mee. I of *Telamon* am knowne the sonne too bee
Who under valeant *Hercules* the walles of *Troy* did scale,
And in the shippe of *Pagasa* too *Colchos* land did sayle.
His father was that *Aeăcus* whoo executeth ryght
Among the ghostes where *Sisyphus* heaves up with all his myght
The massye stone ay tumbling downe. The hyghest *Jove* of all
Acknowledgeth this *Aeăcus*, and dooth his sonne him call.
Thus am I *Ajax* third from *Jove*. Yit let this Pedegree
O Achyves in this case of myne avaylable not bee,
Onlesse I proove it fully with *Achylles* too agree.
He was my brother, and I clayme that was my brothers. Why
Shouldst thou that art of *Sisyphs* blood, and for too filch and lye
Expressest him in every poynt, by foorged pedegree
Aly thee too the *Aeacyds*, as though we did not see
Thee too the house of *Aeăcus* a straunger for too bee?
And is it reason that you should this armour mee denye
Bycause I former was in armes, and needed not a spye
Too fetch mee foorth? Or think you him more woorthye it too have,
That came too warrefare hindermost, and feynd himself too rave,
Bycause he would have shund the warre? untill a suttler head

And more unprofitable for himself, sir *Palamed*
Escryde the crafty fetches of his fearefull hart, and drew
Him foorth a warfare which he sought so cowardly too eschew?
Must he now needes enjoy the best and richest armour? whoo
Would none at all have worne onlesse he forced were thertoo?
And I with shame bee put besyde my cousin germanes gifts,
Bycause too shun the formest brunts of warres I sought no shifts?
Would God this mischeef mayster had in verrye deede beene mad,
Or else beleeved so too bee: and that wee never had
Brought such a panion untoo *Troy*. Then should not *Pæans* sonne
In *Lemnos* like an outlawe too the shame of all us wonne.
Who lurking now (as men report) in woodes and caves, dooth move
The verry flints with syghes and grones, and prayers too God above
Too send *Ulysses* his desert. Which prayer (if there bee
A God) must one day take effect. And now beehold how hee
By othe a Souldier of our Camp, yea and as well as wee
A Capteine too, alas, (who was by *Hercules* assignde
Too have the keeping of his shafts,) with payne and hungar pynde,
Is clad and fed with fowles, and dribs his arrowes up and downe
At birds, which were by destinye preparde too stroy *Troy* towne.
Yit liveth hee bycause hee is not still in companie
With sly *Ulysses*. *Palamed* that wretched knyght perdie,
Would eeke he had abandond beene. For then should still the same
Have beene alyve: or at the least have dyde without our shame.
But this companion bearing (ah) too well in wicked mynd
His madnesse which sir *Palamed* by wisdome out did fynd,
Appeached him of treason that he practysde too betray
The Greekish hoste. And for too vouch the fact, he shewd streyght way
A masse of goold that he himself had hidden in his tent,
And forged Letters which he feynd from *Priam* too bee sent.
Thus eyther by his murthring men or else by banishment
Abateth hee the Greekish strength. This is *Ulysses* fyght:
This is the feare he puttes men in. But though he had more might
Than *Nestor* hath in eloquence, he shalnot compasse mee
Too think his leawd abandoning of *Nestor* for too bee
No fault: who beeing cast behynd by wounding of his horse,
And slowe with age, with calling on *Ulysses* waxing hoarce,
Was nerethelesse betrayd by him. Sir *Diomed* knowes this cryme
Is unsurmysde. For he himselfe did at that present tyme
Rebuke him oftentymes by name, and feercely him upbrayd
With flying from his fellowe so who stood in neede of ayd.
With ryghtfull eyes dooth God behold the deedes of mortall men.
Lo, he that helped not his freend wants help himself agen.
And as he did forsake his freend in tyme of neede: so hee
Did in the selfsame perrill fall forsaken for too bee.
He made a rod too beat himself. He calld and cryed out
Uppon his fellowes. Streight I came: and there I saw the lout
Bothe quake and shake for feare of death, and looke as pale as clout.
I set my sheeld betweene him and his foes, and him bestrid:
And savde the dastards lyfe: small prayse redoundes of that I did.
But if thou wilt contend with mee, lets to the selfe same place

Agein: bee wounded as thou wart: and in the foresayd case
Of feare, beset about with foes: cowch underneath my sheeld:
And then contend thou with mee there amid the open feeld.
Howbeet, I had no sooner rid this champion of his foes,
But where for woundes he scarce before could totter on his toes,
He ran away apace, as though he nought at all did ayle.
Anon commes *Hector* too the feeld and bringeth at his tayle
The Goddes. Not only thy hart there *(Ulysses)* did the fayle,
But even the stowtest courages and stomacks gan too quayle:
So great a terrour brought he in. Yit in the midds of all
His bloody ruffe, I coapt with him, and with a foyling fall
Did overthrowe him too the ground. Another tyme, when hee
Did make a chalendge, you my Lordes by lot did choose out mee,
And I did match him hand too hand. Your wisshes were not vayne.
For if you aske mee what successe our combate did obteine,
I came away unvanquished. Behold, the men of *Troy*
Brought fyre and swoord, and all the feendes our navye too destroy.
And where was slye *Ulysses* then with all his talk so smooth?
This brest of myne was fayne too fence your thousand shippes forsooth,
The hope of your returning home. For saving that same day
So many shippes, this armour give. But (if that I shall say
The truth) the greater honour now this armour beares away,
And our renownes toogither link. For (as of reason ought)
An *Ajax* for this armour, not an armour now is sought
For *Ajax*. Let *Dulychius* match with theis, the horses whyght
Of *Rhesus*, dastard *Dolon*, and the coward carpetknyght
King *Priams Helen*, and the stelth of *Palladye* by nyght.
Of all theis things was nothing doone by day nor nothing wrought
Without the helpe of *Diomed*. And therefore if yee thought
Too give them too so small deserts, devyde the same, and let
Sir *Diomed* have the greater part. But what should *Ithacus* get
And if he had them? Who dooth all his matters in the dark,
Who never weareth armour, who shootes ay at his owne mark
Too trappe his fo by stelth unwares? The very headpeece may
With brightnesse of the glistring gold his privie feates bewray
And shew him lurking. Neyther well of force *Dulychius* were
The weyght of great *Achilles* helme uppon his pate too weare.
It cannot but a burthen bee (and that ryght great) too beare
(With those same shrimpish armes of his) *Achilles* myghty speare.
Agen his target graven with the whole howge world theron
Agrees not with a fearefull hand, and cheefly such a one
As taketh filching even by kynd. Thou Lozell thou doost seeke
A gift that will but weaken thee: which if the folk of Greeke
Shall give thee through theyr oversyght, it will bee untoo thee
Occasion, of thyne emnyes spoyld not feared for too bee.
And flyght (wherin thou coward, thou all others mayst outbrag)
Will hindred bee when after thee such masses thou shalt drag.
Moreover this thy sheeld that feeles so seeld the force of fyght
Is sound. But myne is gasht and hakt and stricken thurrough quyght
A thousand tymes, with bearing blowes. And therefore myne must walk
And put another in his stead. But what needes all this talk?

Lets now bee seene another whyle what eche of us can doo.
The thickest of our armed foes this armour throwe intoo,
And bid us fetch the same fro thence. And which of us dooth fetch
The same away, reward yee him therewith. Thus farre did stretch
The woordes of *Ajax*. At the ende whereof there did ensew
A muttring of the souldiers, till *Laertis* sonne the prew
Stood up, and raysed soberly his eyliddes from the ground
(On which he had a little whyle them pitched in a stound)
And looking on the noblemen who longd his woordes too heere,
He thus began with comly grace and sober pleasant cheere.
My Lordes, if my desyre and yours myght erst have taken place,
It should not at this present tyme have beene a dowtfull cace,
What person hath most ryght too this great pryse for which wee stryve.
Achilles should his armour have, and wee still him alyve.
Whom sith that cruell destinie too both of us denyes,
(With that same woord as though he wept, he wypte his watry eyes)
What wyght of reason rather ought too bee *Achilles* heyre
Than he through whom too this your camp *Achilles* did repayre?
Alonly let it not avayle sir *Ajax* heere, that hee
Is such a dolt and grossehead, as he shewes himself too bee:
Ne let my wit (which ay hath done you good O Greekes) hurt mee.
But suffer this mine eloquence (such as it is) which now
Dooth for his mayster speake, and oft ere this hath spoke for yow,
Bee undisdeynd. Let none refuse his owne good gifts he brings.
For as for stocke and auncetors, and other such like things
Wherof ourselves no fownders are, I scarcely dare them graunt
Too bee our owne. But forasmuch as *Ajax* makes his vaunt
Too bee the fowrth from *Jove:* even *Jove* the founder is also
Of my house: and than fowre descents I am from him no mo.
Laërtes is my father, and *Arcesius* his, and hee
Begotten was of *Jupiter*. And in this pedegree
Is neyther any damned soule, nor outlaw as yee see.
Moreover by my moothers syde I come of *Mercuree*,
Another honor too my house. Thus both by fathers syde
And moothers (as you may perceyve) I am too Goddes alyde.
But neyther for bycause I am a better gentleman
Than *Ajax* by the moothers syde, nor that my father can
Avouch himself ungiltye of his brothers blood, doo I
This armour clayme: wey you the case by merits uprightly.
Provyded no prerogatyve of birthryght *Ajax* beare,
For that his father *Telamon*, and *Peleus* brothers were:
Let only prowesse in this pryse the honour beare away.
Or if the case on kinrid or on birthryght seeme too stay,
His father *Peleus* is alive, and *Pyrrhus* eeke his sonne.
What tytle then can *Ajax* make? This geere of ryght should woone
Too *Phthya*, or too *Scyros* Ile. And *Tewcer* is as well
Achilles uncle as is hee. Yit dooth not *Tewcer* mell.
And if he did, should hee obteyne? well sith the cace dooth rest
On tryall which of us can prove his dooings too bee best,
I needes must say my deedes are mo than well I can expresse:
Yit will I shew them orderly as neere as I can gesse.

Foreknowing that her sonne should dye, The Lady *Thetis* hid
Achilles in a maydes attyre. By which fyne slyght shee did
All men deceyve, and *Ajax* too. This armour in a packe
With other womens tryflyng toyes I caryed on my backe,
A bayte too treyne a manly hart. Appareld like a mayd
Achilles tooke the speare and sheeld in hand, and with them playd.
Then sayd I: O thou Goddesse sonne, why shouldst thou bee afrayd
Too raze great *Troy*, whoose overthrowe for thee is onely stayd?
And laying hand uppon him I did send him (as you see)
Too valeant dooings meete for such a valeant man as hee.
And therfore all the deedes of him are my deedes. I did wound
King *Teleph* with his speare, and when he lay uppon the ground,
I was intreated with the speare too heale him safe and sound.
That *Thebe* lyeth overthrowne, is my deede: you must think
I made the folk of *Tenedos* and *Lesbos* for too shrink.
Both *Chryse* and *Cillas Phebus* townes and *Scyros* I did take,
And my ryght hand *Lyrnessus* walles too ground did levell make.
I gave you him that should confound (besydes a number mo)
The valeant *Hector*. *Hector* that our most renowmed fo
Is slayne by mee. This armour heere I sew agein too have,
This armour by the which I found *Achilles*. I it gave
Achilles whyle he was alive: and now that he is gone
I clayme it is myne owne agein. What tyme the greefe of one
Had perst the harts of all the Greekes, and that our thousand sayle
At *Awlis* by *Ewboya* stayd, bycause the wyndes did fayle,
Continewing eyther none at all or cleene ageinst us long,
And that our *Agamemnon* was by destnyes overstrong
Commaunded for too sacrifyse his giltlesse daughter too
Diana, which her father then refusing for too doo
Was angry with the Godds themselves, and though he were a king
Continued also fatherlyke: by reason, I did bring
His gentle nature too relent for publike profits sake.
I must confesse (whereat his grace shall no displeasure take)
Before a parciall judge I undertooke a ryght hard cace.
Howbeeit for his brothers sake, and for the royall mace
Committed, and his peoples weale, at length he was content
Too purchace prayse wyth blood. Then was I too the moother sent,
Who not perswaded was too bee, but compast with sum guyle.
Had *Ajax* on this errand gone, our shippes had all this whyle
Lyne still there yit for want of wynd. Moreover I was sent
Too *Ilion* as ambassadour. I boldly thither went,
And entred and behilld the Court, wherin there was as then
Great store of princes, Dukes, Lords, knyghts, and other valeant men.
And yit I boldly nerethelesse my message did at large,
The which the whole estate of *Greece* had given mee erst in charge.
I made complaint of *Paris*, and accusde him too his head,
Demaunding restitution of Queene *Helen* that same sted,
And of the bootye with her tane. Both *Priamus* the king
And eeke *Antenor* his alye the woordes of mee did sting.
And *Paris* and his brothers, and the resdew of his trayne
That under him had made the spoyle, could hard and scarce refrayne

There wicked hands. You *Menelay* doo know I doo not feyne.
And that day was the first in which wee joyntly gan susteyne
A tast of perrills, store whereof did then behind remayne.
It would bee overlong too tell eche profitable thing
That during this long lasting warre I well too passe did bring,
By force as well as pollycie. For after that the furst
Encounter once was overpast, our emnyes never durst
Give battell in the open feeld, but hild themselves within
Theyr walles and bulwarks till the tyme the tenth yeere did begin.
Now what didst thou of all that whyle, that canst doo nought but streeke?
Or too what purpose servedst thou? For if thou my deedes seeke,
I practysd sundry pollycies too trappe our foes unware:
I fortifyde our Camp with trench which heretoofore lay bare:
I hartned our companions with a quiet mynd too beare
The longnesse of the weery warre: I taught us how wee were
Bothe too bee fed and furnished: and too and fro I went
Too places where the Counsell thought most meete I should bee sent.
Behold the king deceyved in his dreame by false pretence
Of *Joves* commaundement, bade us rayse our seedge and get us hence.
The author of his dooing so may well bee his defence.
Now *Ajax* should have letted this, and calld them backe ageine
Too sacke the towne of *Troy:* he should have fought with myght and maine.
Why did he not restreyne them when they ready were too go?
Why tooke he not his swoord in hand? why gave he not as tho
Sum counsell for the fleeting folk too follow at the brunt?
In fayth it had a tryfle beene too him that ay is woont
Such vaunting in his mouth too have. But he himself did fly
As well others. I did see, and was ashamed I
Too see thee when thou fledst, and didst prepare so cowardly
Too sayle away. And theruppon I thus aloud did cry.
What meene yee sirs? what madnesse dooth you move too go too shippe?
And suffer *Troy* as good as tane, thus out of hand too slippe?
What else this tenth yeere beare yee home than shame? with such like woord
And other, (which the eloquence of sorrowe did avoord,)
I brought them from theyr flying shippes. Then *Agamemnon* calld
Toogither all the capteines who with feare were yit appalld.
But *Ajax* durst not then once creake. Yit durst *Thersites* bee
So bold as rayle uppon the kings, and he was payd by mee
For playing so the sawcye Jacke. Then stood I on my toes
And too my fearefull countrymen gave hart ageinst theyr foes,
And shed new courage in theyr mynds through talk that fro mee goes.
From that tyme foorth what ever thing hath valeantly atcheeved
By this good fellow beene, is myne, who him from flyght repreeved.
And now too touche thee: which of all the Greekes commendeth thee?
Or seeketh thee? But *Diomed* communicates with mee
His dooings, and alloweth mee, and thinkes him well apayd
Too have *Ulysses* ever as companion at the brayd.
And sumwhat woorth you will it graunt (I trow) alone for mee
Out of so many thousand Greekes by *Diomed* pikt too bee.
No lot compelled mee too go, and yit I setting lyght,
As well the perrill of my foes as daunger of the nyght,

Killd *Dolon* who about the self same feate that nyght did stray,
That wee went out for. But I first compelld him too bewray
All things concerning faythlesse *Troy*, and what it went about.
When all was learnd, and nothing left behynd too harken out,
I myght have then come home with prayse: I was not so content.
Proceeding further too the Camp of *Rhesus* streyght I went,
And killed bothe himself and all his men about his tent,
And taking bothe his chariot and his horses which were whyght,
Returned home in tryumph like a conquerour from fyght.
Denye you mee the armour of the man whoose steedes the fo
Requyred for his playing of the spye a nyght, and so
May *Ajax* bee more kynd too mee than you are. What should I
Declare untoo you how my sword did waste ryght valeantly
Sarpedons hoste of *Lycia?* I by force did overthrowe
Alastor, *Crome*, and *Ceranos*, and *Haly* on a rowe.
Alcander, and *Noëmon* too, and *Prytanis* besyde,
And *Thoön* and *Theridamas*, and *Charops* also dyde
By mee, and so did *Ewnomos* enforst by cruell fate.
And many mo in syght of *Troy* I slew of bacer state.
There also are (O countrymen) about mee woundings, which
The place of them make beawtyfull. See here (his hand did twich
His shirt asyde) and credit not vayne woordes. Lo heere the brist
That alwayes too bee one in your affayres hath never mist.
And yit of all this whyle no droppe of blood hath *Ajax* spent
Uppon his fellowes. Woundlesse is his body and unrent.
But what skills that, as long as he is able for to vaunt
He fought against bothe *Troy* and *Jove* too save our fleete? I graunt
He did so. For I am not of such nature as of spyght
Well dooings too deface: so that he chalendge not the ryght
Of all men too himself alone, and that he yeeld too mee
Sum share, whoo of the honour looke a partener for too bee.
Patroclus also having on *Achilles* armour, sent
The Trojans and theyr leader hence, too burne our navye bent.
And yit thinks hee that none durst meete with *Hector* saving hee.
Forgetting bothe the king, and eeke his brother, yea and mee,
Where hee himself was but the nyneth, appoynted by the king,
And by the fortune of his lot preferd too doo the thing.
But now for all your valeantnesse, what Issue had I pray
Your combate? shall I tell? forsooth, that *Hector* went his way
And had no harme. Now wo is mee, how greeveth it my hart
Too think uppon that season when the bulwark of our part
Achilles dyde? When neyther teares, nor greef, nor feare could make
Mee for too stay, but that uppon theis shoulders I did take,
I say uppon theis shoulders I *Achilles* body tooke,
And this same armour claspt theron, which now too weare I looke.
Sufficient strength I have too beare as great a weyght as this,
And eeke a hart wherein regard of honour rooted is.
Think you that *Thetis* for her sonne so instantly besought
Sir *Vulcane* this same heavenly gift too give her, which is wrought
With such exceeding cunning, too thentent a souldier that
Hath neyther wit nor knowledge should it weare? He knowes not what

The things ingraven on the sheeld doo meene. Of *Ocean* se,
Of land, of heaven, and of the starres no skill at all hath he.
The Beare that never dyves in sea he dooth not understand,
The *Pleyads*, nor the *Hyads*, nor the Cities that doo stand
Uppon the earth, nor yit the swoord that *Orion* holdes in hand.
He seekes too have an armour of the which he hath no skill.
And yit in fynding fault with mee bycause I had no will
Too follow this same paynfull warre, and sought too shonne the same,
And made it sumwhat longer tyme before I thither came,
Hee sees not how hee speakes reproch too stout *Achilles* name.
For if too have dissembled in this case, yee count a cryme,
Wee both offenders bee. Or if protracting of the tyme
Yee count blame woorthye, yit was I the tymelyer of us twayne.
Achilles loving moother him, my wyfe did mee deteyne.
The former tyme was given too them, the rest was given too yow.
And therefore doo I little passe although I could not now
Defend my fault, sith such a man of prowesse, birth and fame
As was *Achilles*, was with mee offender in the same.
But yit was he espyed by *Ulysses* wit, but nat
Ulysses by sir *Ajax* wit. And least yee woonder at
The rayling of this foolish dolt at mee, hee dooth object
Reproche too you. For if that I offended too detect
Sir *Palamed* of forged fault, could you without your shame
Arreyne him, and condemne him eeke too suffer for the same?
But neyther could sir *Palamed* excuse him of the cryme
So heynous and so manifest: and you your selves that tyme
Not onely his indytement hard, but also did behold
His deed avowched too his face by bringing in the gold.
And as for *Philoctetes*, that he is in *Lemnos*, I
Deserve not too bee toucht therwith. Defend your cryme: for why
You all consented theruntoo. Yit doo I not denye,
But that I gave the counsell too convey him out of way
From toyle of warre and travell that by rest he myght assay
Too ease the greatnesse of his peynes. He did theretoo obey
And by so dooing is alyve. Not only faythfull was
This counsell that I gave the man, but also happye, as
The good successe hath shewed since. Whom sith the destnyes doo
Requyre in overthrowing *Troy*, Appoynt not mee thertoo:
But let sir *Ajax* rather go. For he with eloquence
Or by some suttle pollycie, shall bring the man fro thence
And pacyfie him raging through disease, and wrathfull ire.
Nay, first the river *Simois* shall too his spring retyre,
And mountaine *Ida* shall theron have stonding never a tree,
Yea and the faythlesse towne of *Troy* by Greekes shall reskewd bee,
Before that *Ajax* blockish wit shall aught at all avayle,
When my attempts and practyses in your affayres doo fayle.
For though thou *Philoctetes* with the king offended bee,
And with thy fellowes everychone, and most of all with mee,
Although thou cursse and ban mee too the hellish pit for ay,
And wisshest in thy payne that I by chaunce myght crosse thy way,
Of purpose for too draw my blood: yit will I give assay

Too fetch thee hither once ageine. And (if that fortune say
Amen), I will as well have thee and eeke thyne arrowes, as
I have the Trojane prophet whoo by mee surprysed was,
Or as I did the Oracles and Trojane fates disclose,
Or as I from her chappell through the thickest of her foes
The Phrygian *Pallads* image fetcht: and yit dooth *Ajax* still
Compare himself with mee. Yee knowe it was the destnyes will
That *Troy* should never taken bee by any force, untill
This Image first were got: and where was then our valeant knight
Sir *Ajax?* where the stately woordes of such a hardy wyght?
Why feareth hee? why dares *Ulysses* ventring through the watch
Commit his persone too the nyght his buysnesse too dispatch?
And through the pykes not only for too passe the garded wall?
But also for too enter too the strongest towre of all?
And for too take the Idoll from her Chappell and her shryne?
And beare her thence amid his foes? For had this deede of myne
Beene left undoone, in vayne his sheeld of Oxen hydes seven fold
Should yit the sonne of *Telamon* have in his left hand hold.
That nyght subdewed I *Troy* towne, that nyght did I it win,
And opened it for you likewyse with ease too enter in.
Cease too upbrayd mee by theis lookes and mumbling woordes of thyne
With *Diomed:* his prayse is in this fact as well as myne.
And thou thy selfe when for our shippes thou diddest in reskew stand,
Wart not alone: the multitude were helping thee at hand.
I had but only one with mee. Whoo (if he had not thought
A wyseman better than a strong, and that preferment ought
Not alway followe force of hand) would now himself have sought
This Armour. So would toother *Ajax* better stayed doo,
And feerce *Eurypyle*, and the sonne of hault *Andremon* too.
No lesse myght eeke *Idominey*, and eeke *Meriones*
His countryman, and *Menelay*. For every one of these
Are valeant men of hand, and not inferior untoo thee
In martiall feates. And yit they are contented rulde too bee
By myne advyce. Thou hast a hand that serveth well in fyght,
Thou hast a wit that stands in neede of my direction ryght.
Thy force is witlesse: I have care of that that may ensew.
Thou well canst fyght: the king dooth choose the tymes for fyghting dew
By myne advyce. Thou only with thy body canst avayle,
But I with bodye and with mynd too profite doo not fayle.
And looke how much the mayster dooth excell the gally slave,
Or looke how much preheminence the Capteine ought too have
Above his souldyer: even so much excell I also thee.
A wit farre passing strength of hand inclosed is in mee.
In wit rests cheefly all my force. My Lordes I pray bestowe
This gift on him who ay hath beene your watchman as yee knowe.
And for my tenne yeeres cark and care endured for your sake,
Full recompence for my deserts with this same honour make.
Our labour draweth too an end, all lets are now by mee
Dispatched. And by bringing *Troy* in cace too taken bee,
I have already taken it. Now by the hope that yee
Conceyve, within a whyle of *Troy* the ruine for too see,

And by the Goddes of whom a late our emnyes I bereft,
And as by wisedome too bee doone yit any thing is left,
If any bold aventrous deede, or any perlous thing,
That asketh hazard both of lyfe and limb too passe too bring,
Or if yee think of Trojane fates there yit dooth ought remayne,
Remember mee: or if from mee this armour you restrayne,
Bestow it on this same. With that he shewed with his hand
Minervas fatall image, which hard by in syght did stand.
The Lords were moved with his woordes, and then appeered playne
The force that is in eloquence. The lerned man did gayne
The armour of the valeant. He that did oft susteine
Alone both fyre, and swoord, and *Jove*, and *Hector* could not byde
One brunt of wrath. And whom no force could vanquish ere that tyde,
Now only anguish overcommes. He drawes his swoord and sayes:
Well, this is myne yit. Untoo this no clayme *Ulysses* layes.
This must I use ageinst myself: this blade that heretoofore
Hath bathed beene in Trojane blood, must now his mayster gore,
That none may *Ajax* overcome save *Ajax*. With that woord,
Intoo his brest (not wounded erst) he thrust his deathfull swoord.
His hand too pull it out ageine unable was. The blood
Did spout it out. Anon the ground bestayned where he stood,
Did breede the pretye purple flowre uppon a clowre of greene,
Which of the wound of *Hyacinth* had erst engendred beene.
The selfsame letters eeke that for the chyld were written than,
Were now againe amid the flowre new written for the man.
The former tyme complaynt, the last a name did represent.
Ulysses having wonne the pryse, within a whyle was sent
Too *Thoants* and *Hypsiphiles* realme the land defamde of old
For murthering all the men therin by women over bold.
At length attayning land and lucke according too his mynd,
Too carry *Hercles* arrowes backe he set his sayles too wynd.
Which when he with the lord of them among the Greekes had brought,
And of the cruell warre at length the utmost feate had wrought,
At once both *Troy* and *Priam* fell. And *Priams* wretched wife
Lost (after all) her womans shape, and barked all her lyfe
In forreine countrye. In the place that bringeth too a streight
The long spred sea of *Hellespont*, did *Ilion* burne in height.
The kindled fyre with blazing flame continewed unalayd,
And *Priam* with his aged blood *Joves* Altar had berayd.
And *Phebus* preestesse casting up her handes too heaven on hye
Was dragd and haled by the heare. The *Grayes* most spyghtfully
(As eche of them had prisoners tane in meede of victorye)
Did drawe the Trojane wyves away, whoo lingring whyle they mought
Among the burning temples of theyr Goddes, did hang about
Theyr sacred shrynes and images. *Astyanax* downe was cast
From that same turret from the which his moother in tyme past
Had shewed him his father stand oft fyghting too defend
Himself and that same famous realme of *Troy*, that did descend
From many noble auncetors. And now the northerne wynd
With prosperous blasts, too get them thence did put the Greekes in mynd.
The shipmen went aboord, and hoyst up sayles, and made fro thence.

A deew deere Troy (the women cryde) wee haled are from hence.
And therwithall they kist the ground, and left yit smoking still
Theyr native houses. Last of all tooke shippe ageinst her will
Queene *Hecub:* who (a piteous cace too see) was found amid
The tumbes in which her sonnes were layd. And there as *Hecub* did
Embrace theyr chists and kisse theyr bones, *Ulysses* voyd of care
Did pull her thence. Yit raught shee up, and in her boosom bare
Away a crum of *Hectors* dust, and left on *Hectors* grave
Her hory heares and teares, which for poore offrings shee him gave.
Ageinst the place where *Ilion* was, there is another land
Manured by the *Biston* men. In this same Realme did stand
King *Polemnestors* palace riche, too whom king *Priam* sent
His little infant *Polydore* too foster, too thentent
He might bee out of daunger from the warres: wherin he ment
Ryght wysely, had he not with him great riches sent, a bayt
Too stirre a wicked covetous mynd too treason and deceyt.
For when the state of *Troy* decayd, the wicked king of *Thrace*
Did cut his nurcechylds weazant, and (as though the sinfull cace
Toogither with the body could have quyght beene put away)
He threw him also in the sea. It happened by the way,
That *Agamemnon* was compeld with all his fleete too stay
Uppon the coast of *Thrace*, untill the sea were wexen calme,
And till the hideous stormes did cease, and furious wynds were falne.
Heere rysing gastly from the ground which farre about him brake,
Achilles with a threatning looke did like resemblance make,
As when at *Agamemnon* he his wrongfull swoord did shake,
And sayd: Unmyndfull part yee hence of mee O Greekes? and must
My merits thanklesse thus with mee be buryed in the dust?
Nay, doo not so. But too thentent my death dew honour have
Let *Polyxene* in sacrifyse bee slayne uppon my grave.
Thus much be sayd: and shortly his companions dooing as
By vision of his cruell ghost commaundment given them was,
Did fetch her from her mothers lappe, whom at that tyme, well neere,
In that most great adversitie alonly shee did cheere.
The haultye and unhappye mayd, and rather too bee thought
A man than woman, too the tumb with cruell hands was brought,
Too make a cursed sacrifyse. Whoo mynding constantly
Her honour, when shee standing at the Altar prest too dye,
Perceyvd the savage ceremonies in making ready, and
The cruell *Neŏptolemus* with naked swoord in hand,
Stand staring with ungentle eyes uppon her gentle face,
Shee sayd: Now use thou when thou wilt my gentle blood. The cace
Requyres no more delay. Bestow thy weapon in my chest,
Or in my throte: (in saying so shee profered bare her brest,
And eeke her throte). Assure your selves it never shalbee seene,
That any wyght shall (by my will) have slave of *Polyxeene.*
Howbeet with such a sacrifyse no God yee can delyght.
I would desyre no more but that my wretched moother myght
Bee ignorant of this my death. My moother hindreth mee,
And makes the pleasure of my death much lesser for too bee.
Howbeeit not the death of mee should justly greeve her hart:

But her owne lyfe. Now too thentent I freely may depart
Too *Limbo*, stand yee men aloof: and sith I aske but ryght
Forbeare too touch mee. So my blood unsteyned in his syght
Shall farre more acceptable bee, what ever wyght he bee
Whom you prepare too pacifye by sacrifysing mee.
Yit (if that these last woordes of myne may purchace any grace),
I daughter of king *Priam* erst, and now in prisoners cace,
Beeseeche you all unraunsomed too render too my moother
My bodye, and for buriall of the same too take none other
Reward than teares: for whyle shee could shee did redeeme with gold.
This sayd, the teares that shee forbare the people could not hold.
And even the verry preest himself, full sore ageinst his will
And weeping, thrust her through the brest which shee hild stoutly still.
Shee sinking softly too the ground with faynting legges, did beare
Even too the verry latter gasp a countnance voyd of feare.
And when shee fell, shee had a care such parts of her too hyde
As womanhod and chastitie forbiddeth too bee spyde.
The Trojane women tooke her up, and moorning reckened
King *Priams* children, and what blood that house alone had shed.
They syght for fayer *Polyxeene:* they syghed eeke for thee
Whoo late wart *Priams* wyfe, whoo late wart counted for too bee
The flowre of *Asia* in his flowre, and Queene of moothers all:
But now the bootye of the fo as evill lot did fall,
And such a bootye as the sly *Ulysses* did not passe
Uppon her, saving that erewhyle shee *Hectors* moother was.
So hardly for his moother could a mayster *Hector* fynd.
Embracing in her aged armes the bodye of the mynd
That was so stout, shee powrd theron with sobbing syghes unsoft
The teares that for her husband and her children had so oft
And for her country sheaded beene. Shee weeped in her wound
And kist her pretye mouth, and made her brest with strokes too sound
According too her woonted guyse, and in the jellyed blood
Beerayed all her grisild heare, and in a sorrowfull mood
Sayd theis and many other woordes with brest bescratcht and rent:
O daughter myne, the last for whom thy moother may lament,
(For what remaynes?) O daughter thou art dead and gone. I see
Thy wound which at the verry hart strikes mee as well as thee.
And least that any one of myne unwounded should depart,
Thou also gotten hast a wound. Howbeet bycause thou wart
A woman, I beleeved thee from weapon too bee free.
But notwithstanding that thou art a woman, I doo see
Thee slayne by swoord. Even hee that kild thy brothers killeth thee,
Achilles the decay of *Troy* and maker bare of mee.
What tyme that he of *Paris* shaft by *Phebus* meanes was slayne,
I sayd of feerce *Achilles* now no feare dooth more remayne.
But then, even then he most of all was feared for too bee.
The asshes of him rageth still ageinst our race I see.
Wee feele an emny of him dead and buryed in his grave,
Too feede *Achilles* furie, I a frutefull issue gave.
Great *Troy* lyes under foote, and with a ryght great greevous fall
The mischeeves of the common weale are fully ended all.

But though too others *Troy* be gone, yit stands it still too mee:
My sorrowes ronne as fresh a race as ever and as free.
I late a go a sovereine state, advaunced with such store
Of daughters, sonnes, and sonneinlawes, and husband over more
And daughtrinlawes, am caryed like an outlawe bare and poore,
By force and violence haled from my childrens tumbes, to bee
Presented too *Penelope* a gift, whoo shewing mee
In spinning my appoynted taske, shall say: this same is shee
That was sumtyme king *Priams* wyfe, this was the famous moother
Of *Hector*. And now after losse of such a sort of other,
Thou (whoo alonly in my greefe my comfort didst remayne),
Too pacifye our emnyes wrath upon his tumb art slayne.
Thus bare I deathgyfts for my foes. Too what intent am I
Most wretched wyght remayning still? why doo I linger? why
Dooth hurtfull age preserve mee still alive? too what intent
Yee cruell Goddes reserve yee mee that hath already spent
Too many yeeres? onlesse it bee new buryalls for too see?
And whoo would think that *Priamus* myght happy counted bee
Sith *Troy* is razed? Happy man is hee in being dead.
His lyfe and kingdoome he forwent toogither: and this stead
He sees not thee his daughter slaine. But peradventure thou
Shall like the daughter of a king have sumptuous buryall now,
And with thy noble auncetors thy bodye layd shall bee.
Our linage hath not so good lucke: the most that shall too thee
Bee yeelded are thy moothers teares, and in this forreine land
Too hyde thy murthered corce withall a little heape of sand.
For all is lost. Nay yit remaynes (for whome I well can fynd
In hart too lyve a little whyle) an imp untoo my mynd
Most deere, now only left alone, sumtyme of many mo
The yoongest, little *Polydore*, delivered late ago
Too *Polemnestor* king of *Thrace*, whoo dwelles within theis bounds.
But wherfore doo I stay so long in wasshing of her wounds,
And face berayd with gory blood? In saying thus, shee went
Too seaward with an aged pace and hory heare beerent.
And (wretched woman) as shee calld for pitchers for too drawe
Up water, shee of *Polydore* on shore the carkesse sawe,
And eeke the myghty wounds at which the Tyrants swoord went thurrow.
The Trojane Ladyes shreeked out. But shee was dumb for sorrow.
The anguish of her hart forclosde as well her speech as eeke
Her teares devowring them within. Shee stood astonyed leeke
As if shee had beene stone. One whyle the ground shee staard uppon.
Another whyle a gastly looke shee kest too heaven. Anon
Shee looked on the face of him that lay before her killd.
Sumtymes his woundes (his woundes I say) shee specially behilld,
And therwithall shee armd her selfe and furnisht her with ire:
Wherethrough assoone as that her hart was fully set on fyre,
As though shee still had beene a Queene, too vengeance shee her bent,
Enforcing all her witts too fynd some kynd of ponnishment.
And as a Lyon robbed of her whelpes becommeth wood,
And taking on the footing of her emnye where hee stood,
Purseweth him though out of syght: even so Queene *Hecubee*

(Now having meynt her teares with wrath) forgetting quyght that shee
Was old, but not her princely hart, too *Polymnestor* went
The cursed murtherer, and desyrde his presence too thentent
Too shew too him a masse of gold (so made shee her pretence),
Which for her lyttle *Polydore* was hid not farre from thence.
The Thracian king beleeving her, as eager of the pray,
Went with her too a secret place. And as they there did stay,
With flattring and deceytfull toong he thus too her did say:
Make speede I prey thee *Hecuba*, and give thy sonne this gold.
I sweare by God it shall bee his, as well that I doo hold
Already, as that thou shalt give. Uppon him speaking so,
And swearing and forswearing too, shee looked sternely tho,
And beeing sore inflaamd with wrath, caught hold uppon him, and
Streyght callying out for succor too the wyves of *Troy* at hand,
Did in the traytors face bestowe her nayles, and scratched out
His eyes: her anger gave her hart and made her strong and stout.
Shee thrust her fingars in as farre as could bee, and did bore
Not now his eyes (for why his eyes were pulled out before),
But bothe the places of his eyes berayd with wicked blood.
The Thracians at theyr Tyrannes harme for anger wexing wood,
Began too scare the Trojane wyves with darts and stones. Anon
Queene *Hecub* ronning at a stone, with gnarring seazd theron,
And wirryed it beetweene her teeth. And as shee opte her chappe
Too speake, in stead of speeche shee barkt. The place of this missehappe
Remayneth still, and of the thing there done beares yit the name.
Long myndfull of her former illes, shee sadly for the same
Went howling in the feeldes of *Thrace*. Her fortune moved not
Her Trojans only, but the Greekes her foes too ruthe: Her lot
Did move even all the Goddes to ruthe: and so effectually,
That *Hecub* too deserve such end even *Juno* did denye.
Although the morning of the selfsame warres had favorer beene,
Shee had no leysure too lament the fortune of the Queene,
Nor on the slaughters and the fall of *Ilion* for too think.
A household care more neerer home did in her stomacke sink,
For *Memnon* her beloved sonne, whom dying shee behild
Uppon the feerce *Achilles* speare amid the Phrygian feeld.
Shee saw it, and her ruddy hew with which shee woonted was
Too dye the breaking of the day, did intoo palenesse passe:
And all the skye was hid with clowdes. But when his corce was gone
Too burningward, shee could not fynd in hart too looke theron,
But with her heare about her eares shee kneeled downe before
The myghtye *Jove*, and thus gan speake unto him weeping sore.
Of al that have theyr dwelling place uppon the golden skye,
The lowest (for through all the world the feawest shrynes have I),
But yit a Goddesse, I doo come, not that thou shouldst decree
That Altars, shrynes, and holydayes bee made too honour mee.
Yit if thou marke how much that I a woman doo for thee,
In keeping nyght within her boundes, by bringing in thee light,
Thou well mayst thinke mee worthy sum reward too clayme of ryght.
But neyther now is that the thing the morning cares too have,
Ne yit her state is such as now dew honour for too crave.

Bereft of my deere *Memnon* who in fyghting valeantly
Too help his uncle, (so it was your will O Goddes) did dye
Of stout *Achilles* sturdye speare even in his flowring pryme,
I sew too thee O king of Goddes too doo him at this tyme
Sum honour as a comfort of his death, and ease this hart
Of myne which greatly greeved is with wound of percing smart.
No sooner *Jove* had graunted dame *Aurora* her desyre,
But that the flame of *Memnons* corce that burned in the fyre
Did fall: and flaky rolles of smoke did dark the day, as when
A foggy mist steames upward from a River or a fen,
And suffreth not the Sonne too shyne within it. Blacke as cole
The cinder rose: and intoo one round lump assembling whole,
Grew grosse, and tooke bothe shape and hew. The fyre did lyfe it send,
The lyghtnesse of the substance self did wings untoo it lend.
And at the first it flittred like a bird: and by and by
It flew a fethered bird in deed. And with that one gan fly
Innumerable mo of selfsame brood: whoo once or twyce
Did sore about the fyre, and made a piteous shreeking thryce.
The fowrthtyme in theyr flying round, themselves they all withdrew
In battells twayne, and feercely foorth of eyther syde one flew
Too fyght a combate. With theyr billes and hooked talants keene
And with theyr wings couragiously they wreakt theyr wrathfull teene.
And myndfull of the valeant man of whom they issued beene,
They never ceased jobbing eche uppon the others brest,
Untill they falling both downe dead with fyghting overprest,
Had offred up theyr bodyes as a woorthy sacrifyse
Untoo theyr cousin *Memnon* who too Asshes burned lyes.
Theis soodeine birds were named of the founder of theyr stocke:
For men doo call them *Memnons* birds. And every yeere a flocke
Repayre too *Memnons* tumb, where twoo doo in the foresayd wyse
In manner of a yeeremynd slea themselves in sacrifyse.
Thus where as others did lament that *Dymants* daughter barkt,
Auroras owne greef busyed her, that smally shee it markt.
Which thing shee too this present tyme with piteous teares dooth shewe:
For through the universall world shee sheadeth moysting deawe.
Yit suffred not the destinyes all hope too perrish quyght
Toogither with the towne of *Troy*. That good and godly knyght
The sonne of *Venus* bare away by nyght uppon his backe
His aged father and his Goddes, an honorable packe.
Of all the riches of the towne that only pray he chose,
So godly was his mynd: and like a bannisht man he goes
By water with his owne yoong sonne *Ascanius* from the Ile
Antandros, and he shonnes the shore of *Thracia* which ere whyle
The wicked Tyrants treason did with *Polydores* blood defyle.
And having wynd and tyde at will, he saufly with his trayne
Arryved at *Apollos* towne where *Anius* then did reigne:
Whoo being both *Apollos* preest and of that place the king,
Did enterteyne him in his house and untoo church him bring,
And shewd him both the Citie and the temples knowen of old,
And eeke the sacred trees by which *Latona* once tooke hold,
When shee of chyldbirth travelled. Assoone as sacrifyse

Was doone with Oxens inwards burnt according too the guyse,
And casting incence in the fyre, and sheading wyne thereon,
They joyfull too the court returnd, and there they tooke anon
Repaste of meate and drink. Then sayd the good *Anchyses* this:
O *Phebus* sovereine preest, onlesse I take my markes amisse,
(As I remember) when I first of all this towne did see,
Fowre daughters and a sonne of thyne thou haddest heere with thee.
King *Anius* shooke his head wheron he ware a myter whyght,
And answerd thus. O noble prince, in fayth thou gessest ryght.
Of children fyve a father then, thou diddest mee behold,
Whoo now (with such unconstancie are mortall matters rolld)
Am in a manner chyldlesse quyght. For what avayles my sonne
Whoo in the Ile of *Anderland* a great way hence dooth wonne?
Which country takes his name of him, and in the selfsayd place,
In stead of father, like a king he holdes the royall mace.
Apollo gave his lot too him: And *Bacchus* for too showe
His love, a greater gift uppon his susters did bestowe,
Than could bee wisht or credited. For whatsoever they
Did towche, was turned intoo corne, and wyne, and oyle streyghtway.
And so theyr was riche use in them. Assoone as that the fame
Hereof too *Agamemnons* eares the squorge of Trojans came,
Least you myght tast your stormes alone and wee not feele the same
In part, an hoste he hither sent, and whither I would or no
Did take them from mee, forcing them among the Greekes too go,
Too feede the Greekish army with theyr heavenly gift. But they
Escaped whither they could by flyght. A couple tooke theyr way
Too Ile *Euboya:* toother twoo too *Anderland* did fly,
Theyr brothers Realme. An host of men pursewd them by and by,
And threatened warre onlesse they were delivered. Force of feare
Subdewing nature, did constreyne the brother (men must beare
With fearfulnesse) too render up his susters too theyr fo.
For neyther was *Aeneas* there, nor valeant *Hector* (who
Did make your warre last ten yeeres long) the countrye too defend.
Now when they should like prisoners have beene fettred, in the end
They casting up theyr handes (which yit were free) too heaven, did cry
Too *Bacchus* for too succour them, who helpt them by and by.
At leastwyse if it may bee termd a help, in woondrous wyse
Too alter folke. For never could I lerne ne can surmyse
The manner how they lost theyr shape. The thing it selfe is knowen.
With fethered wings as whyght as snow they quyght away are flowen
Transformed into doovehouse dooves thy wyfe dame *Venus* burdes.
When that the time of meate was spent with theis and such like woordes,
The table was removed streyght, and then they went too sleepe.
Next morrow rysing up assoone as day began too peepe,
They went too *Phebus* Oracle, which willed them too go
Untoo theyr moother countrey and the coastes theyr stocke came fro.
King *Anius* bare them companie. And when away they shoold,
He gave them gifts. *Anchises* had a scepter all of goold:
Ascanius had a quiver and a Cloke right brave and trim:
Aeneas had a standing Cup presented untoo him.
The *Thebane Therses* whoo had beene king *Anius* guest erewhyle

Did send it out of *Thessaly:* but *Alcon* one of *Myle*
Did make the cuppe. And hee theron a story portrayd out.
It was a Citie with seven gates in circuit round about,
Which men myght easly all discerne. The gates did represent
The Cities name, and shewed playne what towne thereby was ment.
Without the towne were funeralls a dooing for the dead,
With herces, tapers, fyres, and tumbes. The wyves with ruffled head
And stomacks bare pretended greef. The nymphes seemd teares too shead,
And wayle the drying of theyr welles. The leaveless trees did seare.
And licking on the parched stones Goats romed heere and there.
Behold amid this *Thebane* towne was lyvely portrayd out
Echions daughters twayne, of which the one with courage stout
Did profer bothe her naked throte and stomacke too the knyfe:
And toother with a manly hart did also spend her lyfe,
For saufgard of her countryfolk: And how that theruppon
They both were caryed solemly on herces, and anon
Were burned in the cheefest place of all the *Thebane* towne.
Then (least theyr linage should decay whoo dyde with such renowne,)
Out of the Asshes of the maydes there issued twoo yong men,
And they untoo theyr moothers dust did obsequies agen.
Thus much was graved curiously in auncient precious brasse,
And on the brim a trayle of flowres of bearbrich gilded was.
The Trojans also gave too him as costly giftes agen.
Bycause he was *Apollos* preest they gave too him as then
A Chist too keepe in frankincence. They gave him furthermore
A Crowne of gold wherin were set of precious stones great store.
Then calling too remembrance that the Trojans issued were
Of *Tewcers* blood, they sayld too *Crete*. But long they could not there
Abyde th'infection of the aire: and so they did forsake
The hundred Cities, and with speede to *Itayle*ward did make.
The winter wexed hard and rough, and tost them verry sore.
And when theyr shippes arrived were uppon the perlous shore
Among the *Strophad* Iles, the bird *Aëllo* did them feare.
The costes of *Dulich*, *Ithaca*, and *Same* they passed were,
And eeke the Court of *Neritus* where wyse *Ulysses* reignd,
And came too *Ambrace* for the which the Gods strong stryfe maynteind.
There sawe they turned into stone the judge whoose image yit
At *Actium* in *Appollos* Church in signe therof dooth sit.
They vewed also *Dodon* grove where Okes spake: and the coast
Of *Chaon* where the sonnes of king *Molossus* scapt a most
Ungracious fyre by taking wings. From thence they coasted by
The countrye of the *Pheäks* fraught with frute abundantly.
Then tooke they land in *Epyre*, and too *Buthrotos* they went
Wheras the Trojane prophet dwelt, whoose reigne did represent
An image of theyr auncient *Troy*. There being certifyde
Of things too come by *Helen* (whoo whyle there they did abyde
Informed them ryght faythfully of all that should betyde)
They passed into *Sicilie*. With corners three this land
Shootes out intoo the Sea: of which *Pachinnus* front dooth stand
Ageinst the southcoast: *Lilibye* dooth face the gentle west,
And *Pelore* untoo *Charlsis* wayne dooth northward beare his brest.

The Trojanes under *Pelore* gate with ores and prosprous tydes,
And in the even by *Zanclye* shore theyr fleete at anchor rydes.
Uppon the leftsyde restlessely *Charybdis* ay dooth beate them,
And swalloweth shippes and spewes them up as fast as it dooth eate them.
And *Scylla* beateth on theyr ryght: which from the navell downe
Is patched up with cruell curres: and upward too the crowne
Dooth keepe the countnance of a mayd: And (if that all bee trew
That Poëts fayne) shee was sumtyme a mayd ryght fayre of hew.
Too her made many wooers sute: all which shee did eschew.
And going too the salt Sea nymphes (too whom shee was ryght deere)
Shee vaunted, too how many men shee gave the slippe that yeere.
Too whom the Lady *Galate* in kembing of her heare
Sayd thus with syghes. But they that sought too thee (O Lady) were
None other than of humane kynd, too whom without all feare
Of harme, thou myghtest (as thou doost) give nay. But as for mee
Although that I of *Nereus* and gray *Doris* daughter bee,
And of my susters have with mee continually a gard,
I could not scape the *Cyclops* love, but too my greef full hard.
(With that her teares did stoppe her speeche.) Assoone as that the mayd
Had dryde them with her marble thomb, and moande the nymph, she sayd:
Deere Goddesse tell mee all your greef, and hyde it not from mee:
For trust mee I will untoo you bothe true and secret bee.
Then untoo *Cratyes* daughter thus the nymph her playnt did frame.
Of Fawne and nymph *Simethis* borne was *Acis*, whoo became
A joy too bothe his parents, but too mee the greater joy.
For being but a sixteene yeeres of age, this fayre sweete boy
Did take mee too his love, what tyme about his chyldish chin
The tender heare like mossy downe too sprowt did first begin.
I loved him beyond all Goddes forbod, and likewyse mee
The Giant *Cyclops*, neyther (if demaunded it should bee)
I well were able for too tell you whither that the love
Of *Acis*, or the *Cyclops* hate did more my stomacke move.
There was no oddes betweene them. Oh deere Goddesse *Venus*, what
A powre haste thou? Behold how even this owgly Giant that
No sparke of meekenesse in him hath, whoo is a terrour too
The verrye woodes, whom never guest nor straunger came untoo
Without displeasure, whoo the heavens and all the Goddes despyseth,
Dooth feele what thing is love. The love of mee him so surpryseth,
That *Polypheme* regarding not his sheepe and hollowe Cave,
But having care too please, dooth go about too make him brave.
His sturre stiffe heare he kembeth nowe with strong and sturdy rakes,
And with a sythe dooth marcussotte his bristled berd: and takes
Delyght too looke uppon himself in waters, and too frame
His countnance. Of his murtherous hart the wyldnesse wexeth tame.
His unastaunched thyrst of blood is quenched: shippes may passe
And repasse saufly. In the whyle that he in love thus was,
One *Telemus Ewrymeds* sonne a man of passing skill
In birdflyght, taking land that tyme in *Sicill*, went untill
The orped Gyant *Polypheme*, and sayd: This one round eye
That now amid thy forehead stands shall one day ere thou dye
By sly *Ulysses* blinded bee. The Gyant laught therat,

And sayd O foolish soothsayre thou deceyved art in that.
For why another (even a wench) already hathe it blynded.
Thus skorning him that told him truthe bycause he was hygh mynded,
He eyther made the ground too shake in walking on the shore,
Or rowzd him in his shadye Cave. With wedged poynt before
There shoots a hill intoo the Sea: whereof the sea dooth beate
On eyther syde. The one eyd feend came up and made his seate
Theron, and after came his sheepe undriven. Assoone as hee
Had at his foote layd downe his staffe which was a whole Pyne tree
Well able for too bee a maast too any shippe, he takes
His pype compact of fyvescore reedes, and therwithall he makes
So loud a noyse that all the hilles and waters therabout
Myght easly heere the shirlnesse of the shepeherds whistling out.
I lying underneathe the rocke, and leaning in the lappe
Of *Acis* markt theis woordes of his which farre I heard by happe.
More whyght thou art then Primrose leaf my Lady *Galatee*,
More fresh than meade, more tall and streyght than lofty Aldertree,
More bright than glasse, more wanton than the tender kid forsooth,
Than Cockleshelles continually with water worne, more smoothe,
More cheerefull than the winters Sun, or Sommers shadowe cold,
More seemely and more comly than the Planetree too behold,
Of valew more than Apples bee although they were of gold:
More cleere than frozen yce, more sweete than Grape through rype ywis,
More soft than butter newly made, or downe of Cygnet is;
And much more fayre and beawtyfull than gardein too myne eye,
But that thou from my companye continually doost flye.
And thou the selfsame *Galate*, art more tettish for too frame
Than Oxen of the wildernesse whom never wyght did tame:
More fleeting than the waves, more hard than warryed Oke too twyne,
More tough than willow twiggs, more lyth than is the wyld whyght vyne:
More than this rocke unmovable, more violent than a streame,
More prowd than Peacocke praysd, more feerce than fyre and more extreeme:
More rough than Breers, more cruell than the new delivered Beare,
More mercilesse than troden snake, than sea more deafe of eare:
And which (and if it lay in mee I cheefly would restrayne)
Not only swifter paced than the stag in chace on playne,
But also swifter than the wynd and flyghtfull ayre. But if
Thou knew me well, it would thee irke to flye and bee a greef
Too tarrye from mee. Yea thou wouldst endevor all thy powre
Too keepe mee wholly too thy self. The Quarry is my bowre
Heawen out of whole mayne stone. No Sun in sommer there can swelt,
No nipping cold in wintertyme within the same is felt.
Gay Apples weying downe the boughes have I, and Grapes like gold,
And purple Grapes on spreaded Vynes as many as can hold,
Bothe which I doo reserve for thee. Thyself shalt with thy hand
The soft sweete strawbryes gather, which in wooddy shadowe stand.
The Cornell berryes also from the tree thy self shalt pull,
And pleasant plommes, sum yellow lyke new wax, sum blew, sum full
Of ruddy jewce. Of Chestnutts eeke (if my wyfe thou wilt bee)
Thou shalt have store: and frutes all sortes: All trees shall serve for thee.

This Cattell heere is all myne owne. And many mo besyde
Doo eyther in the bottoms feede, or in the woodes them hyde,
And many standing at theyr stalles doo in my Cave abyde.
The number of them (if a man should ask) I cannot showe.
Tush, beggars of theyr Cattell use the number for too knowe.
And for the goodnesse of the same, no whit beleeve thou mee,
But come thyself (and if thou wilt) the truth therof too see.
See how theyr udders full doo make them straddle. Lesser ware
Shet up at home in cloce warme peends, are Lambes. There also are
In other pinfolds Kidds of selfsame yeaning tyme. Thus have
I alwayes mylke as whyte as snow, wherof I sum doo save
Too drink, and of the rest is made good cheese. And furthermore
Not only stale and common gifts and pleasures wherof store
Is too bee had at eche mannes hand, (as Leverets, Kidds, and Does,
A payre of pigeons, or a nest of birds new found, or Roes),
Shall untoo thee presented bee. I found this toother day
A payre of Bearewhelpes, eche so lyke the other as they lay
Uppon a hill, that scarce yee eche discerne from other may.
And when that I did fynd them I did take them up, and say
Theis will I for my Lady keepe for her therwith too play.
Now put thou up thy fayre bryght head good *Galat* I thee pray
Above the greenish waves: now come my *Galat*, come away,
And of my present take no scorne. I know my selfe too bee
A jollye fellow. For even now I did behold and see
Myne image in the water sheere, and sure mee thought I tooke
Delyght too see my goodly shape and favor, in the brooke.
Behold how big I am, not *Jove* in heaven (for so you men
Report one *Jove* too reigne, of whom I passe not for too ken)
Is howger than this doughty corce of myne. A bush of heare
Dooth overdreepe my visage grim, and shadowes as it were
A grove uppon my shoulders twayne. And think it not too bee
A shame for that with bristled heare my body rough yee see.
A fowle ilfavored syght it is too see a leavelesse tree,
A lothely thing it is, a horse without a mane too keepe.
As fethers doo become the birdes, and wooll becommeth sheepe,
Even so a beard and bristled skin becommeth also men.
I have but one eye, which dooth stand amid my frunt: what then?
This one round eye of myne is lyke a myghty target. Why?
Vewes not the Sun all things from heaven? Yit but one only eye
Hath hee: moreover in your Seas my father beares the sway.
Him will I make thy fathrinlaw. Have mercy I the pray,
And harken too myne humble sute. For only untoo thee
Yeeld I. Even I of whom bothe heaven and *Jove* despysed bee
And eeke the percing thunderbolt, doo stand in awe and feare
Of thee O *Nerye*. Thyne ill will is greevouser too beare
Than is the deadly Thunderclappe. Yit could I better fynd
In hart too suffer this contempt of thyne with pacient mynd,
If thou didst shonne all other folk as well as mee. But why
Rejecting *Cyclops* doost thou love dwarf *Acis*? why say I
Preferst thou *Acis* untoo mee? well let him liked bee
Both of himself, and also (which I would be lothe) of thee.

And if I catch him he shall feele that in my body is
The force that should bee. I shall paunch him quicke. Those limbes of his
I will in peeces teare, and strew them in the feeldes, and in
Thy waters, if he doo thee haunt. For I doo swelt within,
And being chaafte the flame dooth burne more feerce too my unrest.
Mee thinks mount *Aetna* with his force is closed in my brest.
And yit it nothing moveth thee. Assoone as he had talkt
Thus much in vayne, (I sawe well all) he rose: and fuming stalkt
Among his woodes and woonted Lawndes, as dooth a Bulchin, when
The Cow is from him tane. He could him no where rest as then.
Anon the feend espyed mee and *Acis* where wee lay,
Before wee wist or feared it: and crying out gan say:
I see yee, and confounded myght I bee with endlesse shame,
But if I make this day the last agreement of your game.
Theis wordes were spoke with such a reere as verry well became
An angry Giant. *Aetna* shooke with lowdnesse of the same.
I scaard therwith dopt underneathe the water, and the knyght
Simethus turning streyght his backe, did give himself too flyght,
And cryēd help mee *Galate*, help parents I you pray,
And in your kingdome mee receyve whoo perrish must streyghtway.
The roundeyd devill made pursewt: and rending up a fleece
Of *Aetna* Rocke, threw after him: of which a little peece
Did *Acis* overtake, and yit as little as it was,
It overwhelmed *Acis* whole. I wretched wyght (alas)
Did that which destnyes would permit. Foorthwith I brought too passe
That *Acis* should receyve the force his father had before.
His scarlet blood did issue from the lump, and more and more
Within a whyle the rednesse gan too vannish: and the hew
Resembled at the first a brooke with rayne distroubled new,
Which wexeth cleere by length of tyme. Anon the lump did clyve,
And from the hollow cliffe therof hygh reedes sprang up alyve.
And at the hollow issue of the stone the bubling water
Came trickling out. And by and by (which is a woondrous matter)
The stripling with a wreath of reede about his horned head
Avaunst his body too the waste. Whoo (save he was that stead
Much biggar than he erst had beene, and altoogither gray)
Was *Acis* still: and being turnd too water, at this day
In shape of ryver still he beares his former name away.
The Lady *Galat* ceast her talk and streyght the companye brake,
And *Neryes* daughters parting thence, swam in the gentle lake.
Dame *Scylla* home ageine returnd. (Shee durst not her betake
Too open sea) and eyther roamd uppon the sandy shore
Stark naakt, or when for weerinesse shee could not walk no more,
Shee then withdrew her out of syght, and gate her too a poole,
And in the water of the same, her heated limbes did coole.
Behold the fortune. *Glaucus* (whoo then being late before
Transformed in *Ewboya* Ile uppon *Anthedon* shore,
Was new becomne a dweller in the sea) as he did swim
Along the coast, was tane in love at syght of *Scylla* trim,
And spake such woordes as he did think myght make her tarry still:
Yit fled shee still, and swift for feare shee gate her too a hill

That butted on the sea. Ryght steepe and upward sharp did shoote
A loftye toppe with trees, beneathe was hollowe at the foote.
Heere *Scylla* stayd and being sauf by strongnesse of the place,
(Not knowing if he monster were, or God, that did her chace),
Shee looked backe. And woondring at his colour and his heare,
With which his shoulders and his backe all wholly covered were,
Shee saw his neather parts were like a fish with tayle wrythde round,
Who leaning too the neerest Rocke, sayd thus with lowd cleere sound:
Fayre mayd, I neyther monster am nor cruell savage beast:
But of the sea a God, whoose powre and favour is not least.
For neyther *Protew* in the sea nor *Triton* have more myght,
Nor yit the sonne of *Athamas* that now *Palæmon* hyght.
Yit once I was a mortall man. But you must know that I
Was given too seawoorkes, and in them mee only did apply.
For sumtyme I did draw the drag in which the fishes were,
And sumtyme sitting on the cliffes I angled heere and there.
There butteth on a fayre greene mede a bank, wherof tone half
Is cloasd with sea, the rest is clad with herbes which never calf
Nor horned Ox, nor seely sheepe, nor shakheard Goate did feede:
The busye Bee did never there of flowres sweete smelling speede,
No gladsum garlonds ever there were gathered for the head,
No hand those flowers ever yit with hooked sythe did shred.
I was the first that ever set my foote uppon that plot.
Now as I dryde my dropping netts, and layd abrode my lotte,
Too tell how many fishes had bychaunce too net beene sent,
Or through theyr owne too lyght beleefe on bayted hooke beene hent:
(The matter seemeth lyke a lye, but what avayles too lye?)
Assoone as that my pray had towcht the grasse, it by and by
Began too move, and flask theyr finnes, and swim uppon the drye,
As in the Sea. And as I pawsd and woondred at the syght,
My draught of fishes everychone too seaward tooke theyr flyght,
And leaping from the shore, forsooke their newfound mayster quyght.
I was amazed at the thing: and standing long in dowt,
I sought the cause if any God had brought this same abowt,
Or else sum jewce of herbe. And as I so did musing stand,
What herb (quoth I) hath such a powre? and gathering with my hand
The grasse, I bote it with my toothe. My throte had scarcely yit
Well swallowed downe the uncouth jewce, when like an agew fit
I felt myne inwards soodeinly too shake, and with the same,
A love of other nature in my brest with violence came.
And long I could it not resist, but sayd: deere land adeew,
For never shall I haunt thee more. And with that woord I threw
My bodye in the sea. The Goddes thereof receyving mee,
Vouchsaved in theyr order mee installed for too bee.
Desyring old *Oceänus* and *Thetis* for theyr sake
The rest of my mortalitie away from mee too take,
They hallowed mee, and having sayd nyne tymes the holy ryme
That purgeth all prophanednesse, they charged mee that tyme
Too put my brestbulk underneathe a hundred streames. Anon
The brookes from sundry coastes and all the seas did ryde uppon
My head. From whence as soone as I returned, by and by

I felt my self farre otherwyse through all my limbes, than I
Had beene before, and in my mynd I was another man.
Thus farre of all that mee befell make just report I can,
Thus farre I beare in mynd. The rest my mynd perceyved not.
Then first of all this hory greene gray grisild beard I got,
And this same bush of heare which all along the seas I sweepe.
And theis same myghty shoulders, and theis grayish armes, and feete
Coonfounded intoo finned fish. But what avayleth mee
This goodly shape, and of the Goddes of sea too loved bee,
Or for too be a God my self, if they delyght not thee?
As he was speaking this, and still about too utter more,
Dame *Scylla* him forsooke: wherat he wexing angry sore,
And beeing quickned with repulse, in rage hee tooke his way
Too *Circes Titans* daughters Court which full of monsters lay.

Finis Libri decimi tertij.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

OW had th'*Ewboyan* fisherman (whoo lately was becomme
A God of sea too dwell in sea for ay,) alreadye swomme
Past *Aetna* which uppon the face of Giant *Typho* lyes,
Toogither with the pasture of the *Cyclops* which defyes
Both Plough and harrowe, and by teemes of Oxen sets no store:
And *Zancle*, and crackt *Rhegion* which stands a toother shore:
And eeke the rough and shipwrecke sea which being hemmed in
With twoo mayne landes on eyther syde, is as a bound betwin
The frutefull Realmes of *Italy* and *Sicill*. From that place
He cutting through the *Tyrrhene* sea with both his armes a pace,
Arryved at the grassye hilles and at the Palace hye
Of *Circe Phœbus* imp which full of sundry beastes did lye.
When *Glaucus* in her presence came, and had her greeted, and
Receyved freendly welcomming and greeting at her hand,
He sayd: O Goddesse pitie mee a God I thee desyre:
Thou only (if at least thou think mee woorthy so great hyre)
Canst ease this love of myne. No wyght dooth better know than I
The powre of herbes, whoo late ago transformed was therby.
And now too open untoo thee of this my greef the ground,
Uppon th'*Italyan* shore ageinst *Messene* walls I found
Fayre *Scylla*. Shame it is too tell how scornfull shee did take
The gentle woordes and promises and sute that I did make.
But if that any powre at all consist in charmes, then let
That sacret mouth of thyne cast charmes: or if more force bee set
In herbes too compasse things withall, then use the herbes that have
Most strength in woorking. Neyther think, I hither come too crave
A medcine for too heale myself and cure my wounded hart:
I force no end. I would have her bee partener of my smart.
But *Circe* (for no natures are more lyghtly set on fyre
Than such as shee is) (whither that the cause of this desyre
Were only in herself, or that Dame *Venus* bearing ay
In mynd her fathers deede in once disclosing of her play,
Did stirre her heereuntoo) sayd thus. It were a better way
For thee too fancye such a one whoose will and whole desyre
Is bent too thyne, and whoo is sindgd with selfsame kynd of fyre.
Thou woorthye art of sute too thee: and (credit mee) thou shouldst
Bee woode in deede if any hope of speeding give thou wouldst.
And therefore dowt not. Only of thy beawtye lyking have.
Lo, I whoo am a Goddesse and the imp of *Phœbus* brave,
Whoo can so much by charmes, whoo can so much by herbes, doo vow
My self too thee. If I disdeine, disdeine mee also thow.
And if I yeeld, yeeld thou likewyse: and in one only deede
Avenge thy self of twayne. Too her intreating thus too speede,
First trees shall grow (quoth *Glaucus*) in the sea, and reeke shall thryve
On toppes of hilles, ere I (as long as *Scylla* is alyve)
Doo chaunge my love. The Goddesse wext right wroth, and sith she could

Not hurt his persone beeing falne in love with him, ne would:
Shee spyghted her that was preferd before her. And uppon
Displeasure tane of this repulse, shee went her way anon.
And wicked weedes of grisly jewce toogither shee did bray,
And in the braying, witching charmes shee over them did say.
And putting on a russet cloke, shee passed through the rowt
Of savage beastes that in her court came fawning round abowt,
And going untoo *Rhegion* cliffe which standes ageinst the shore
Of *Zancle*, entred by and by the waters that doo rore
With violent tydes, uppon the which shee stood as on firme land,
And ran and never wet her feete awhit. There was at hand
A little plash that bowwed like a bowe that standeth bent,
Where *Scylla* woonted was too rest herself, and thither went
From rage of sea and ayre, what tyme the sonne amid the skye
Is whotest, making shadowes short by mounting up on hye.
This plash did *Circe* then infect ageinst that *Scylla* came,
And with her poysons which had powre most monstrous shapes too frame,
Defyled it. Shee sprincled there the jewce of venymd weedes,
And thryce nyne tymes with witching mouth shee softly mumbling, reedes
A charme ryght darke of uncouth woordes. No sooner *Scylla* came
Within this plash, and too the waast had waded in the same,
But that shee sawe her hinderloynes with barking buggs atteint.
And at the first, not thinking with her body they were meynt
As parts therof, shee started back, and rated them. And sore
Shee was afrayd the eager curres should byght her. But the more
Shee shonned them, the surer still shee was too have them there.
In seeking where her loynes, and thyghes, and feete and ancles were,
Chappes like the chappes of *Cerberus* in stead of them shee found.
Nought else was there than cruell curres from belly downe too ground.
So underneathe misshapen loynes and womb remayning sound,
Her mannish mastyes backes were ay within the water drownd.
Her lover *Glaucus* wept therat, and *Circes* bed refusde
That had so passing cruelly her herbes on *Scylla* usde.
But *Scylla* in that place abode. And for the hate shee bore
Too *Circe*ward, (assoone as meete occasion servde therfore)
Shee spoyld *Ulysses* of his mates. And shortly after, shee
Had also drownd the Trojane fleete, but that (as yit wee see)
Shee was transformd too rock of stone, which shipmen warely shonne.
When from this Rocke the Trojane fleete by force of Ores had wonne,
And from *Charybdis* greedye gulf, and were in manner readye
Too have arryvde in *Italy*, the wynd did ryse so heady,
As that it drave them backe uppon the coast of *Affricke*. There
The Tyrian Queene (whoo afterward unpaciently should beare
The going of this Trojane prince away) did enterteine
Aenæas in her house, and was ryght glad of him and fayne.
Uppon a Pyle made underneathe pretence of sacrifyse
Shee goard herself upon a swoord, and in most wofull wyse
As shee herself had beene beguyld: so shee beguyled all.
Eftsoone *Aenæas* flying from the newly reered wall
Of *Carthage* in that sandy land, retyred backe agen
Too *Sicill*, where his faythfull freend *Acestes* reignd. And when

He there had doone his sacrifyse, and kept an Obit at
His fathers tumb, he out of hand did mend his Gallyes that
Dame *Iris Junos* messenger had burned up almost.
And sayling thence he kept his course aloof along the coast
Of *Aeolye* and of *Vulcanes* Iles the which of brimston smoke,
And passing by the Meremayds rocks, (His Pilot by a stroke
Of tempest being drownd in sea) he sayld by *Prochite*, and
Inarime, and (which uppon a barreine hill dooth stand)
The land of Ape Ile, which dooth take that name of people slye
There dwelling. For the Syre of Goddes abhorring utterly
The leawdnesse of the *Cercops*, and theyr wilfull perjurye,
And eeke theyr guylefull dealing, did transforme them everychone
Intoo an evillfavored kynd of beast: that beeing none,
They myght yit still resemble men. He knit in lesser space
Theyr members, and he beate mee flat theyr noses too theyr face,
The which he filled furrowlike with wrinckles every where.
He clad theyr bodyes over all with fallow coulourd heare,
And put them intoo this same Ile too dwell for ever there.
But first he did bereeve them of the use of speeche and toong,
Which they too cursed perjurye did use bothe old and yoong.
Too chatter hoarcely, and too shreeke, too jabber, and too squeake
He hath them left, and for too moppe and mowe, but not too speake.
Aeneas having past this Ile, and on his ryght hand left
The towne of *Naples*, and the tumb of *Mysen* on his left,
Toogither with the fenny grounds: at *Cumye* landed, and
Went untoo longlyvde *Cybills* house, with whom he went in hand,
That he too see his fathers ghoste myght go by *Averne* deepe.
Shee long uppon the earth in stownd her eyes did fixed keepe.
And at the length assoone as that the spryght of prophesye
Was entred her, shee raysing them did thus ageine reply:
O most renowmed myght, of whom the godlynesse by fyre,
And valeantnesse is tryde by swoord, great things thou doost requyre.
But feare not Trojane: for thou shalt bee lord of thy desyre.
Too see the reverend ymage of thy deerebeeloved syre,
Among the fayre *Elysian* feeldes where godly folke abyde,
And all the lowest kingdoomes of the world I will thee guyde:
No way too vertue is restreynd. This spoken, shee did showe
A golden bowgh that in the wood of *Proserpine* did growe,
And willed him too pull it from the tree. He did obey,
And sawe the powre of dreadfull hell, and where his graundsyres lay,
And eeke the aged Ghost of stowt *Anchises*. Furthermore
He lernd the customes of the land arryvd at late before,
And what adventures should by warre betyde him in that place.
From thence retyring up ageine a slow and weery pace,
He did asswage the tediousnesse by talking with his guyde.
For as he in the twylyght dim this dreadfull way did ryde,
He sayed: whither present thou thyself a Goddesse bee,
Or such a one as God dooth love most deerly, I will thee
For ever as a Goddesse take, and will acknowledge mee
Thy servant, for saufguyding mee the place of death too see,
And for thou from the place of death haste brought mee sauf and free.

For which desert, what tyme I shall atteyne too open ayre,
I will a temple to thee buyld ryght sumptuous, large, and fayre,
And honour thee with frankincence. The prophetisse did cast
Her eye uppon *Aenæas* backe, and syghing sayd at last:
I am no Goddesse. Neyther think thou canst with conscience ryght,
With holy incence honour give too any mortall wyght.
But too thentent through ignorance thou erre not, I had beene
Eternall, and of worldly lyfe I should none end have seene,
If that I would my maydenhod on *Phebus* have bestowde.
Howbeeit whyle he stood in hope too have the same, and trowde
Too overcome mee with his gifts: thou mayd of *Cumes* (quoth hee)
Choose what thou wilt, and of thy wish the owner thou shalt bee.
I taking full my hand of dust, and shewing it him there,
Desyred like a foole too live as many yeeres as were
Small graynes of cinder in that heape. I quight forgot too crave
Immediately, the race of all those yeeres in youth too have.
Yit did he graunt mee also that, uppon condicion I
Would let him have my maydenhod, which thing I did denye.
And so rejecting *Phebus* gift a single lyfe I led.
But now the blessefull tyme of youth is altoogither fled,
And irksome age with trembling pace is stolne uppon my head,
Which long I must endure. For now already as you see
Seven hundred yeares are come and gone: and that the number bee
Full matched of the granes of dust, threehundred harvestes mo,
I must three hundred vintages see more, before I go.
The day will come that length of tyme shall make my body small,
And little of my withered limbes shall leave or naught at all,
And none shall think that ever God was tane in love with mee.
Even out of *Phebus* knowledge then perchaunce I growen shall bee,
Or at the least that ever he mee lovde he shall denye,
So sore I shall be altered. And then shall no mannes eye
Discerne mee. Only by my voyce I shall bee knowen. For why
The fates shall leave mee still my voyce for folke too know mee by.
As *Sybill* in the vaulted way such talk as this did frame,
The Trojane knyght *Aenæas* up at *Cumes* fro *Limbo* came,
And having doone the sacrifyse accustomd for the same,
He tooke his journey too the coast, which had not yit the name
Receyved of his nurce. In this same place he found a mate
Of wyse *Ulysses*, *Macare* of *Neritus*, whoo late
Before, had after all his long and tediouse toyles, there stayd.
He spying *Achemenides* (whom late ago afrayd
They had among mount *Aetnas* Cliffs abandond when they fled
From *Polypheme*): and woondring for too see he was not dead,
Sayd thus: O *Achemenides*, what chaunce, or rather what
Good God hathe savde the lyfe of thee? What is the reason that
A barbrous shippe beares thee a Greeke? or whither saylest thou?
Too him thus *Achemenides*, his owne man freely now,
And not forgrowen as one forlorne, nor clad in bristled hyde,
Made answer: Yit ageine I would I should in perrill byde
Of *Polypheme*, and that I myght those chappes of his behold
Beesmeared with the blood of men, but if that I doo hold

This shippe more deere than all the Realme of wyse *Ulysses*, or
If lesser of *Aeneas* I doo make account than for
My father, neyther (though I did as much as doone myght bee),
I could ynough bee thankfull for his goodnesse towards mee.
That I still speake and breathe: That I the Sun and heaven doo see:
Is his gift. Can I thanklesse then or myndlesse of him bee,
That downe the round eyed gyants throte this soule of myne went not?
And that from hencefoorth, when too dye it ever be my lot,
I may bee layd in grave, or sure not in the Gyants mawe?
What hart had I that tyme (at least if feare did not withdrawe
Both hart and sence) when left behynd, you taking shippe I sawe?
I would have called after you but that I was afrayd
By making outcrye too my fo myself too have beewrayd,
For even the noyse that you did make did put *Ulysses* shippe
In daunger. I did see him from a cragged mountaine strippe
A myghty rocke, and intoo sea it throwe midway and more:
Ageine I sawe his giants pawe throwe howge big stones great store
As if it were a sling. And sore I feared least your shippe
Should drowned by the water bee that from the stones did skippe,
Or by the stones themselves, as if my self had beene therin.
But when that flyght had saved you from death, he did begin
On *Aetna* syghing up and downe too walke: and with his pawes
Went groping of the trees among the woodes. And forbycause
He could not see, he knockt his shinnes ageinst the rocks eche where,
And stretching out his grisly armes (which all beegrymed were
With baken blood) too seaward, he the Greekish nation band,
And sayd: O if that sum good chaunce myght bring untoo my hand
Ulysses or sum mate of his, on whom too wreake myne ire.
Uppon whose bowells with my teeth I like a Hawke myght tyre:
Whose living members myght with theis my talants teared beene.
Whoose blood myght bubble downe my throte: whose flesh myght pant betweene
My jawes: how lyght or none at all this losing of myne eye
Would seeme? Theis wordes and many mo the cruell feend did cry.
A shuddring horror perced mee too see his smudged face,
And cruell handes, and in his frunt the fowle round eyelesse place,
And monstruous members, and his beard beslowbered with the blood
Of man. Before myne eyes then death the smallest sorrow stood.
I loked every minute too bee seased in his pawe,
I looked ever when he should have cramd mee in his mawe.
And in my mynd I of that tyme mee thought the image sawe,
When having dingd a doozen of our fellowes too the grownd,
And lying lyke a Lyon feerce or hunger sterved hownd
Uppon them, very eagerly he downe his greedy gut
Theyr bowwels and theyr limbes yit more than half alive did put,
And with theyr flesh toogither crasht the bones and maree whyght.
I trembling like an aspen leaf stood sad and bloodlesse quyght.
And in beholding how he fed and belked up againe
His bloody vittells at his mouth, and uttred out amayne
The clottred gobbets mixt with wyne, I thus surmysde: like lot
Hangs over my head now, and I must also go too pot.
And hyding mee for many dayes, and quaking horribly

At every noyse, and dreading death, and wisshing for too dye,
Appeasing hunger with the leaves of trees, and herbes and mast,
Alone, and poore, and footelesse, and too death and pennance cast,
A long tyme after I espyde this shippe a farre at last,
And ronning downeward too the sea by signes did succour seeke,
Where fynding grace, this Trojane shippe receyved mee a Greeke.
But now I prey thee gentle freend declare thou untoo mee
Thy Capteines and thy fellowes lucke that tooke the sea with thee.
He told him how that *Aeölus* the sonne of *Hippot*, hea
That keepes the wyndes in pryson cloce did reigne in Tuskane sea,
And how *Ulysses* having at his hand a noble gift,
The wynd enclosde in leather bagges, did sayle with prosperous drift
Nyne dayes toogither: insomuch they came within the syght
Of home: but on the tenth day when the morning gan give lyght,
His fellowes being somewhat toucht with covetousenesse and spyght,
Supposing that it had been gold, did let the wyndes out quyght:
The which returning whence they came, did drive them backe a mayne,
That in the Realme of *Aeölus* they went a land agayne.
From thence (quoth he) we came untoo the auncient *Lamyes* towne,
Of which the feerce *Antiphates* that season ware the crowne.
A cowple of my mates and I were sent untoo him: and
A mate of myne and I could scarce by flyght escape his hand,
The third of us did with his blood embrew the wicked face
Of leawd *Antiphate*, whoo with swoord us flying thence did chace,
And following after with a rowt threw stones and loggs which drownd
Both men and shippes. Howbeeit one by chaunce escaped sound,
Which bare *Ulysses* and my self. So having lost most part
Of all our deare companions, we with sad and sory hart
And much complayning, did arryve at yoonder coast, which yow
May ken farre hence. A great way hence (I say) wee see it now,
But trust mee truly over neere I saw it once. And thow
Aenæas Goddesse *Venus* sonne the justest knight of all
The Trojane race (for sith the warre is doone, I can not call
Thee fo) I warne thee get thee far from *Circes* dwelling place.
For when our shippes arryved there, remembring eft the cace
Of cruell king *Antiphates*, and of that hellish wyght
The round eyed gyant *Polypheme*, wee had so small delyght
Too visit uncowth places, that wee sayd wee would not go.
Then cast we lotts. The lot fell out uppon myself as tho,
And *Polyte*, and *Eurylocus*, and on *Elpenor*, who
Delyghted tootoomuch in wyne, and eyghteene other mo.
All wee did go too *Circes* house. Assoone as wee came thither,
And in the portall of the Hall had set our feete toogither,
A thousand Lyons woolves and beares did put us in a feare
By meeting us. But none of them was too bee feared there.
For none of them could doo us harme: but with a gentle looke
And following us with fawning feete theyr wanton tayles they shooke.
Anon did Damzells welcome us and led us through the hall
(The which was made of marble stone, floore, arches, roof, and wall)
Too *Circe*. Shee sate underneathe a traverse in a chayre
Aloft ryght rich and stately, in a chamber large and fayre.

Shee ware a goodly long treynd gowne: and all her rest attyre
Was every whit of goldsmithes woork. There sate mee also by her
The Seanymphes and her Ladyes whoose fyne fingers never knew
What toozing wooll did meene, nor threede from whorled spindle drew.
They sorted herbes, and picking out the flowers that were mixt,
Did put them intoo mawnds, and with indifferent space betwixt,
Did lay the leaves and stalks on heapes according too theyr hew,
And shee herself the woork of them did oversee and vew.
The vertue and the use of them ryght perfectly shee knew,
And in what leaf it lay, and which in mixture would agree.
And so perusing every herb by good advysement, shee
Did wey them out. Assoone as shee us entring in did see,
And greeting had bothe given and tane, shee looked cheerefully,
And graunting all that wee desyrde, commaunded by and by
A certeine potion too bee made of barly parched drye,
And wyne and hony mixt with cheese, and with the same shee slye
Had meynt the jewce of certeine herbes which unespyde did lye
By reason of the sweetenesse of the drink. Wee tooke the cup
Delivered by her wicked hand, and quaft it cleerely up
With thirstye throtes. Which doone, and that the cursed witch had smit
Our highest heare tippes with her wand, (it is a shame, but yit
I will declare the truth) I wext all rough with bristled heare,
And could not make complaint with woordes. In stead of speech I there
Did make a rawghtish grunting, and with groveling face gan beare
My visage downeward too the ground. I felt a hooked groyne
Too wexen hard uppon my mouth, and brawned neck too joyne
My head and shoulders. And the handes with which I late ago
Had taken up the charmed cup, were turnd too feete as tho.
Such force there is in Sorcerie. In fyne wyth other mo
That tasted of the selfsame sawce, they shet mee in a Stye.
From this missehappe *Eurilochus* alonly scapte. For why
He only would not taste the cup, which had he not fled fro,
He should have beene a bristled beast as well as we. And so
Should none have borne *Ulysses* woorde of our mischaunce, nor hee
Have comme too *Circe* too revenge our harmes and set us free.
The peaceprocurer *Mercurie* had given too him a whyght
Fayre flowre whoose roote is black, and of the Goddes it *Moly* hyght.
Assurde by this and heavenly hestes, he entred *Circes* bowre,
And beeing bidden for too drink the cup of balefull powre,
As *Circe* was about too stroke her wand uppon his heare,
He thrust her backe, and put her with his naked swoord in feare.
Then fell they too agreement streyght, and fayth in hand was plyght.
And beeing made her bedfellowe, he claymed as in ryght
Of dowrye, for too have his men ageine in perfect plyght.
Shee sprincled us with better jewce of uncowth herbes, and strake
The awk end of her charmed rod uppon our heades, and spake
Woordes too the former contrarie. The more shee charmd, the more
Arose wee upward from the ground on which wee daarde before.
Our bristles fell away, the clift our cloven clees forsooke:
Our shoulders did returne agein: and next our elbowes tooke
Our armes and handes theyr former place. Then weeping we embrace

Our Lord, and hing about his necke whoo also wept apace.
And not a woord wee rather spake than such as myght appeere
From harts most thankfull too proceede. We taryed there a yeere.
I in that whyle sawe many things, and many things did heere.
I marked also this one thing with store of other geere
Which one of *Circes* fowre cheef maydes (whoose office was alway
Uppon such hallowes too attend) did secretly bewray
Too mee. For in the whyle my Lord with *Circe* kept alone,
This mayd a yoongmannes image sheawd of fayre whyght marble stone
Within a Chauncell. On the head therof were garlonds store
And eeke a woodspecke. And as I demaunded her wherfore
And whoo it was they honord so in holy Church, and why
He bare that bird uppon his head: Shee answeering by and by,
Sayd: lerne hereby sir *Macare* too understand the powre
My Lady hathe, and marke thou well what I shall say this howre.
There reignd erewhyle in *Italy* one *Picus Saturnes* sonne
Whoo loved warlike horse and had delyght too see them ronne.
He was of feature as yee see. And by this image heere
The verry beawtye of the man dooth lyvelely appeere.
His courage matcht his personage. And scarcely had he well
Seene twentye yeeres. His countnance did allure the nymphes that dwell
Among the *Latian* hilles. The nymphes of fountaines and of brookes,
* *Now called Tyber.* As those that haunted * *Albula* were ravisht with his lookes,
And so were they that *Numicke* beares, and *Anio* too, and *Alme*
That ronneth short, and heady *Nar*, and *Farfar* coole and calme.
And all the nymphes that usde too haunt *Dianas* shadye poole,
Or any lakes or meeres neere hand, or other waters coole.
But he disdeyning all the rest did set his love uppon
A lady whom *Venilia* bare (so fame reporteth) on
The stately mountayne *Palatine* by *Janus* that dooth beare
The dowble face. Assoone as that her yeeres for maryage were
Thought able, shee preferring him before all other men,
Was wedded too this *Picus* whoo was king of *Lawrents* then.
Shee was in beawtye excellent, but yit in singing, much
More excellent: and theruppon they naamd her Singer. Such
The sweetenesse of her musicke was, that shee therwith delyghts
The savage beastes, and caused birdes too cease theyr wandring flyghts,
And moved stones and trees, and made the ronning streames too stay.
Now whyle that shee in womans tune recordes her pleasant lay
At home, her husband rode abrode uppon a lustye horse
Too hunt the Boare, and bare in hand twoo hunting staves of force.
His cloke was crymzen butned with a golden button fast.
Intoo the selfsame forest eeke was *Phebus* daughter past
From those same feeldes that of herself the name of *Circe* beare,
Too gather uncowth herbes among the frutefull hillocks there.
Assoone as lurking in the shrubbes shee did the king espye,
Shee was astrawght. Downe fell her herbes too ground. And by and by
Through all her bones the flame of love the maree gan too frye.
And when shee from this forced heate had cald her witts agen,
Shee purposde too bewray her mynd. But untoo him as then
Shee could not come for swiftnesse of his horse and for his men

That garded him on every syde. Yit shalt thou not (quoth shee)
So shift thee fro my handes although the wynd should carrye thee,
If I doo knowe myself, if all the strength of herbes fayle not,
Or if I have not quyght and cleene my charmes and spelles forgotte.
In saying theis same woordes, shee made the likenesse of a Boare
Without a body, causing it too swiftly passe before
King *Picus* eyes, and for too seeme too get him too the woode,
Where for the thickenesse of the trees a horse myght doo no good.
Immediatly the king unwares a whote pursute did make
Uppon the shadowe of his pray, and quikly did forsake
His foming horses sweating backe: and following vayne wan hope,
Did runne a foote among the woodes, and through the bushes crope.
Then *Circe* fell a mumbling spelles, and praying like a witch
Did honour straunge and uncowth Goddes with uncowth charmes, by which
Shee usde too make the moone looke dark, and wrappe her fathers head
In watry clowdes. And then likewyse the heaven was overspred
With darknesse, and a foggye mist steamd upward from the ground,
And neare a man about the king too gard him could bee found,
But every man in blynd by wayes ran scattring in the chace,
Through her inchauntments. At the length shee getting tyme and place
Sayd: By those lyghtsum eyes of thyne which late have ravisht myne,
And by that goodly personage and lovely face of thyne,
The which compelleth mee that am a Goddesse too enclyne
Too make this humble sute too thee that art a mortall wyght,
Asswage my flame, and make this sonne (whoo by his heavenly syght
Foresees all things) thy fathrinlawe: and hardly hold not scorne
Of *Circe* whoo by long discent of *Titans* stocke am borne.
Thus much sayd *Circe*. He ryght feerce rejecting her request,
And her, sayd: whooso ere thou art go set thy hart at rest.
I am not thyne, nor will not bee. Another holdes my hart:
And long God graunt shee may it hold, that I may never start
Too leawdnesse of a forreine lust from bond of lawfull bed,
As long as *Janus* daughter my sweete singer is not dead.
Dame *Circe* having oft renewd her sute in vayne beefore,
Sayd: dearely shalt thou by thy scorne. For never shalt thou more
Returne too Singer. Thou shalt lerne by proof what one can doo
That is provoked, and in love, yea and a woman too.
But *Circe* is bothe stird too wrath, and also tane in love,
Yea and a woman. Twyce her face too westward she did move,
And twyce too Eastward. Thryce shee layd her rod uppon his head,
And therwithall three charmes shee cast. Away king *Picus* fled:
And woondring that he fled more swift than earst he had been woont,
He saw the fethers on his skin, and at the sodein brunt
Became a bird that haunts the wooddes: wherat he taking spyght,
With angrye bill did job uppon hard Okes with all his myght,
And in his moode made hollowe holes uppon theyr boughes. The hew
Of Crimzen which was in his cloke, uppon his fethers grew.
The gold that was a clasp and did his cloke toogither hold,
Is fethers, and about his necke goes circlewyse like gold.
His servants luring in that whyle oft over all the ground
In vayne, and fynding no where of theyr kyng no incling, found

Dame *Circe*. (For by that tyme shee had made the ayĕr sheere,
And suffred both the sonne and wyndes the mistye streames too cleere)
And charging her with matter trew, demaunded for theyr kyng,
And offring force, began theyr darts and Javelings for too fling.
Shee sprincling noysom venim streyght and jewce of poysoning myght,
Did call toogither *Eribus* and *Chaos*, and the nyght,
And all the feendes of darknesse, and with howling out along
Made prayers untoo *Hecate*. Scarce ended was her song,
But that (a woondrous thing too tell) the woodes lept from theyr place,
The ground did grone: the trees neere hand lookt pale in all the chace:
The grasse besprent with droppes of blood lookt red: the stones did seeme
Too roare and bellow hoarce: and doggs too howle and raze extreeme:
And all the ground too crawle with snakes blacke scaald: and gastly spryghts
Fly whisking up and downe. The folke were flayghted at theis syghts.
And as they woondring stood amaazd, shee strokte her witching wand
Uppon theyr faces. At the touche wherof, there out of hand
Came woondrous shapes of savage beastes uppon them all. Not one
Reteyned still his native shape. The setting sonne was gone
Beyond the utmost coast of *Spaine*, and Singer longd in vayne
Too see her husband. Bothe her folke and people ran agayne
Through all the woodes. And ever as they went, they sent theyr eyes
Before them for too fynd him out, but no man him espyes.
Then Singer thought it not ynough too weepe and teare her heare,
And beat herself (all which shee did). Shee gate abrode, and there
Raundgd over all the broade wyld feelds like one besyds her witts.
Six nyghts and full as many dayes (as fortune led by fitts)
She strayd mee over hilles and dales, and never tasted rest,
Nor meate, nor drink of all the whyle. The seventh day, sore opprest
And tyred bothe with travell and with sorrowe, downe shee sate
Uppon cold *Tybers* bank, and there with teares in moorning rate
Shee warbling on her greef in tune not shirle nor over hye,
Did make her moane, as dooth the swan: whoo ready for too dye
Dooth sing his buriall song before. Her maree molt at last
With moorning, and shee pynde away: and finally shee past
Too lither ayre. But yit her fame remayned in the place.
For why the auncient husbandmen according too the cace
Did name it Singer of the nymph that dyed in the same.
Of such as these are, many things that yeere by fortune came
Bothe too my heering and my sight. We wexing resty then
And sluggs by discontinuance, were commaunded yit agen
Too go a boord and hoyse up sayles. And *Circe* told us all
That long and dowtfull passage and rowgh seas should us befall.
I promis thee those woordes of hers mee throughly made afrayd,
And therfore hither I mee gat, and heere I have mee stayd.
This was the end of *Macars* tale. And ere long tyme was gone,
Aenæas Nurce was buryed in a tumb of marble stone,
And this short verse was set theron. In this same verry place
My Nurcechyld whom the world dooth know too bee a chyld of grace,
Delivering mee *Caieta* quicke from burning by the *Grayes*,
Hathe burnt mee dead with such a fyre as justly winnes him prayse.
Theyr Cables from the grassye strond were loozde, and by and by

From *Circes* slaunderous house and from her treasons farre they fly.
And making too the thickgrowen groves where through the yellow dust
The shady *Tyber* intoo sea his gusshing streame dooth thrust,
Aenæas got the Realme of king *Latinus Fawnus* sonne
And eeke his daughter, whom in feyght by force of armes he wonne.
He enterprysed warre ageinst a Nation feerce and strong,
And *Turne* was wrothe for holding of his wyfe away by wrong.
Ageinst the Shyre of *Latium* met all *Tyrrhene*, and long
With busye care hawlt victorie by force of armes was sought.
Eche partie too augment theyr force by forreine succour wrought.
And many sent the *Rutills* help, and many came too ayd
The Trojanes: neyther was the good *Aenæas* ill apayd
Of going too *Evanders* towne. But *Venulus* in vayne
Too outcast *Diomeds* citie went his succour too obteine.
This *Diomed* under *Dawnus* king of *Calabrye* did found
A myghtye towne, and with his wyfe in dowrye hild the ground.
Now when from *Turnus*, *Venulus* his message had declaard,
Desyring help: Th'*Aetolian* knyght sayd none could well bee spaard.
And in excuce, he told him how he neyther durst be bold
Too prest his fathers folke too warre, of whom he had no hold,
Nor any of his countrymen had left as then alyve
Too arme: And least yee think (quoth hee) I doo a shift contryve,
Although by uppening of the thing my bitter greef revyve,
I will abyde too make a new rehersall. After that
The Greekes had burned *Troy* and on the ground had layd it flat,
And that the Prince of *Narix* by his ravishing the mayd
In *Pallas* temple, on us all the pennance had displayd
Which he himself deservd alone: Then scattred heere and there
And harryed over all the seas, wee Greekes were fayne too beare
Nyght, thunder, tempest, wrath of heaven and sea, and last of all
Sore shipwrecke at mount *Capharey* too mend our harmes withall.
And least that mee too make too long a processe yee myght deeme
In setting forth our heavy happes, the Greekes myght that tyme seeme
Ryght rewfull even too *Priamus*. Howbeet *Minerva* shee
That weareth armour tooke mee from the waves and saved mee.
But from my fathers Realme ageine by violence I was driven.
For *Venus* bearing still in mynd the wound I had her given
Long tyme before, did woork revendge. By meanes wherof such toyle
Did tosse mee on the sea, and on the land I found such broyle
By warres, that in my hart I thought them blist of God whom erst
The violence of the raging sea and hideous wynds had perst,
And whom the wrathfull *Capharey* by shipwrecke did confound:
Oft wisshing also I had there among the rest beene drownd,
My company now having felt the woorst that sea or warre
Could woorke, did faynt, and wisht an end of straying out so farre.
But *Agmon* whot of nature and too feerce through slaughters made,
Sayd: What remayneth sirs through which our pacience cannot wade?
What further spyght hath *Venus* yit too woork ageinst us more?
When woorse misfortunes may bee feard than have beene felt before,
Then prayer may advauntadge men, and vowwing may them boote.
But when the woorst is past of things, then feare is under foote.

And when that bale is hyghest growne, then boote must next ensew.
Although shee heere mee, and doo hate us all (which thing is trew)
That serve heere under *Diomed:* Yit set wee lyght her hate.
And deerely it should stand us on too purchase hygh estate.
With such stowt woordes did *Agmon* stirre dame *Venus* untoo ire,
And raysd ageine her settled grudge. Not many had desyre
Too heere him talk thus out of square. The moste of us that are
His freendes rebukte him for his woordes. And as he did prepare
Too answere, both his voyce and throte by which his voyce should go,
Were small: his heare too feathers turnd: his necke was clad as tho
With feathers; so was brist and backe. The greater fethers stacke
Uppon his armes, and intoo wings his elbowes bowwed backe.
The greatest portion of his feete was turned intoo toes:
A hardened bill of horne did growe uppon his mouth and noze,
And sharpened at the neather end. His fellowes *Lycus*, *Ide*,
Rethenor, *Nyct*, and *Abas* all stoode woondring by his syde.
And as they woondred, they receyvd the selfsame shape and hew,
And finally the greater part of all my band up flew,
And clapping with theyr newmade wings, about the ores did gird.
And if yee doo demaund the shape of this same dowtfull bird,
Even as they bee not verry Swannes, so drawe they verry neere
The shape of Cygnets whyght. With much a doo I settled heere,
And with a little remnant of my people doo obteyne
The drygrownds of my fathrinlaw King *Dawnus* whoo did reigne
In *Calabry*. Thus much the sonne of *Oenye* sayd. Anon
Sir *Venulus* returning from the king of *Calydon*,
Forsooke the coast of *Puteoll* and the feeldes of *Messapie*,
In which hee saw a darksome denne forgrowne with busshes hye,
And watred with a little spring. The halfegoate *Pan* that howre
Possessed it: but heertoofore it was the fayryes bowre.
A shepeherd of *Appulia* from that countrye scaard them furst:
But afterward recovering hart and hardynesse, they durst
Despyse him when he chaced them, and with theyr nimble feete
Continewed on their dawncing still in tyme and measure meete.
The shepeherd fownd mee fault with them: and with his lowtlike leapes
Did counterfette theyr minyon dawnce, and rapped out by heapes
A rabble of unsavery taunts even like a country cloyne,
Too which, most leawd and filthy termes of purpose he did joyne.
And after he had once begon, he could not hold his toong,
Untill that in the timber of a tree his throte was cloong.
For now he is a tree, and by his jewce discerne yee may
His manners. For the Olyf wyld dooth sensibly bewray
By berryes full of bitternesse his rayling toong. For ay
The harshnesse of his bitter woordes the berryes beare away.
Now when the Kings Ambassadour returned home without
The succour of th'*Aetolian* prince, the *Rutills* being stout
Made luckelesse warre without their help, and much on eyther syde
Was shed of blood. Behold king *Turne* made burning bronds too glyde
Uppon theyr shippes, and they that had escaped water, stoode
In feare of fyre. The flame had sindgd the pitch, the wax, and wood,
And other things that nourish fyre, and ronning up the maste

The Elk.

Caught hold uppon the sayles, and all the takling gan too waste.
The Rowers seates did also smoke: when calling too her mynd
That theis same shippes were pynetrees erst and shaken with the wynd
On *Ida* mount, the moother of the Goddes dame *Cybel* filld
The ayre with sound of belles, and noyse of shalmes. And as shee hilld
The reynes that rulde the Lyons tame which drew her charyot, Shee
Sayd thus: O *Turnus* all in vayne theis wicked hands of thee
Doo cast this fyre: for by myself dispoynted it shall bee.
I wilnot let the wasting fyre consume theis shippes which are
A parcell of my forest *Ide* of which I am most chare.
It thundred as the Goddesse spake, and with the thunder came
A storme of rayne and skipping hayle, and soodeyne with the same
The sonnes of *Astrey* meeting feerce and feyghting verry sore,
Did trouble bothe the sea and ayre and set them on a rore.
Dame *Cybel* using one of them too serve her turne that tyde,
Did breake the Cables at the which the Trojane shippes did ryde,
And bare them prone, and underneathe the water did them dryve.
The Timber of them softning turnd too bodyes streyght alyve:
The stemmes were turnd too heades, the ores too swimming feete and toes,
The sydes too rybbes, the keele that through the middle gally goes
Became the ridgebone of the backe: the sayles and tackling, heare:
And intoo armes on eyther syde the sayleyards turned were.
Theyr hew is duskye as before, and now in shape of mayd
They play among the waves of which even now they were afrayd.
And beeing Seanymphes, wheras they were bred in mountaynes hard,
They haunt for ay the water soft, and never afterward
Had mynd too see theyr natyve soyle. But yit forgetting not
How many perills they had felt on sea by lucklesse lot,
They often put theyr helping hand too shippes distrest by wynd,
Onlesse that any caryed Greekes. For bearing still in mynd
The burning of the towne of *Troy*, they hate the Greekes by kynd.
And therfore of *Ulysses* shippes ryght glad they were too see
The shivers, and as glad they were as any glad myght bee,
Too see *Alcinous* shippes wex hard and turned intoo stone.
Theis shippes thus having gotten lyfe and beeing turnd eche one
Too nymphes, a body would have thought the miracle so greate
Should intoo *Turnus* wicked hart sum godly feare have beate,
And made him cease his wilfull warre. But he did still persist.
And eyther partye had theyr Goddes theyr quarrell too assist,
And courage also: which as good as Goddes myght well be thought.
In fyne they neyther for the Realme nor for the scepter sought,
Nor for the Lady *Lavine*, but for conquest. And for shame
Too seeme too shrinke in leaving warre, they still prolongd the same.
At length dame *Venus* sawe her sonne obteyne the upper hand.
King *Turnus* fell, and eeke the towne of *Ardea* which did stand
Ryght strong in hygh estate as long as *Turnus* lived. But
Assoone as that *Aeneas* swoord too death had *Turnus* put,
The towne was set on fyre, and from amid the embers flew
A fowle which till that present tyme no persone ever knew,
And beete the ashes feercely up with flapping of his wing.
The leanenesse, palenesse, dolefull sound, and every other thing

That may expresse a Citie sakt, yea and the Cities name
Remayned still untoo the bird. And now the verrye same
With Hernesewes fethers dooth bewayle the towne wherof it came.
And now *Aeneas* prowesse had compelled all the Goddes
And *Juno* also (whoo with him was most of all at oddes)
Too cease theyr old displeasure quyght. And now he having layd
Good ground wheron the growing welth of *July* myght be stayd,
Was rype for heaven. And *Venus* had great sute already made
Too all the Goddes, and cleeping *Jove* did thus with him perswade:
Deere father whoo hast never beene uncurtuous untoo mee,
Now shewe the greatest courtesie (I pray thee) that may bee.
And on my sonne *Aeneas* (whoo a graundchyld untoo thee
Hath got of my bloode) if thou wilt vouchsafe him awght at all
Vouchsafe sum Godhead too bestowe, although it bee but small.
It is ynough that once he hathe alreadye seene the Realme
Of *Pluto* utter pleasurelesse, and passed *Styxis* streame.
The Goddes assented: neyther did Queene *Juno* then appeere
In countnance straunge, but did consent with glad and merry cheere.
Then *Jove: Aeneas* woorthy is a saynct in heaven too bee.
Thy wish for whom thou doost it wish I graunt thee frank and free.
This graunt of his made *Venus* glad. Shee thankt him for the same.
And glyding through the aire uppon her yoked doves, shee came
Too *Lawrent* shore, where clad with reede the river *Numicke* deepe
Too seaward (which is neere at hand) with stealing pace dooth creepe.
Shee bade this river wash away whatever mortall were
In good *Aeneas* bodye, and them under sea too beare.
The horned brooke fulfilld her hest, and with his water sheere
Did purge and clenze *Aeneas* from his mortall bodye cleere.
The better porcion of him did remayne untoo him sownd.
His moother having hallowed him did noynt his bodye rownd
With heavenly odours, and did touch his mouth with Ambrosie,
The which was mixt with Nectar sweete, and made him by and by
A God too whom the Romanes give the name of *Indiges*,
Endevering with theyr temples and theyr altars him too please.
Ascanius with the dowble name from thence began too reigne,
In whom the rule of *Alba* and of *Latium* did remayne.
Next him succeeded *Silvius*, whoose sonne *Latinus* hild
The auncient name and scepter which his graundsyre erst did weeld.
The famous *Epit* after this *Latinus* did succeede,
Then *Capys* and king *Capetus*. But *Capys* was indeede
The formest of the twoo. From this the scepter of the Realme
Descended untoo *Tyberine*, whoo drowning in the streame
Of *Tyber* left that name theretoo. This *Tyberine* begat
Feerce *Remulus* and *Acrota*. By chaunce it hapned that
The elder brother *Remulus* for counterfetting oft
The thunder, with a thunderbolt was killed from aloft.
From *Acrota*, whose stayednesse did passe his brothers skill,
The crowne did comme too *Aventine*, whoo in the selfsame hill
In which he reygned buryed lyes, and left thertoo his name.
The rule of nation *Palatine* at length too *Proca* came.

In this kings reigne * *Pomona* livd. There was not too bee found
Among the woodnymphes any one in all the *Latian* ground
That was so conning for too keepe an Ortyard as was shee,
Nor none so paynefull too preserve the frute of every tree.
And theruppon shee had her name. Shee past not for the woodes
Nor rivers, but the villages and boughes that bare both buddes
And plentuous frute. In sted of dart a shredding hooke shee bare,
With which the overlusty boughes shee eft away did pare
That spreaded out too farre, and eft did make therwith a rift
Too greffe another imp uppon the stocke within the clift.
And least her trees should die through drought, with water of the springs
Shee moysteth of theyr sucking roots the little crumpled strings.
This was her love and whole delyght. And as for *Venus* deedes
Shee had no mynd at all of them. And forbycause shee dreedes
Enforcement by the countrye folke, shee walld her yards about,
Not suffring any man at all too enter in or out.
What have not those same nimble laddes so apt too frisk and daunce
The *Satyrs* doone? or what the *Pannes* that wantonly doo praunce
With horned forheads? and the old *Silenus* whoo is ay
More youthfull than his yeares? and eeke the feend that scares away
The theeves and robbers with his hooke, or with his privy part,
To winne her love? But yit than theis a farre more constant hart
Had sly * *Vertumnus*, though he sped no better than the rest.
O Lord, how often being in a moawers garment drest,
Bare he in bundells sheaves of corne? and when he so was dyght,
He was the verry patterne of a harvest moawer ryght.
Oft bynding newmade hay about his temples he myght seeme
A haymaker. Oft tymes in hand made hard with woork extreeme
He bare a goade, that men would sweere he had but newly then
Unyoakt his weerye Oxen. Had he tane in hand agen
A shredding hooke, yee would have thought hee had a gardener beene,
Or proyner of sum vynes. Or had you him with ladder seene
Uppon his necke, a gatherer of frute yee would him deeme:
With swoord a souldier, with his rod an Angler he did seeme.
And finally in many shapes he sought too fynd accesse
Too joy the beawty but by syght, that did his hart oppresse.
Moreover, putting on his head a womans wimple gay,
And staying by a staffe, graye heares he foorth too syght did lay
Uppon his forehead, and did feyne a beldame for too bee.
By meanes whereof he came within her goodly ortyards free:
And woondring at the frute, sayd: Much more skill hast thou I see
Than all the Nymphes of *Albula*. Hayle Lady myne, the flowre
Unspotted of pure maydenhod in all the world this howre.
And with that word he kissed her a little: but his kisse
Was such as trew old women would have never given ywys.
Then sitting downe uppon a bank, he looked upward at
The braunches bent with harvests weyght. Ageinst him where he sat
A goodly Elme with glistring grapes did growe: which after hee
Had praysed, and the vyne likewyse that ran uppon the tree:
But if (quoth he) this Elme without the vyne did single stand,
It should have nothing (saving leaves) too bee desyred: and

* *It may be interpreted Applebee.*

* *Turner.*

Ageine if that the vyne which ronnes uppon the Elme had nat
The tree too leane untoo, it should uppon the ground ly flat.
Yit art not thou admonisht by example of this tree
Too take a husband, neyther doost thou passe too maryed bee.
But would too God thou wouldest. Sure Queene *Helen* never had
Mo suters, nor the Lady that did cause the battell mad
Betweene the halfbrute *Centawres* and the *Lapythes*, nor the wyfe
Of bold *Ulysses* whoo was eeke ay fearefull of his lyfe,
Than thou shouldst have. For thousands now (even now most cheefly when
Thou seemest suters too abhorre) desyre thee, both of men,
And Goddes and halfgoddes, yea and all the fayryes that doo dwell
In *Albane* hilles. But if thou wilt bee wyse, and myndest well
Too match thy self, and wilt give eare too this old woman heere,
(Too whom thou more than too them all art (trust mee) leef and deere,
And more than thou thyself beleevst) the common matches flee,
And choose *Vertumnus* too thy make. And take thou mee too bee
His pledge. For more he too himself not knowen is, than too mee.
He roves not like a ronneagate through all the world abrode,
This countrye heerabout (the which is large) is his abode.
He dooth not (like a nomber of theis common wooers) cast
His love to every one he sees. Thou art the first and last
That ever he set mynd uppon. Alonly untoo thee
Hee vowes himself as long as lyfe dooth last. Moreover hee
Is youthfull, and with beawtye sheene endewd by natures gift,
And aptly intoo any shape his persone he can shift.
Thou canst not bid him bee the thing, (though all things thou shouldst name)
But that he fitly and with ease will streyght becomme the same.
Besydes all this, in all one thing bothe twayne of you delyght,
And of the frutes that you love best the firstlings are his ryght:
And gladly he receyves thy gifts. But neyther covets hee
Thy Apples, Plommes, nor other frutes new gathered from the tree,
Nor yit the herbes of pleasant sent that in thy gardynes bee,
Nor any other kynd of thing in all the world, but thee.
Have mercy on his fervent love, and think himself too crave
Heere present by the mouth of mee, the thing that he would have.
And feare the God that may revenge: as *Venus* whoo dooth hate
Hard harted folkes, and *Rhamnuse* whoo dooth eyther soone or late
Expresse her wrath with myndfull wreake. And too thentent thou may
The more beware, of many things which tyme by long delay
Hathe taught mee, I will shewe thee one which over all the land
Of *Cyprus* blazed is abrode, which being ryghtly skand
May easly bow thy hardned hart and make it for too yild.
One *Iphis* borne of lowe degree by fortune had behild
The Ladye *Anaxarete* descended of the race
Of *Tewcer*, and in vewwing her the fyre of love a pace
Did spred it self through all his bones. With which he stryving long,
When reason could not conquer rage bycause it was too strong,
Came humbly too the Ladyes house: and one whyle laying ope
His wretched love before her nurce, besought her by the hope
Of Lady *Anaxarete* her nurcechylds good successe
Shee would not bee ageinst him in that cace of his distresse.

Anoother whyle entreating fayre sum freend of hers, he prayd
Him earnestly with carefull voyce, of furthrance and of ayd.
Oftymes he did preferre his sute by gentle letters sent.
Oft garlonds moysted with the deawe of teares that from him went
He hanged on her postes. Oft tymes his tender sydes he layd
Ageinst the threshold hard, and oft in sadnesse did upbrayd
The locke with much ungentlenesse. The Lady crueller
Than are the rysing narrowe seas, or falling kiddes, and farre
More hard than steele of *Noricum*, and than the stonny rocke
That in the quarrye hath his roote, did him despyse and mocke.
Besyde her dooings mercylesse, of statelynesse and spyght
Shee adding prowd and skornefull woordes, defrauds the wretched wyght
Of verry hope. But *Iphis* now unable any more
Too beare the torment of his greef, still standing there before
Her gate, spake theis his latest woordes: well *Anaxarete*,
Thou hast the upper hand. Hencefoorth thou shalt not neede too bee
Agreeved any more with mee. Go tryumph hardely:
Go vaunt thy self with joy: go sing the song of victorye:
Go put a crowne of glittring bay uppon thy cruell head.
For why thou hast the upper hand, and I am gladly dead.
Well, steely harted well: rejoyce. Compeld yit shalt thou bee
Of sumwhat in mee for too have a lyking. Thou shalt see
A poynt wherein thou mayst mee deeme most thankfull untoo thee,
And in the end thou shalt confesse the great desert of mee.
But yit remember that as long as lyfe in mee dooth last,
The care of thee shall never from this hart of myne be cast.
For bothe the lyfe that I doo live in hope of thee, and toother
Which nature giveth, shall have end and passe away toogither.
The tydings neyther of my death shall come too thee bee fame.
Myself (I doo assure thee) will bee bringer of the same.
My self (I say) will present bee, that those same cruell eyen
Of thyne may feede themselves uppon this livelesse corce of myne.
But yit O Goddes, (if you behold mennes deedes) remember mee.
(My toong will serve too pray no more) and cause that I may bee
Longtyme heerafter spoken of, and length the lyfe by fame
The which yee have abridgd in yeeres. In saying of this same
He lifted up his watrye eyes and armes that wexed wan,
Too those same stulpes which oft he had with garlondes deckt ere than,
And fastning on the toppe therof a halter thus did say:
Thou cruell and ungodly wyght, theis are the wreathes that may
Most pleasure thee. And with that woord he thrusting in his head,
Even then did turne him towards her as good as being dead,
And wretchedly did totter on the poste with strangled throte.
The wicket which his feerefull feete in sprawling maynely smote,
Did make a noyse: and flying ope bewrayd his dooing playne.
The servants shreekt, and lifting up his bodye, but in vayne,
Conveyd him too his moothers house: his father erst was slayne.
His moother layd him in her lappe, and cleeping in her armes
Her sonnes cold bodye, after that shee had bewayld her harmes
With woordes and dooings mootherlyke, the corce with moorning cheere
Too buryall sadly through the towne was borne uppon a beere.

The house of *Anaxarete* by chaunce was neere the way
By which this piteous pomp did passe, and of the doolefull lay
The sound came too the eares of her, whom God alreadye gan
Too strike. Yit let us see (quoth shee) the buryall of this man.
And up the hygh wyde windowde house in saying so, shee ran.
Scarce had shee well on *Iphis* lookt that on the beere did lye,
But that her eyes wext stark, and from her limbes the blood gan flye:
In stead therof came palenesse in. And as shee backeward was
In mynd too go, her feete stacke fast and could not stirre. And as
Shee would have cast her countnance backe, shee could not doo it. And
The stonny hardnesse which a late did in her stomacke stand,
Within a whyle did overgrow her whole from sole too crowne.
And least you think this geere surmysde, even yit in *Salamin* towne
Of Lady *Anaxarete* the image standeth playne.
The temple also in the which the image dooth remayne,
Is untoo *Venus* consecrate by name of looker out.
And therfore weying well theis things, I prey thee looke about
Good Lady, and away with pryde, and be content too frame
Thy self too him that loveth thee and cannot quench his flame.
So neyther may the Lentons cold thy budding frutetrees kill,
Nor yit the sharp and boystous wyndes thy flowring Gardynes spill.
The God that can uppon him take what kynd of shape he list
Now having sayd thus much in vayne, omitted too persist
In beldames shape, and shewde himself a lusty gentleman,
Appeering too her cheerefully, even like as *Phœbus* whan
Hee having overcomme the clowdes that did withstand his myght,
Dooth blaze his brightsum beames agein with fuller heate and lyght.
He offred force, but now no force was needfull in the cace.
For why shee beeing caught in love with beawty of his face,
Was wounded then as well as hee, and gan too yeeld a pace.
Next *Proca* reignd *Amulius* in *Awsonye* by wrong.
Till *Numitor* the ryghtful heyre deposed verry long,
Was by his daughters sonnes restorde. And on the feastfull day
Of *Pale*, foundation of the walles of *Rome* they gan too lay,
Soone after *Tacye*, and the Lordes of *Sabine* stird debate:
And *Tarpey* for her traytrous deede in opening of the gate
Of *Tarpey* towre, was prest too death according too desert
With armour heapt uppon her head. Then feerce and stowt of hart
The Sabines like too toonglesse woolves without all noyse of talke
Assayld the Romanes in theyr sleepe, and too the gates gan stalke
Which *Ilias* sonne had closed fast with lockes and barres. But yit
Dame *Juno* had set open one, and as shee opened it
Had made no noyse of craking with the hindges, so that none
Perceyvd the opening of the gate but *Venus* allalone.
And shee had shet it up, but that it is not lawfull too
One God too undoo any thing another God hath doo.
The waternymphes of *Awsonie* hild all the groundes about
The Church of *Janus* where was store of springs fresh flowing out.
Dame *Venus* prayd theis nymphes of help. And they considering that
The Goddesse did request no more but ryght, denyde it nat.
They opened all theyr fountayne veynes and made them flowe apace.

Howbeet the passage was not yit too *Janus* open face
Forclosed: neyther had as yit the water stopt the way.
They put rank brimstone underneathe the flowing spring that day,
And eeke with smokye rozen set theyr veynes on fyre for ay.
Through force of theis and other things, the vapour perced lowe
Even downe unto the verry rootes on which the springs did growe,
So that the waters which a late in coldnesse myght compare
Even with the frozen *Alpes*, now whot as burning furnace are.
The twoo gate posts with sprinkling of the fyry water smoakt,
Wherby the gate beehyghted too the Sabines quyght was choakt
With rysing of this fountaine straunge, untill that *Marsis* knyght
Had armed him. Then *Romulus* did boldly offer fyght.
The Romane ground with Sabines and with Romanes bothe were spred,
And with the blood of fathrinlawes which wicked swoord had shed,
Flowde mixt the blood of sonneinlawes. Howbeet it seemed best
Too bothe the partyes at the length from battell for too rest,
And not too fyght too uttrance: And that *Tacye* should becoome
Copartner with king *Romulus* of sovereintye in *Roome*.
Within a whyle king *Tacye* dyde: And bothe the Sabines and
The Romanes under *Romulus* in equall ryght did stand.
The God of battell putting of his glittring helmet then,
With such like woordes as theis bespake the syre of Goddes and men.
    The tyme O father (in as much as now the Romane state
    Is wexen strong uppon the good foundation layd alate,
Depending on the stay of one) is comme for thee too make
Thy promis good which thou of mee and of thy graundchyld spake:
Which was too take him from the earth and in the heaven him stay.
Thou once (I markt thy gracious woordes and bare them well away)
Before a great assembly of the Goddes didst too mee say,
There shalbee one whom thou shalt rayse above the starry skye.
Now let thy saying take effect. *Jove* graunting by and by,
The ayre was hid with darksom clowdes, and thunder foorth did fly,
And lyghtning made the world agast. Which *Mars* perceyving too
Bee luckye tokens for himself his enterpryse too doo,
Did take his rist uppon his speare and boldly lept intoo
His bloodye charyot. And he lent his horses with his whippe
A yirking lash, and through the ayre full smoothely downe did slippe.
And staying on the woody toppe of mountayne *Palatine*,
He tooke away king *Romulus* whoo there did then defyne
The pryvate caces of his folk unseemly for a king.
And as a leaden pellet broade enforced from a sling,
Is woont too dye amid the skye: even so his mortall flesh
Sank from him downe the suttle ayre: In sted wherof a fresh
And goodly shape more stately and more meete for sacred shryne
Succeeded, like our *Quirin* that in stately robe dooth shyne.
    Hersilia for her feere as lost, of moorning made none end,
    Untill Queene *Juno* did commaund dame *Iris* too discend
Uppon the Raynebowe downe, and thus her message for too doo.
O of the Latian country and the Sabine nacion too
Thou peerlesse perle of womanhod, most woorthy for too bee
The wyfe of such a noble prince as heertoofore was hee,

And still too bee the wyfe of him canonized by name
Of *Quirin:* cease thy teares. And if thou have desyre the same
Thy holy husband for too see, ensew mee too the queache
That groweth greene on *Quirins* hill, whoose shadowes overreache
The temple of the Romane King. Dame *Iris* did obey:
And slyding by her paynted bowe, in former woordes did say
Her errand too *Hersilia*. Shee scarce lifting up her eyes,
With sober countnance answerd: O thou Goddesse (for surmyse
I cannot whoo thou art, but yit I well may understand
Thou art a Goddesse) leede mee O deere Goddesse leede mee, and
My husband too mee shewe. Whom if the fatall susters three
Will of theyr gracious goodnesse graunt mee leave but once too see,
I shall account mee intoo heaven receyved for too bee.
Immediatly with *Thawmants* imp too *Quirins* hill shee went.
There glyding from the sky a starre streyght downe too ground was sent,
The sparkes of whoose bryght blazing beames did burne *Hersilias* heare.
And with the starre the ayre did up her heare too heavenward beare.
The buylder of the towne of *Roome* receyving streyght the same
Betweene his old acquaynted handes, did alter both her name
And eeke her bodye, calling her dame *Ora*. And by this
Shee joyntly with her husband for a Goddesse woorshipt is.

Finis Libri decimi quarti.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE

of Ovids Metamorphosis.

PERSONE in the whyle was sought sufficient too susteine
The burthen of so great a charge, and woorthy for too reigne
In stead of such a mighty prince. The noble *Numa* by fame
(Whoo harped then uppon the truthe before too passe it came)
Appoynted too the Empyre was. This *Numa* thought it not
Inough that he the knowledge of the Sabine rites had got:
The deepenesse of the noble wit too greater things was bent,
Too serch of things the natures out. The care of this intent
Did cause that he from *Curie* and his native Countrye went
With peynfull travell, too the towne where *Hercules* did hoste,
And asking who it was of *Greece* that in th'*Italian* coast
Had buylt that towne, an aged man well seene in storyes old,
Too satisfye his mynd therin the processe thus him told.
As *Hercules* enriched with the Spannish kyne did hold
His voyage from the *Ocean* sea, men say with lucky cut
He came a land on *Lacine* coast. And whyle he there did put
His beace too grazing, he himself in *Crotons* house did rest,
The greatest man in all those parts and untoo straungers best:
And that he there refresht him of his tedious travell, and
That when he should depart, he sayd: where now thy house dooth stand,
Shall in thy childers childrens tyme a Citie buylded bee,
Which woordes of his have proved trew as playnly now wee see.
For why there was one *Myscelus* a *Greeke*, *Alemons* sonne,
A persone more in favour of the Goddes than any one
* *Hercules.* In those dayes was. The * God that beares the boystous club did stay
Uppon him being fast a sleepe, and sayd: go seeke streyght way
The stonny streame of *Aeserie*. Thy native soyle for ay
Forsake. And sore he threatned him onlesse he did obey.
The God and sleepe departed both toogither. Up did ryse
Alemons sonne, and in himself did secretly devyse
Uppon this vision. Long his mynd strove dowtfull too and fro.
The God bad go. His country lawes did say he should not go,
And death was made the penaltie for him that would doo so.
Cleere *Titan* in the *Ocean* sea had hid his lyghtsomme head,
And duskye nyght had put up hers most thick with starres bespred.
The selfsame God by *Myscelus* did seeme too stand eftsoone,
Commaunding him the selfsame thing that he before had doone,
And threatning mo and greater plages onlesse he did obey,
Then being stricken sore in feare he went about streyghtway
His household from his natyve lond too forreine too convey.
A rumor heereuppon did ryse through all the towne of *Arge*,
And disobedience of the lawe was layēd too his charge.
Assoone as that the cace had first beene pleaded and the deede
Apparantly perceyved, so that witnesse did not neede,
Arreyned and forlorne too heaven he cast his handes and eyes,
And sayd: O God whoose labours twelve have purchaste thee the skyes,

Assist mee I the pray. For thou art author of my cryme.
When judgement should bee given it was the guyse in auncient tyme
With whyght stones too acquit the cleere, and eeke with blacke too cast
The giltye. That tyme also so the heavy sentence past.
The stones were cast unmercifull all blacke intoo the pot.
But when the stones were powred out too number, there was not
A blacke among them. All were whyght. And so through *Hercles* powre
A gentle judgement did proceede, and he was quit that howre.
Then gave he thankes too *Hercules*, and having prosprous blast,
Cut over the *Iõnian* sea, and so by *Tarent* past
Which Spartanes buylt, and *Cybaris*, and *Neæth salentine*,
And *Thurine* bay, and *Emese*, and eeke the pastures fyne
Of *Calabrye*. And having scarce well sought the coastes that lye
Uppon the sea, he found the mouth of fatall *Aeserye*.
Not farre from thence, he also found the tumb in which the ground
Did kiver *Crotons* holy bones, and in that place did found
The Citie that was willed him, and gave theretoo the name
Of him that there lay buryed. Such originall as this same
This Citie in th'*Italian* coast is sayd too have by fame.
Heere dwelt a man of *Samos* Ile, who for the hate he had
Too Lordlynesse and Tyranny, though unconstreynd was glad
Too make himself a bannisht man. And though this persone weere
Farre distant from the Goddes by site of heaven: yit came he neere
Too them in mynd. And he by syght of soule and reason cleere
Behild the things which nature dooth too fleshly eyes denye.
And when with care most vigilant he had assuredly
Imprinted all things in his hart, he set them openly
Abroade for other folk too lerne. He taught his silent sort
(Which woondred at the heavenly woordes theyr mayster did report)
The first foundation of the world: the cause of every thing:
What nature was: and what was God: whence snow and lyghtning spring:
And whither *Jove* or else the wynds in breaking clowdes doo thunder:
What shakes the earth: what law the starres doo keepe theyr courses under:
And what soever other thing is hid from common sence.
He also is the first that did injoyne an abstinence
Too feede of any lyving thing. He also first of all
Spake thus, although ryght lernedly, yit too effect but small:
Yee mortall men forbeare too frank your flesh with wicked foode.
Yee have both corne and frutes of trees and grapes and herbes right good,
And though that sum bee harsh and hard, yit fyre may make them well
Both soft and sweete. Yee may have milk, and honny which dooth smell
Of flowres of tyme. The lavas earth dooth yeeld you plentiously
Most gentle foode, and riches too content bothe mynd and eye.
There needes no slaughter nor no blood too get your living by.
The beastes doo breake theyr fast with flesh: and yit not all beastes neyther,
For horses, sheepe, and Rotherbeastes too live by grasse had lever.
The nature of the beast that dooth delyght in bloody foode,
Is cruell and unmercifull. As Lyons feerce of moode,
Armenian Tigers, Beares, and Woolves. Oh what a wickednesse
It is to cram the mawe with mawe, and frank up flesh with flesh,
And for one living thing too live by killing of another:

As whoo should say, that of so great abundance which our moother
The earth dooth yeeld most bountuously, none other myght delyght
Thy cruell teethe too chawe uppon, than grisly woundes that myght
Expresse the *Cyclops* guyse: or else as if thou could not stawnche
The hunger of thy greedye gut and evill mannerd pawnche,
Onlesse thou stroyd sum other wyght. But that same auncient age
Which wee have naamd the golden world, cleene voyd of all such rage,
Livd blessedly by frute of trees and herbes that grow on ground,
And stayned not their mouthes with blood. Then birds might safe and sound
Fly where they listed in the ayre. The hare unscaard of hound
Went pricking over all the feeldes. No angling hooke with bayt
Did hang the seely fish that bote mistrusting no deceyt.
All things were voyd of guylefulnesse: no treason was in trust:
But all was freendshippe, love, and peace. But after that the lust
Of one (what God so ere he was) disdeyning former fare,
Too cram that cruell croppe of his with fleshmeate did not spare,
He made a way for wickednesse. And first of all the knyfe
Was staynd with blood of savage beastes in ridding them of lyfe.
And that had nothing beene amisse, if there had beene the stay.
For why wee graunt, without the breach of godlynesse wee may
By death confound the things that seeke too take our lyves away.
But as too kill them reason was: even so agein theyr was
No reason why too eate theyr flesh. This leawdnesse thence did passe
On further still. Wheras there was no sacrifyse beforne,
The Swyne (bycause with hoked groyne he wrooted up the corne,
And did deceyve the tillmen of theyr hope next yeere thereby)
Was deemed woorthy by desert in sacrifyse too dye.
The Goate for byghting vynes was slayne at *Bacchus* altar, whoo
Wreakes such misdeedes. Theyr owne offence was hurtful to theis twoo.
But what have you poore sheepe misdoone, a cattell meeke and meeld,
Created for too maynteine man, whoose fulsomme duggs doo yeeld
Sweete Nectar, whoo dooth clothe us with your wooll in soft aray,
Whoose lyfe dooth more us benefite than dooth your death farreway?
What trespasse have the Oxen doone, a beast without all guyle
Or craft, unhurtfull, simple, borne too labour every whyle?
In fayth he is unmyndfull and unwoorthy of increace
Of corne, that in his hart can fynd his tilman too releace
From plowgh, too cut his throte: that in his hart can fynde (I say)
Those neckes with hatchets of too strike, whoose skinne is worne away
With labring ay for him: whoo turnd so oft his land most tough,
Whoo brought so many harvestes home. Yit is it not ynough
That such a great outrageousenesse committed is. They father
Theyr wickednesse uppon the Goddes. And falsly they doo gather
That in the death of peynfull Ox the hyghest dooth delyght.
A sacrifyse unblemished and fayrest untoo syght,
(For beawtye woorketh them theyr bane) adornd with garlonds, and
With glittring gold, is cyted at the altar for too stand.
There heeres he woordes (he wotes not what) the which the preest dooth pray,
And on his forehead suffereth him betweene his hornes too lay
The eares of corne that he himself hath wrought for in the clay,
And stayneth with his blood the knyfe that he himself perchaunce

Hathe in the water sheere ere then behild by soodein glaunce.
Immediatly they haling out his hartstrings still alive,
And poring on them, seeke therein Goddes secrets too retryve.
Whence commes so greedy appetyte in men of wicked meate?
And dare yee O yee mortall men adventure thus too eate?
Nay doo not (I beseeche yee) so. But give good eare and heede
Too that that I shall warne you of, and trust it as your creede,
That whensoever you doo eate your Oxen, you devowre
Your husbandmen. And forasmuch as God this instant howre
Dooth move my toong too speake, I will obey his heavenly powre.
My God *Apollos* temple I will set you open, and
Disclose the woondrous heavens themselves, and make you understand
The Oracles and secrets of the Godly majestye.
Greate things, and such as wit of man could never yit espye,
And such as have beene hidden long, I purpose too descrye.
I mynd too leave the earth, and up among the starres too stye,
I mynd too leave this grosser place, and in the clowdes too flye,
And on stowt *Atlas* shoulders strong too rest my self on hye,
And looking downe from heaven on men that wander heere and there
In dreadfull feare of death as though they voyd of reason were,
Too give them exhortation thus, and playnely too unwynd
The whole discourse of destinie as nature hath assignd.
O men amaazd with dread of death, why feare yee *Limbo Styx*,
And other names of vanitie, which are but *Poets* tricks?
And perrills of another world, all false surmysed geere?
For whither fyre or length of tyme consume the bodyes heere,
Yee well may thinke that further harmes they cannot suffer more.
For soules are free from death. Howbeet, they leaving evermore
Theyr former dwellings, are receyvd and live ageine in new.
For I myself (ryght well in mynd I beare it too be trew)
Was in the tyme of Trojan warre *Euphorbus*, *Panthewes* sonne,
Quyght through whoose hart the deathfull speare of *Menelay* did ronne.
I late ago in *Junos* Church at *Argos* did behold
And knew the target which I in my left hand there did hold.
All things doo chaunge. But nothing sure dooth perrish. This same spright
Dooth fleete, and fisking heere and there dooth swiftly take his flyght
From one place too another place, and entreth every wyght,
Removing out of man too beast, and out of beast too man.
But yit it never perrisheth nor never perrish can.
And even as supple wax with ease receyveth fygures straunge,
And keepes not ay one shape, ne bydes assured ay from chaunge,
And yit continueth alwayes wax in substaunce: So I say
The soule is ay the selfsame thing it was, and yit astray
It fleeteth intoo sundry shapes. Therfore least Godlynesse
Bee vanquisht by outragious lust of belly beastlynesse,
Forbeare (I speake by prophesie) your kinsfolkes ghostes too chace
By slaughter: neyther nourish blood with blood in any cace.
And sith on open sea the wynds doo blow my sayles apace,
In all the world there is not that that standeth at a stay.
Things eb and flow, and every shape is made too passe away.
The tyme itself continually is fleeting like a brooke.

For neyther brooke nor lyghtsomme tyme can tarrye still. But looke
As every wave dryves other foorth, and that that commes behynd
Bothe thrusteth and is thrust itself: Even so the tymes by kynd
Doo fly and follow bothe at once, and evermore renew.
For that that was before is left, and streyght there dooth ensew
Anoother that was never erst. Eche twincling of an eye
Dooth chaunge. Wee see that after day commes nyght and darks the sky,
And after nyght the lyghtsum Sunne succeedeth orderly.
Like colour is not in the heaven when all things weery lye
At midnyght sound a sleepe, as when the daystarre cleere and bryght
Commes foorth uppon his milkwhyght steede. Ageine in other plyght
The morning *Pallants* daughter fayre the messenger of lyght
Delivereth intoo *Phebus* handes the world of cleerer hew.
The circle also of the sonne what tyme it ryseth new
And when it setteth, looketh red, but when it mounts most hye,
Then lookes it whyght, bycause that there the nature of the skye
Is better, and from filthye drosse of earth dooth further flye.
The image also of the Moone, that shyneth ay by nyght,
Is never of one quantitie. For that that giveth lyght
Too day, is better than the next that followeth, till the full.
And then contrarywyse eche day her lyght away dooth pull.
What? seest thou not how that the yeere as representing playne
The age of man, departes itself in quarters fowre? first bayne
And tender in the spring it is, even like a sucking babe.
Then greene, and voyd of strength, and lush, and foggye is the blade,
And cheeres the husbandman with hope. Then all things florish gay.
The earth with flowres of sundry hew then seemeth for too play,
And vertue small or none too herbes there dooth as yit belong.
The yeere from springtyde passing foorth too sommer, wexeth strong,
Becommeth lyke a lusty youth. For in our lyfe through out
There is no tyme more plentifull, more lusty whote and stout.
Then followeth Harvest when the heate of youth growes sumwhat cold,
Rype, meeld, disposed meane betwixt a yoongman and an old,
And sumwhat sprent with grayish heare. Then ugly winter last
Like age steales on with trembling steppes, all bald, or overcast
With shirle thinne heare as whyght as snowe. Our bodies also ay
Doo alter still from tyme too tyme, and never stand at stay.
Wee shall not bee the same wee were too day or yisterday.
The day hath beene, wee were but seede and only hope of men,
And in our moothers woomb wee had our dwelling place as then,
Dame Nature put too conning hand and suffred not that wee
Within our moothers streyned womb should ay distressed bee,
But brought us out too aire, and from our prison set us free.
The chyld newborne lyes voyd of strength. Within a season tho
He wexing fowerfooted lernes like savage beastes too go.
Then sumwhat foltring, and as yit not firme of foote, he standes
By getting sumwhat for too helpe his sinewes in his handes.
From that tyme growing strong and swift, he passeth foorth the space
Of youth, and also wearing out his middle age a pace,
Through drooping ages steepye path he ronneth out his race.
This age dooth undermyne the strength of former yeeres, and throwes

It downe: which thing old *Milo* by example playnely showes.
For when he sawe those armes of his (which heeretoofore had beene
As strong as ever *Hercules* in woorking deadly teene
Of biggest beastes) hang flapping downe, and nought but empty skin,
He wept. And *Helen* when shee saw her aged wrincles in
A glasse, wept also: musing in herself what men had seene,
That by twoo noble princes sonnes shee twyce had ravisht beene.
Thou tyme, the eater up of things, and age of spyghtfull teene,
Destroy all things. And when that long continuance hath them bit,
You leysurely by lingring death consume them every whit.
And theis that wee call Elements doo never stand at stay.
The enterchaunging course of them I will before yee lay.
Give heede thertoo. This endlesse world conteynes therin I say
Fowre substances of which all things are gendred. Of theis fower
The Earth and Water for theyr masse and weyght are sunken lower.
The other cowple Aire and Fyre the purer of the twayne
Mount up, and nought can keepe them downe. And though there doo remayne
A space betweene eche one of them: yit every thing is made
Of themsame fowre, and intoo them at length ageine doo fade.
The earth resolving leysurely dooth melt too water sheere,
The water fyned turnes too aire. The aire eeke purged cleere
From grossenesse, spyreth up aloft, and there becommeth fyre.
From thence in order contrary they backe ageine retyre.
Fyre thickening passeth intoo Aire, and Ayēr wexing grosse
Returnes to water: Water eeke congealing intoo drosse,
Becommeth earth. No kind of thing keepes ay his shape and hew.
For nature loving ever chaunge repayres one shape a new
Uppon another, neyther dooth there perrish aught (trust mee)
In all the world, but altring takes new shape. For that which wee
Doo terme by name of being borne, is for too gin too bee
Another thing than that it was: And likewise for too dye,
Too cease too bee the thing it was. And though that varyably
Things passe perchaunce from place too place: yit all from whence they came
Returning, doo unperrisshed continew still the same.
But as for in one shape, bee sure that nothing long can last.
Even so the ages of the world from gold too Iron past;
Even so have places oftentymes exchaunged theyr estate.
For I have seene it sea which was substanciall ground alate,
Ageine where sea was, I have seene the same become dry lond,
And shelles and scales of Seafish farre have lyen from any strond,
And in the toppes of mountaynes hygh old Anchors have beene found.
Deepe valleyes have by watershotte beene made of levell ground,
And hilles by force of gulling oft have intoo sea beene worne.
Hard gravell ground is sumtyme seene where marris was beforne,
And that that erst did suffer drowght, becommeth standing lakes.
Heere nature sendeth new springs out, and there the old in takes.
Full many rivers in the world through earthquakes heretoofore
Have eyther chaundgd theyr former course, or dryde and ronne no more.
Soo *Lycus* beeing swallowed up by gaping of the ground,
A greatway of fro thence is in another channell found.
Even so the river *Erasine* among the feeldes of *Arge*

Sinkes onewhyle, and another whyle ronnes greate ageine at large.
Caycus also of the land of *Mysia* (as men say)
Misliking of his former head, ronnes now another way.
In *Sicill* also *Amesene* ronnes sumtyme full and hye,
And sumtyme stopping up his spring, he makes his chanell drye.
Men drank the waters of the brooke *Anigrus* heretoofore,
Which now is such that men abhorre too towche them any more.
Which commes too passe (onlesse wee will discredit Poets quyght)
Bycause the *Centaures* vanquisshed by *Hercules* in fyght
Did wash theyr woundes in that same brooke. But dooth not *Hypanis*
That springeth in the Scythian hilles, which at his fountaine is
Ryght pleasant, afterward becomme of brackish bitter taste?
Antissa, and *Phenycian Tyre*, and *Pharos* in tyme past
Were compast all about with waves, but none of all theis three
Is now an Ile. Ageine the towne of *Lewcas* once was free
From sea, and in the auncient tyme was joyned too the land,
But now environd round about with water it dooth stand.
Men say that *Sicill* also hath beene joynd too *Italy*,
Untill the sea consumde the bounds beetweene, and did supply
The roome with water. If yee go too seeke for *Helicee*
And *Burye*, which were Cities of *Achaia*, you shall see
Them hidden under water, and the shipmen yit doo showe
The walles and steeples of the townes drownd under as they rowe.
Not farre from *Pitthey Troyzen* is a certeine hygh ground found
All voyd of trees, which heeretoofore was playne and levell ground,
But now a mountayne: for the wyndes (a woondrous thing too say)
Inclosed in the hollow caves of ground, and seeking way
Too passe therefro, in struggling long too get the open skye,
In vayne (bycause in all the cave there was no vent wherby
Too issue out) did stretch the ground and make it swell on hye,
As dooth a bladder that is blowen by mouth, or as the skinne
Of horned Goate in bottlewyse when wynd is gotten in.
The swelling of the foresayd place remaynes at this day still,
And by continuance waxing hard is growen a pretye hill.
Of many things that come to mynd by heersay, and by skill
Of good experience, I a fewe will utter too you mo.
What? dooth not water in his shapes chaunge straungely too and fro?
The well of horned *Hammon* is at noonetyde passing cold,
At morne and even it wexeth warme. At midnyght none can hold
His hand therin for passing heate. The well of *Athamane*
Is sayd too kindle woode what tyme the moone is in the wane.
The *Cicons* have a certeine streame which beeing droonk dooth bring
Mennes bowwelles intoo Marble hard: and whatsoever thing
Is towcht therwith, it turnes too stone. And by your bounds behold
The rivers *Crathe* and *Sybaris* make yellow heare like gold
And Amber. There are also springs (which thing is farre more straunge)
Which not the bodye only, but the mynd doo also chaunge.
Whoo hath not hard of *Salmacis* that fowle and filthye sink?
Or of the lake of *Aethyop*, which if a man doo drink
He eyther ronneth mad, or else with woondrous drowzinesse
Forgoeth quyght his memorie. Whoo ever dooth represse

His thirst with drawght of *Clitor* well, hates wyne, and dooth delyght
In only water: eyther for bycause there is a myght
Contrary untoo warming wyne by nature in the well,
Or else bycause (for so the folk of *Arcadye* doo tell)
Melampus Amythaöns sonne (when he delivered had
King *Prætus* daughters by his charmes and herbes from beeing mad),
Cast intoo that same water all the baggage wherewithall
He purdgd the madnesse of theyr mynds. And so it did befall
That lothsomnesse of wyne did in those waters ay remayne.
Ageine in *Lyncest* contrarie effect too this dooth reigne.
For whoo so drinkes too much therof, he reeleth here and there,
As if by quaffing wyne no whyt alayd he droonken were.
There is a Lake in *Arcadye* which *Pheney* men did name
In auncient tyme, whose dowtfulnesse deserveth justly blame.
A nyght tymes take thou heede of it, for if thou taste the same
A nyghttymes, it will hurt, but if thou drink it in the day
It hurteth not. Thus lakes and streames (as well perceyve yee may)
Have divers powres and diversly. Even so the tyme hathe beene
That *Delos* which stands stedfast now, on waves was floting seene.
And Galyes have beene sore afrayd of frusshing by the Iles
Symplegads which toogither dasht uppon the sea erewhyles,
But now doo stand unmovable ageinst bothe wynde and tyde.
Mount *Aetna* with his burning Oovens of brimstone shall not byde
Ay fyrye: neyther was it so for ever erst. For whither
The earth a living creature bee, and that too breathe out hither
And thither flame, great store of vents it have in sundry places,
And that it have the powre too shift those vents in divers caces,
Now damming theis, now opening those, in moving too and fro;
Or that the whisking wynds restreynd within the earth bylowe,
Doo beate the stones ageinst the stones, and other kynd of stuffe
Of fyrye nature, which doo fall on fyre with every puffe;
Assoone as those same wynds doo cease, the caves shall streight bee cold.
Or if it bee a Rozen mowld that soone of fyre takes hold,
Or brimstone mixt with clayish soyle on fyre dooth lyghtly fall:
Undowtedly assoone as that same soyle consumed shall
No longer yeeld the fatty foode too feede the fyre withall,
And ravening nature shall forgo her woonted nourishment,
Then being able too abyde no longer famishment,
For want of sustenance it shall cease his burning. I doo fynd
By fame, that under *Charlsis* wayne in *Pallene* are a kynd
Of people which by dyving thryce three tymes in *Triton* lake
Becomme all fethred, and the shape of birdes uppon them take.
The *Scythian* witches also are reported for too doo
The selfsame thing (but hardly I give credit theruntoo)
By smearing poyson over all theyr bodyes. But (and if
A man too matters tryde by proof may saufly give beleef),
Wee see how flesh by lying still a whyle and ketching heate
Dooth turne too little living beastes. And yit a further feate,
Go kill an Ox and burye him, (the thing by proof man sees)
And of his rotten flesh will breede the flower gathering Bees,
Which as theyr father did before, love feeldes exceedingly,

And untoo woork in hope of gayne theyr busye limbes apply.
The Hornet is engendred of a lustye buryed Steede.
Go pull away the cleas from Crabbes that in the sea doo breede,
And burye all the rest in mowld, and of the same will spring
A Scorpion which with writhen tayle will threaten for too sting.
The Caterpillers of the feelde the which are woont too weave
Hore filmes uppon the leaves of trees, theyr former nature leave,
(Which thing is knowen too husbandmen) and turne too Butterflyes.
The mud hath in it certeine seede wherof greene frosshes ryse.
And first it brings them footelesse foorth. Then after, it dooth frame
Legges apt too swim: and furthermore of purpose that the same
May serve them for too leape a farre, theyr hinder part is mych
More longer than theyr forepart is. The Bearwhelp also which
The Beare hath newly littred, is no whelp immediatly,
But like an evill favored lump of flesh alyve dooth lye.
The dam by licking shapeth out his members orderly
Of such a syse, as such a peece is able too conceyve.
Or marke yee not the Bees, of whom our hony wee receyve,
How that theyr yoong ones which doo lye within the sixsquare wax
Are limblesse bodyes at the first, and after as they wex
In processe take both feete and wings. What man would think it trew
That Ladye *Venus* simple birdes the Dooves of silver hew,
Or *Junos* bird that in his tayle beares starres, or *Joves* stowt knyght
The Earne, and every other fowle of whatsoever flyght,
Could all bee hatched out of egges, onlesse he did it knowe?
Sum folk doo hold opinion when the backebone which dooth growe
In man, is rotten in the grave, the pith becommes a snake.
Howbeete of other things all theis theyr first beginning take.
One bird there is that dooth renew itself and as it were
Beget itself continually. The Syrians name it there
A *Phœnix*. Neyther corne nor herbes this *Phœnix* liveth by,
But by the jewce of frankincence and gum of *Amomye*.
And when that of his lyfe well full fyvehundred yeeres are past,
Uppon a Holmetree or uppon a Date tree at the last
He makes him with his talants and his hardened bill a nest:
Which when that he with Casia sweete and Nardus soft hathe drest,
And strowed it with Cynnamom and Myrrha of the best,
He rucketh downe uppon the same, and in the spyces dyes.
Soone after, of the fathers corce men say there dooth aryse
Another little *Phœnix* which as many yeeres must live
As did his father. He (assoone as age dooth strength him give
Too beare the burthen) from the tree the weyghty nest dooth lift,
And godlyly his cradle thence and fathers herce dooth shift.
And flying through the suttle aire he gettes too *Phebus* towne,
And there before the temple doore dooth lay his burthen downe.
But if that any noveltye woorth woondring bee in theis,
Much rather may we woonder at the *Hyën*, if we please,
Too see how interchaungeably it one whyle dooth remayne
A female, and another whyle becommeth male againe.

The creature also which dooth live by only aire and wynd,
All colours that it leaneth to dooth counterfet by kynd.
The Grapegod *Bacchus*, when he had subdewd the land of *Inde*,
Did fynd a spotted beast called *Lynx*, whoose urine (by report)
By towching of the open aire congealeth in such sort
As that it dooth becomme a stone. So Corall (which as long
As water hydes it, is a shrub and soft) becommeth strong
And hard assoone as it dooth towch the ayre. The day would end,
And *Phebus* panting steedes should in the *Ocean* deepe descend,
Before all alterations I in woordes could comprehend.
So see wee all things chaungeable. One nation gathereth strength,
Another wexeth weake, and both doo make exchaunge at length.
So *Troy* which once was great and strong as well in welth as men,
And able tenne yeeres space too spare such store of blood as then,
Now beeing bace hath nothing left of all her welth too showe,
Save ruines of the auncient woorkes which grasse dooth overgrowe,
And tumbes wherin theyr auncetours lye buryed on a rowe.
Once *Sparta* was a famous towne: great *Mycene* florisht trim:
Bothe *Athens* and *Amphions* towres in honor once did swim.
A pelting plot is *Sparta* now: great *Mycene* lyes on ground.
Of *Theab* the towne of *Oedipus* what have we more than sound?
Of *Athens* king *Pandions* towne what resteth more than name?
Now also of the race of *Troy* is rysing (so sayth fame)
The Citie *Roome*, which at the bank of *Tyber* that dooth ronne
Downe from the hill of *Appennyne* already hath begonne
With great advysement for too lay foundation of her state.
This towne then chaungeth by increase the forme it had alate,
And of the universall world in tyme to comme shall hold
The sovereintye, so prophesies and lotts (men say) have told.
And (as I doo remember mee) what tyme that *Troy* decayd,
The prophet *Helen Priams* sonne theis woordes ensewing sayd
Before *Aenæas* dowting of his life in weeping plyght:
O Goddesse sonne, beleeve mee (if thou think I have foresyght
Of things too comme) *Troy* shalnot quyght decay whyle thou doost live.
Bothe fyre and swoord shall untoo thee thy passage freely give.
Thou must from hence: and *Troy* with thee convey away in haste,
Untill that bothe thyself and *Troy* in forreine land bee plaast
More freendly than thy native soyle. Moreover I foresee,
A Citie by the ofspring of the Trojans buylt shall bee,
So great as never in the world the lyke was seene before
Nor is this present, neyther shall be seene for evermore.
A number of most noble peeres for manye yeeres afore
Shall make it strong and puyssant: But hee that shall it make
The sovereine Ladye of the world, by ryght descent shall take
His first beginning from thy sonne the little *Iule*. And when
The earth hathe had her tyme of him, the sky and welkin then
Shall have him up for evermore, and heaven shall bee his end.
Thus farre (I well remember mee) did *Helens* woordes extend
Too good *Aenæas*. And it is a pleasure untoo mee
The Citie of my countrymen increasing thus too see,
And that the Grecians victorie becommes the Trojans weale.

But least forgetting quyght themselves our horses happe too steale
Beyond the mark: the heaven and all that under heaven is found,
Dooth alter shape. So dooth the ground and all that is in ground.
And wee that of the world are part (considring how wee bee
Not only flesh, but also fowles, which may with passage free
Remove them intoo every kynd of beast both tame and wyld)
Let live in saufty honestly with slaughter undefyld,
The bodyes which perchaunce may have the spirits of our brothers,
Our sisters, or our parents, or the spirits of sum others
Alyed too us eyther by sum freendshippe or sum kin,
Or at the least the soules of men abyding them within.
And let us not *Thyëstes*lyke thus furnish up our boordes
With bloodye bowells. Oh how leawd example he avoordes?
How wickedly prepareth he himself too murther man
That with a cruell knyfe dooth cut the throte of Calf, and can
Unmovably give heering too the lowing of the dam,
Or sticke the kid that wayleth lyke the little babe, or eate
The fowle that he himself before had often fed with meate?
What wants of utter wickednesse in woorking such a feate?
What may he after passe too doo? well eyther let your steeres
Weare out themselves with woork, or else impute theyr death too yeeres.
Ageinst the wynd and weather cold let Wethers yeeld yee cotes,
And udders full of batling milk receyve yee of the Goates.
Away with sprindges, snares, and grinnes, away with Risp and net,
Away with guylefull feates: for fowles no lymetwiggs see yee set.
No feared fethers pitche yee up too keepe the Reddeere in,
Ne with deceytfull bayted hooke seeke fishes for too win.
If awght doo harme, destroy it, but destroyt and doo no more.
Forbeare the flesh, and feede your mouthes with fitter foode therfore.
Men say that *Numa* furnisshed with such philosophye
As this and like, returned too his native soyle, and by
Entreatance was content of *Roome* too take the sovereintye.
Ryght happy in his wyfe which was a nymph, ryght happy in
His guydes which were the Muses nyne, this *Numa* did begin
Too teach Religion, by the meanes whereof hee shortly drew
That people untoo peace whoo erst of nought but battell knew.
And when through age he ended had his reigne and eeke his lyfe,
Through *Latium* he was moorned for of man and chyld and wyfe
As well of hygh as low degree. His wyfe forsaking quyght
The Citie, in vale *Aricine* did hyde her out of syght,
Among the thickest groves, and there with syghes and playnts did let
The sacrifyse of *Diane* whom *Orestes* erst had fet
From *Taurica* in *Chersonese*, and in that place had set.
How oft ah did the woodnymphes and the waternymphes perswade
Egeria for too cease her mone? What meanes of comfort made
They? Ah how often *Theseus* sonne her weeping thus bespake?
O Nymph, thy moorning moderate, thy sorrow sumwhat slake:
Not only thou hast cause too hart thy fortune for too take.
Behold like happes of other folkes, and this mischaunce of thyne
Shall greeve thee lesse. Would God examples (so they were not myne)
Myght comfort thee. But myne perchaunce may comfort thee. If thou

In talk by hap haste heard of one *Hippolytus* ere now,
That through his fathers lyght beleefe, and stepdames craft was slayne,
It will a woonder seeme too thee, and I shall have much payne
Too make thee too beleeve the thing. But I am very hee.
The daughter of *Pasyphae* in vayne oft tempting mee
My fathers chamber too defyle, surmysde mee too have sought
The thing that shee with al her hart would fayne I should have wrought.
And whither it were for feare I should her wickednesse bewray,
Or else for spyght bycause I had so often sayd her nay,
Shee chardgd mee with her owne offence. My father by and by
Condemning mee, did banish mee his Realme without cause whye,
And at my going like a fo did ban me bitterly.
Too *Pitthey Troyzen* outlawelike my chariot streight tooke I.
My way lay hard uppon the shore of *Corinth*. Soodeinly
The sea did ryse, and like a mount the wave did swell on hye,
And seemed howger for too growe in drawing ever nye,
And roring clyved in the toppe. Up starts immediatly
A horned bullocke from amid the broken wave, and by
The brest did rayse him in the ayre. And at his nosethrills and
His platter mouth did puffe out part of sea uppon the land.
My servants harts were sore afrayd. But my hart musing ay
Uppon my wrongfull banishment, did nought at all dismay.
My horses setting up theyr eares and snorting wexed shye,
And beeing greatly flayghted with the monster in theyr eye,
Turnd downe too sea, and on the rockes my wagon drew. In vayne
I stryving for too hold them backe, layd hand uppon the reyne
All whyght with fome, and haling backe lay almost bolt upryght.
And sure the feercenesse of the steedes had yeelded too my might,
But that the wheele that ronneth ay about the Extree round,
Did breake by dashing on a stub, and overthrew too ground.
Then from the Charyot I was snatcht, the brydles beeing cast
About my limbes. Yee myght have seene my sinewes sticking fast
Uppon the stub; my gutts drawen out alyve; my members, part
Still left uppon the stump, and part foorth harryed with the cart:
The crasshing of my broken bones; and with what passing peyne
I breathed out my weery ghoste. There did not whole remayne
One peece of all my corce by which yee myght discerne as tho
What lump or part it was. For all was wound from toppe too to.
Now canst thou nymph, or darest thou compare thy harmes with myne?
Moreover I the lightlesse Realme behild with theis same eyne,
And bathde my tattred bodye in the river *Phlegeton*.
And had not bright *Apollos* sonne his cunning shewde uppon
My bodye by his surgery, my lyfe had quyght bee gone.
Which after I by force of herbes and leechecraft had ageine
Receyvd by *Aesculapius* meanes, though *Pluto* did disdeine,
Then *Cynthia* (least this gift of hers myght woorke mee greater spyght)
Thicke clowds did round about mee cast. And too thentent I myght
Bee saufe myself, and harmelessely appeere too others syght,
Shee made mee old. And for my face, shee left it in such plyght,
That none can knowe mee by my looke. And long shee dowted whither
Too give mee *Dele* or *Crete*. At length refusing bothe toogither,

Shee plaast mee heere. And therwithall shee bade me give up quyght
The name that of my horses in remembrance put mee myght.
For whereas erst * *Hippolytus* hath beene thy name (quoth shee) * *Horse slaine.*
I will that * *Virbie* afterward thy name for ever bee. * *Turyceuus.*
From that tyme foorth within this wood I keepe my residence,
As of the meaner Goddes, a God of small magnificence.
And heere I hyde mee underneathe my sovereine Ladyes wing,
Obeying humbly too her hest in every kynd of thing.
But yit the harmes of other folk could nothing help nor boote
Aegerias sorrowes too asswage. Downe at a mountaines foote
Shee lying melted intoo teares, till *Phebus* sister sheene
For pitie of her great distresse in which shee had her seene,
Did turne her too a fountaine cleere, and melted quyght away
Her members intoo water thinne that never should decay.
The straungenesse of the thing did make the nymphes astonyed, and
The Ladye of *Amazons* sonne amaazd therat did stand,
As when the *Tyrrhene* Tilman sawe in earing of his land
The fatall clod first stirre alone without the help of hand,
And by and by forgoing quyght the earthly shape of clod,
Too take the seemely shape of man, and shortly like a God
Too tell of things as then too comme. The *Tyrrhenes* did him call
By name of *Tages*. He did teach the Tuskanes first of all
Too gesse by searching bulks of beastes what after should befall.
Or like as did king *Romulus* when soodeinly he found
His lawnce on mountayne *Palatine* fast rooted in the ground,
And bearing leaves, no longer now a weapon but a tree,
Which shadowed such as woondringly came thither for too see:
Or else as *Cippus* when he in the ronning brooke had seene
His hornes. For why he saw them, and supposing there had beene
No credit too bee given untoo the glauncing image, hee
Put oft his fingers too his head, and felt it so too bee.
And blaming now no more his eyes, in comming from the chase
With conquest of his foes, he stayd. And lifting up his face
And with his face, his hornes to heaven, he sayd: what ever thing
Is by this woonder meant O Goddes, If joyfull newes it bring
I pray yee let it joyfull too my folk and countrye bee:
But if it threaten evill, let the evill light on mee.
In saying so, an altar greene of clowwers he did frame,
And offred fuming frankincence in fyre uppon the same,
And powred boawles of wyne theron, and searched therwithall
The quivering inwards of a sheepe too know what should befall.
A *Tyrrhene* wizard having sought the bowelles, saw therin
Great chaunges and attempts of things then readye too begin,
Which were not playnly manifest. But when that he at last
His eyes from inwards of the beast on *Cippus* hornes had cast:
Hayle king (he sayd). For untoo thee O *Cippus*, untoo thee,
And too thy hornes shall this same place and *Roome* obedyent bee.
Abridge delay: and make thou haste too enter at the gates
Which tarrye open for thee. So commaund the soothfast fates.
Thou shalt bee king assoone as thou hast entred once the towne,
And thou and thyne for evermore shalt weare the royall crowne.

With that he stepping back his foote, did turne his frowning face
From *Roome*ward, saying: Farre, O farre the Goddes such handsel chace.
More ryght it were I all my lyfe a bannisht man should bee,
Than that the holy Capitoll mee reigning there should see.
Thus much he sayd: and by and by toogither he did call
The people and the Senators. But yit he first of all
Did hyde his hornes with Lawrell leaves: and then, without the wall
He standing on a mount the which his men had made of soddes,
And having after auncient guyse made prayer too the Goddes,
Sayd: heere is one that shall (onlesse yee bannish him your towne
Immediatly) bee king of *Roome* and weare a royall crowne.
What man it is, I will by signe, but not by name bewray.
He hath uppon his brow twoo hornes. The wizard heere dooth say,
That if he enter *Roome*, you shall lyke servants him obey.
He myght have entred at your gates which open for him lay,
But I did stay him thence. And yit there is not untoo mee
A neerer freend in all the world. Howbeet forbid him yee
O Romanes that he comme not once within your walles. Or if
He have deserved, bynd him fast in fetters like a theef.
Or in this fatall Tyrants death, of feare dispatch your mynd.
Such noyse as Pynetrees make what tyme the heady easterne wynde
Dooth whiz amongst them, or as from the sea dooth farre rebound:
Even such among the folk of *Roome* that present was the sound.
Howbeet in that confused roare of fearefull folk, did fall
But one voyce asking: whoo is hee? And staring therewithall
Uppon theyr foreheads, they did seeke the foresayd hornes. Agen
(Quoth *Cippus*): lo, yee have the man for whom yee seeke. And then
He pulld (ageinst his peoples will) his garlond from his head,
And shewed them the twoo fayre hornes that on his browes were spred.
At that the people dassheth downe theyr lookes and syghing, is
Ryght sorye (whoo would think it trew?) too see that head of his
Most famous for his good deserts. Yit did they not forget
The honour of his personage, but willingly did set
The Lawrell garlond on his head ageine. And by and by
The Senate sayd, Well *Cippus*, sith untill the tyme thou dye
Thou mayst not comme within theis walles, wee give thee as much ground
In honour of thee, as a teeme of steeres can plough thee round,
Betweene the dawning of the day, and shetting in of nyght.
Moreover on the brazen gate at which this *Cippus* myght
Have entred *Roome*, a payre of hornes were gravde too represent
His woondrous shape, as of his deede an endlesse monument.
    Yee Muses, whoo too Poets are the present springs of grace,
    Now shewe (for you knowe, neyther are you dulld by tyme or space)
How *Aesculapius* in the Ile that is in *Tyber* deepe
Among the sacred sayncts of *Roome* had fortune for too creepe.
A cruell plage did heertoofore infect the *Latian* aire,
And peoples bodyes pyning pale the murreine did appayre.
When tyred with the buriall of theyr freends, they did perceyve
Themselves no helpe at mannes hand nor by Phisicke too receyve.
Then seeking help from heaven, they sent too *Delphos* (which dooth stand
Amid the world) for counsell too bee had at *Phebus* hand,

Beseeching him with helthfull ayd too succour theyr distresse,
And of the myghtye Citie *Roome* the mischeef too redresse.
The quivers which *Apollo* bryght himself was woont too beare,
The Baytrees, and the place itself toogither shaken were.
And by and by the table from the furthest part of all
The Chauncell spake theis woords, which did theyr harts with feare appal.
The thing yee Romans seeke for heere, yee should have sought more ny
Your countrye. Yea and neerer home go seeke it now. Not I
Apollo, but *Apollos* sonne is hee that must redresse
Your sorrowes. Take your journey with good handsell of successe,
And fetch my sonne among you. When *Apollos* hest was told
Among the prudent Senators, they sercht what towne did hold
His sonne, and untoo *Epidawre* a Gallye for him sent.
Assoone as that th'Ambassadour arryved there they went
Untoo the counsell and the Lordes of Greekland: whom they pray
Too have the God the present plages of Romanes for too stay,
And for themselves the oracle of *Phebus* foorth they lay.
The Counsell were of sundry mynds and could not well agree.
Sum thought that succour in such neede denyed should not bee,
And divers did perswade too keepe theyr helpe, and not too send
Theyr Goddes away sith they themselves myght neede them in the end.
Whyle dowtfully they of and on debate this curious cace,
The evening twylyght utterly the day away did chace,
And on the world the shadowe of the earth had darknesse brought.
That nyght the Lord Ambassadour as sleepe uppon him wrought,
Did dreame he saw before him stand the God whose help he sought,
In shape as in his chappell he was woonted for too stand,
With ryght hand stroking downe his berd, and staffe in toother hand,
And meekely saying: feare not, I will comme and leave my shryne.
This serpent which dooth wreath with knottes about this staffe of mine
Mark well, and take good heede therof: that when thou shalt it see,
Thou mayst it knowe. For intoo it transformed will I bee.
But bigger I will bee: for I will seeme of such a syse,
As may celestiall bodyes well too turne intoo suffise.
Streyght with the voyce, the God: and with the voyce and God, away
Went sleepe: and after sleepe was gone ensewed cheerfull day.
Next morning having cleerely put the fyrye starres too flyght,
The Lordes not knowing what too doo, assembled all foorthryght
Within the sumptuous temple of the God that was requyred,
And of his mynd by heavenly signe sum knowledge they desyred.
They scarce had doone theyr prayers, when the God in shape of snake
With loftye crest of gold, began a hissing for too make,
Which was a warning given. And with his presence he did shake
The Altar, shryne, doores, marble floore, and roofe all layd with gold,
Aud vauncing up his brest he stayd ryght stately too behold
Amid the Church, and round about his fyrye eyes he rold.
The syght did fray the people. But the wyvelesse preest (whoose heare
Was trussed in a fayre whyght Call) did knowe the God was there,
And sayd: behold tiz God, tiz God. As many as bee heere
Pray both with mouth and mynd. O thou our glorious God, appeere
Too our beehoofe, and helpe thy folke that keepe thy hallowes ryght.

The people present woorshipped his Godhead there in syght,
Repeating dowble that the preest did say. The Romaynes eeke
Devoutly did with Godly voyce and hart his favour seeke.
The God by nodding did consent, and gave assured signe
By shaking of his golden crest that on his head did shyne,
And hissed twyce with spirting toong. Then trayld he downe the fyne
And glistring greeces of his church. And turning backe his eyen,
He looked too his altarward and too his former shryne
And temple, as too take his leave and bid them all fare well.
From thence ryght howge uppon the ground (which sweete of flowres did smell
That people strewed in his way), he passed stately downe,
And bending intoo bowghts went through the hart of all the towne,
Untill that hee the bowwing wharf besyde the haven tooke.
Where staying, when he had (as seemd) dismist with gentle looke
His trayne of Chapleynes and the folke that wayted on him thither,
Hee layd him in the Romane shippe too sayle away toogither.
The shippe did feel the burthen of his Godhed too the full,
And for the heavye weyght of him did after passe more dull.
The Romanes being glad of him, and having killd a steere
Uppon the shore, untyde theyr ropes and cables from the peere.
The lyghtsum wynd did dryve the shippe. The God avauncing hye,
And leaning with his necke uppon the Gallyes syde, did lye
And looke uppon the greenish waves, and cutting easly through
Th'*Ionian* sea with little gales of westerne wynd not rough,
The sixt day morning came uppon the coast of Italy.
And passing foorth by *Junos* Church that mustreth too the eye
Uppon the head of *Lacine*, he was caryed also by
The rocke of *Scylley:* then he left the land of *Calabrye*
And rowing softly by the rocke *Zephyrion*, he did draw
Too *Celen* cliffs the which uppon the ryghtsyde have a flawe.
By *Romeche* and by *Cawlon*, and by *Narice* thence he past,
And from the streyghtes of *Sicily* gate quyght and cleere at last.
Then ran he by th'*Aeolian* Iles and by the metall myne
Of *Tempsa*, and by *Lewcosye*, and temprate *Pest* where fyne
And pleasant Roses florish ay. From thence by *Capreas*
And *Atheney* the headlond of *Minerva* he did passe
Too *Surrent*, where with gentle vynes the hilles bee overclad:
And by the towne of *Hercules* and *Stabye* ill bestad,
And *Naples* borne too Idlenesse, and *Cumes* where *Sybell* had
Hir temples, and the scalding bathes, and *Linterne* where growes store
Of masticke trees, and *Vulturne* which beares sand apace from shore,
And *Sinuesse* where as Adders are as whyght as any snowe,
And *Minturne* of infected ayre bycause it stands so lowe,
And *Caiete* where *Aeneas* did his nurce in tumbe bestowe,
And *Formy* where *Antiphates* the *Lestrigon* did keepe,
And *Trache* envyrond with a fen, and *Circes* mountayne steepe,
Too *Ancon* with the boystous shore. Assoone as that the shippe
Arryved heere, (for now the sea was rough,) the God let slippe
His circles, and in bending bowghts and wallowing waves did glyde
Intoo his fathers temple which was buylded there besyde
Uppon the shore: and when the sea was calme and pacifyde,

The foresayd god of *Epidawre* his fathers Church forsooke,
(The lodging of his neerest freend which for a tyme hee tooke)
And with his crackling scales did in the sand a furrowe cut,
And taking hold uppon the sterne did in the Galy put
His head, and rested till he came past *Camp* and *Lavine* sands,
And entred *Tybers* mouth at which the Citie *Ostia* stands.
The folke of *Roome* came hither all by heapes bothe men and wyves,
And eeke the Nunnes that keepe the fyre of *Vesta* as theyr lyves,
Too meete the God, and welcomd him with joyfull noyse. And as
The Gally rowed up the streame, great store of incence was
On altars burnt on bothe the banks, so that on eyther syde
The fuming of the frankincence the very aire did hyde,
And also slaine in sacrifyse full many cattell dyde.
Anon he came too *Roome* the head of all the world: and there
The serpent lifting up himself, began his head too beare
Ryght up along the maast, uppon the toppe whereof on hye
He looked round about, a meete abyding place too spye.
The *Tyber* dooth devyde itself in twaine, and dooth embrace
A little pretye Iland (so the people terme the place)
From eyther syde whereof the bankes are distant equall space.
Apollos Snake descending from the maast conveyd him thither,
And taking eft his heavenly shape, as one repayring hither
Too bring our Citie healthfulnesse, did end our sorrowes quyght.
Although too bee a God with us admitted were this wyght,
Yit was he borne a forreiner. But *Cæsar* hathe obteynd
His Godhead in his native soyle and Citie where he reignd:
Whom peerelesse both in peace and warre, not more his warres up knit
With triumph, nor his great exployts atcheeved by his wit,
Nor yit the great renowme that he obteynd so speedely,
Have turned too a blazing starre, than did his progenie.
For of the actes of *Cæsar*, none is greater than that hee
Left such a sonne behynd him as *Augustus* is, too bee
His heyre. For are they things more hard, too overcomme thy Realme
Of Britaine, standing in the sea? or up the sevenfold streame
Of *Nyle* that beareth Paperreede victorious shippes too rowe?
Or too rebelliouse *Numidy* too give an overthrowe?
Or *Juba* king of *Moores*, and *Pons* (which proudely did it beare
Uppon the name of *Mythridate*) too force by swoord and speare
Too yeeld them subjects untoo *Roome*? or by his just desert
Too merit many triumphes, and of sum too have his part?
Than such an heyre too leave beehynd, in whom the Goddes doo showe
Exceeding favour untoo men for that they doo bestowe
So great a prince uppon the world? Now too thentent that hee
Should not bee borne of mortall seede, the oother was too bee
Canonyzed for a God. Which thing when golden *Venus* see,
(Shee also sawe how dreadfull death was for the bissahop then
Prepaard, and how conspiracye was wrought by wicked men)
Shee looked pale. And as the Goddes came any in her way,
Shee sayd untoo them one by one: Behold and see I pray,
With how exceeding eagernesse they seeke mee too betray,
And with what woondrous craft they stryve too take my lyfe away,

I meene the thing that only now remayneth untoo mee
Of *Iule* the Trojans race. Must I then only ever bee
Thus vext with undeserved cares? How seemeth now the payne
Of *Diomeds* speare of *Calydon* too wound my hand ageyne?
How seemes it mee that *Troy* ageine is lost through ill defence?
How seemes my sonne *Aenæas* like a bannisht man, from thence
Too wander farre ageine, and on the sea too tossed bee,
And warre with *Turnus* for too make? or rather (truth too say)
With *Juno?* what meene I about harmes passed many a day
Ageinst myne ofspring, thus too stand? This present feare and wo
Permit mee not too think on things now past so long ago.
Yee see how wicked swoordes ageinst my head are whetted. I
Beseeche yee keepe them from my throte, and set the traytors by
Theyr purpose, neyther suffer you dame *Vestaas* fyre too dye
By murthering of her bisshop. Thus went *Venus* wofully
Complayning over all the heaven, and moovde the Goddes therby,
And for they could not breake the strong decrees of destinye,
They shewed signes most manifest of sorrowe too ensew.
For battells feyghting in the clowdes with crasshing armour flew,
And dreadfull trumpets sownded in the aire, and hornes eeke blew,
As warning men before hand of the mischeef that did brew.
And *Phebus* also looking dim did cast a drowzy lyght
Uppon the earth, which seemd lykewyse too bee in sorye plyght.
From underneathe amid the starres brands oft seemd burning bryght.
It often rayned droppes of blood. The morning starre lookt blew,
And was bespotted heere and there with specks of rusty hew.
The moone had also spottes of blood. The Screeche owle sent from hell
Did with her tune unfortunate in every corner yell.
Salt teares from Ivory images in sundry places fell,
And in the Chappells of the Goddes was singing heard, and woordes
Of threatning. Not a sacrifyse one signe of good avoordes.
But greate turmoyle too bee at hand theyr hartstrings doo declare.
And when the beast is ripped up the inwards headlesse are.
About the Court, and every house, and Churches in the nyghts
The doggs did howle, and every where appeered gastly spryghts:
And with an earthquake shaken was the towne. Yit could not all
Theis warnings of the Goddes dispoynt the treason that should fall,
Nor overcomme the destinies. The naked swoordes were brought
Intoo the temple. For no place in all the towne was thought
So meete too woork the mischeef in, or for them too commit
The heynous murder, as the Court in which they usde too sit
In counsell. *Venus* then with both her hands her stomacke smit,
And was about too hyde him with the clowd in which shee hid
Aenæas, when shee from the swoord of *Diomed* did him rid,
Or *Paris*, when from *Menelay* shee did him saufe convey.
But *Jove* her father staying her did thus untoo hir say:
Why daughter myne, wilt thou alone bee stryving too prevent
Unvanquishable destinie? In fayth and if thou went
Thyself intoo the house in which the fatall susters three
Doo dwell, thou shouldest there of brasse and steele substantiall see
The registers of things so strong and massye made too bee,

That sauf and everlasting, they doo neyther stand in feare
Of thunder, nor of lyghtning, nor of any ruine there.
The destnyes of thyne ofspring thou shalt there fynd graven deepe
In Adamant. I red them, and in mynd I doo them keepe.
And forbycause thou shalt not be quyght ignorant of all,
I will declare what things I markt herafter too befall.
The man for whom thou makest sute, hath lived full his tyme,
And having ronne his race on earth, must now too heaven up clyme.
Where thou shalt make a God of him ay honord for too bee
With temples and with Altars on the earth. Moreover hee
That is his heyre and beares his name, shall allalone susteyne
The burthen layd uppon his backe, and shall our help obteyne
His fathers murther too revenge. The towne of *Mutinye*
Beseedged by his powre, shall yeeld. The feelds of *Pharsaly*
Shall feele him, and *Philippos* in the Realme of *Macedonne*
Shall once ageine bee staynd with blood. The greate *Pompeius* sonne
Shall vanquisht be by him uppon the sea of *Sicilye*.
The Romane Capteynes wyfe the Queene of *Aegypt* through her hye
Presumption trusting too her match too much, shall threate in vayne
Too make her Canop over our hygh Capitoll too reigne.
What should I tell thee of the wyld and barbrous nacions that
At bothe the *Oceans* dwelling bee? The universall plat
Of all the earth inhabited, shall all be his. The sea
Shall untoo him obedient bee likewyse. And when that he
Hathe stablisht peace in all the world, then shall he set his mynd
Too civill matters, upryght lawes by justice for too fynd,
And by example of himself all others he shall bynd.
Then having care of tyme too comme, and of posteritye,
A holy wyfe shall beare too him a sonne that may supply
His carefull charge and beare his name. And lastly in the end
He shall too heaven among the starres his auncetors ascend,
But not before his lyfe by length too drooping age doo tend.
And therfore from the murthred corce of *Julius Cæsar* take
His sowle with speede, and of the same a burning cressed make,
That from our heavenly pallace he may evermore looke downe
Uppon our royall Capitoll and Court within *Roome* towne.
He scarcely ended had theis woordes, but *Venus* out of hand
Amid the Senate house of *Roome* invisible did stand,
And from her *Cæsars* bodye tooke his new expulsed spryght,
The which shee not permitting too resolve too ayer quyght,
Did place it in the skye among the starres that glister bryght,
And as shee bare it, she did feele it gather heavenly myght,
And for too wexen fyrye. Shee no sooner let it flye,
But that a goodly shyning starre it up a loft did stye
And drew a greate way after it bryght beames like burning heare:
Whoo looking on his sonnes good deedes confessed that they were
Farre greater than his owne, and glad he was too see that hee
Excelled him. Although his sonne in no wyse would agree
Too have his deedes preferd before his fathers: yit dooth fame,
(Whoo ay is free, and bound too no commaund) withstand the same,
And stryving in that one behalf ageinst his hest and will,

Proceedeth too preferre his deedes before his fathers still.
Even so too *Agamemnons* great renowne gives *Atreus* place:
Even so *Achilles* deedes, the deedes of *Peleus* doo abace.
Even so beyond *Aegæus* farre dooth *Theseyes* prowesse go.
And (that I may examples use full matching theis) even so
Is *Saturne* lesse in fame than *Jove*. *Jove* rules the heavenly spheres,
And all the tryple shaped world. And our *Augustus* beares
Dominion over all the earth. They bothe are fathers: They
Are rulers both. Yee Goddes too whom both fyre and swoord gave way,
What tyme yee with *Aenæas* came from *Troy:* yee Goddes that were
Of mortall men canonyzed: Thou *Quirin* who didst reere
The walles of *Roome:* and *Mars* whoo wart the valeant *Quirins* syre,
And *Vesta* of the household Goddes of *Cæsar* with thy fyre
Most holy: and thou *Phebus* whoo with *Vesta* also art
Of household: and thou *Jupiter* whoo in the hyghest part
Of mountayne *Tarpey* haste thy Church: and all yee Goddes that may
With conscience sauf by Poëts bee appealed too: I pray,
Let that same day bee slowe too comme and after I am dead,
In which *Augustus* (whoo as now of all the world is head)
Quyght giving up the care therof ascend too heaven for ay,
There (absent hence) to favour such as untoo him shall pray.
Now have I brought a woork too end which neither *Joves* feerce wrath,
Nor swoord, nor fyre, nor freating age with all the force it hath
Are able too abolish quyght. Let comme that fatall howre
Which (saving of this brittle flesh) hath over mee no powre,
And at his pleasure make an end of myne uncerteyne tyme.
Yit shall the better part of mee assured bee too clyme
Aloft above the starry skye. And all the world shall never
Be able for too quench my name. For looke how farre so ever
The Romane Empyre by the ryght of conquest shall extend,
So farre shall all folke reade this woork. And tyme without all end
(If Poets as by prophesie about the truth may ame)
My lyfe shall everlastingly bee lengthened still by fame.

Finis Libri decimi quinti.

LAUS & HONOR SOLI DEO.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON BY WILLYAM SERES
DWELLING AT THE WEST END OF PAULES
CHURCH, AT THE SIGNE OF
THE HEDGEHOGGE.

TEXTUAL NOTES

ABBREVIATIONS.

IV. B. = "Fower Books," etc. 1565.
Ed. i. = The Edition of 1567.
Ed. ii. = The Edition of 1575.

It is understood that 'Fower Books' agrees generally with Edition i. Only the chief variants of this are noted specially. Differences of spelling are not noted.

All misprints of Ed. i. are given, and are generally corrected from Ed. ii. In the following instances only, when all copies agree in an error, it has been corrected by conjecture: II., 406, a *inserted*; IV., 644, beares *for* heares; VII., 848, my *for* wy; IX., 579, bee *for* mee; X., 67, soft *for* oft; XIV., 332, Eurilochus *for* Furilochus.

THE EPISTLE.

86 Ed. ii. *inserts* eeke *after* Colcariers
229 „ *omits* him.
235 „ *reads* those *for* such.
284 „ *omits* should.
313 „ *reads* yet did not well *for* yet did they not.
331 „ *reads* doo *for* it.
574 „ *reads* should *for* do.
579 „ *reads* Farre woorse him teare *for* Doo teare him woorse.
582 Ed. i. Alcimous, a *misprint.*

PREFACE.

61 Ed. i. lust, a *misprint.*
92 Ed. ii. they doo.
108 *All three copies* Fraylie.
122 Ed. ii. that which
130 „ theys.
136 IV. B. Lykewise *for* Even so.
158 [*Read* have: Ed. i. hane *for* haue, *a misprint.*]
171 Ed. i. snch (*a misprint*), Ed. ii. those.
175-8 „ *in* IV. B. *runs thus*:—

I purpose nowe (if God permit) as here I have beegonne
So through al Ovids turned shapes with restlesse race too ronne,
Untill such time as bringing him acquainted with our toong
He may a lyke in English verse as in his owne bee soong.

197-8 *omitted in* IV. B.

BOOK I.

1 Ed. ii. fortoo treate.
37 „ which *for* whome.
59 „ theis *for* this.
68 „ as oft as they *for* when that they doe.
74 „ Charlsis *for* Charles his.
75 „ under *for* unto.
115 „ frutefull *for* fertile.
116 [*Read* thing *with* Ed. ii.; Ed. i. things, *a misprint.*]
133 Ed. ii. springtyme Jove abridgd *for.* Ed. i., IV. B., did Jove abridge.
134 „ Harvest *for* Autumne.
150 Ed. ii. high did growe *for* had ygrowe.
167-8 Ed. ii.:—

With grisly poyson stepdames fell their husbands Sonnes assayle,
The Son inquyres aforehand when his fathers lyfe shall fayle

177 IV. B. of *for* on.
183 Ed. ii. spright *for* spight.
192 „ Too which *for* Whereto.
219 „ Leastes *for* Least.
223 „ with *for* and.
293 „ whither he were purposed *for* whother that he were in minde.
302 „ And furthermore he cald too mynd.

BOOK I.—*continued.*

310 Ed. ii. He full determined.
316 „ on bothe his *for* that on his.
323 „ down to *for* to the.
334 „ the water *for* his waters.
391 „ go blow *for* too blow.
433 „ fortoo crave *for* to demaund.
435 „ sadly too C. *for* to C. sadly.
478 „ wex *for* warre; IV. B. wax.
489 „
And thus by Gods almyghtie powre, before long tyme was past.
503 Ed. ii. So lykewise when the sevenmouthd *for* Even so when that seven mouthed.
510 „ their eyes *for* the eyes.
514 „ streyght *for* doe.
521 *All three copies* culmenesse.
522 Ed. ii. supply *for* applie.
529 „ poysond.
553 „ I list *for* we list.
557 „ some *for* sonne.
564 IV. B. too *for* up.
565 Ed. ii. he did *for* did he.
566 „ powres *for* workes.
570 „ overrawght *for* overraft.
600 „ he did *for* did he.
601 IV. B. quod *for* q, *i.e.* quoth.
606 Ed. ii. hee thought *for* him thought.
609 „ which Phebus *for* the which he.
622 IV. B. Cloyne.
628 „ Claros.
633 Ed. i. sured, *a misprint.*
649 „ Grownde.
671 Ed. i. scarse; Ed. ii. scarsly; IV. B. skarsly; *which shows* scarse *to be a misprint.*
685 Ed. i. and Ed. ii. lookes; IV. B. lokes.
This should be restored to the text, as it appears to be a variant spelling for *lockes* elsewhere in this work (*e.g.*, ii. 798).
728 Ed. ii. roming *for* running.
814 „ thou canst *for* can thou.
816 „ greefes *for* griefe.
861 „ untoo *for* to the.
888 Ed. i. and Ed. ii. Cyllemus, *a misprint.*
909 Ed. i. though, *a misprint.*
925 Ed. ii. so *for* eke.
934 „ were *for* was.
955 „ shame brydled then *for* did shame represse.
959 „ am *for* was.
962 „ begotten *for* exacted, *which appears to be a misprint for* extracted, IV. B.
970 „ *inserts* that *after* whither.
972 „ that charged hir *for* layde to hir charge.
984 „ And *for* He.
IV. B. *adds imprint:*—
Imprinted at London by Wyllyam Seres dwelling at the west ende of Paules churche, at the signe of the hedgehogge.—*Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

BOOK II.

35 Ed. ii. Harvest *for* Autumne.
88 Ed. i. *omits* as *before* yse.
187 „ I thus *for* that I.
222 Ed. ii. Charlziz *for* Charles his.
258 „ first *for* that.
273 IV. B. Whole *for* Whose, *probably the true reading.*
278 Ed. ii. The *for* And.
292 „ the *for* a.
300-1 „
(By reason that their blud was drawne foorth too the owter part
And there bescorched) did becomme ay after blacke and swart.
320 Ed. i. Sperchins, *a misprint.*
324 Ed. ii. brookes *for* brakes.
362 „ give *for* gave.
372 „ the Skie *for* thy Skie.
386 Ed. i. Stygnan, *a misprint.*

BOOK II.—*continued.*

406 Q. Like to a Starre: *all three editions omit* a.
409 Ed. ii. quench *for* quencht.
426 „ intumbed; IV. B., Ed. i. entumbled.
459 Ed. ii. Stenelles; Ed. i. Steuels, *a misprint for* Stenels (*so* IV. B.).
508 „ But *for* Yet.
531 „ sayd *for* says. IV. B., Ed. ii. didst.
626 „ Jove *for* God.
642 IV. B., Ed. ii. thou *for* that.
653 Ed. i. *omits* other *by mistake* (IV. B. his tother).
748 Ed. ii. flyeth *for* fleeteth.
753 „ the *for* his.
757 „ all *for* as.
878 „ And intoo touchstone by and by
942 „ false *for* that, *probably the true reading.*
944 „ he wexed *for* she waxed.
957 „ Javeling *for* Javelin.
972 „ other *for* others.
1072 IV. B. was there *for* there was.
1091 Ed. ii. *omits* the.
1093-4 „ did holde hir right hand fast Uppon his horne.

IV. B. is paged: fol. 1-11, 11, 13, 14 (14 *b blank*): *imprint as before.*

BOOK III.

23 Ed. ii. That of the Citie Panopie doo lye.
IV. B. those boundes.
35 Ed. ii. stones *for* stone.
37 „ Marsiz *for* Mars his.
43 „ did *for* to.
190 „ with following *for* of following.
213 fro *in all three editions.*
247 IV. B. the tother.
259 Ed. ii. Blaunche as *for* beautie.
269 Ed. ii. gnarring *for* gnoorring.
281 „ fastning *for* fastned.
445 „ had *for* hath.
461 Ed. i. Narcists, *a misprint.*
481, 483 Ed. ii. meete *for* joyne.
506 Ed. ii. thing *for* things.
542 „ still *for* all.
671 Ed. ii. Marsiz *for* Mars his.
690 Ed. i. Countie, *a misprint*; IV. B. honour.
710 „ shet *for* shit.
724 „ froth *for* wroth.
762 Ed. i. can *for* gan.
773 Ed. ii. forlode *for* forelade.
788 „ are *for* were.
803 „ began *for* begon.
809 „ *omits* yow (*so* IV. B.).
890 IV. B., Ed. i. emnie (*which should be restored in text*) *for* enmie.
896 Ed. ii. and heathenish *for* prophaned.

IV. B.: fol. 1-5, 10, 7, 11, 9, 10, 11, 12 (12 *b blank*): *imprint as before.*

BOOK IV.

91 Ed. ii.:—
O spytefull wall (sayd they) why doost thou part us lovers thus.
96 Ed. ii. vowting *for* vouching.
132 „ when that he the bluddie mantle
209 „ discovering *for* discovered
256 Ed. i. daugher (*second time*), *a misprint.*
259 „ vij.
268 „ xij.
306 Ed. ii. *places* steeped *after* body.
335 Ed. i. Daplynis, *a misprint.*
338 Ed. ii. knowne *for* knowe; IV. B. knowe.
346 Ed. i. Smylar, *a misprint.*
360 Ed. ii. Through *Lycie* land he traveled too *Carie.*
376 „ the *for* hir (spring).
397 „
Whom thou thy wyfe and bedfellow vouchsafest for too bee.

BOOK IV.—*continued.*

435 Ed. i. displayde.
452 Ed. ii. to *for* in.
492 Ed. i. burgeous, *a misprint.*
497 Ed. ii. too *for* it.
525 Ed. i. thee *for* them, *a misprint* (*see Ov. M.*, IV., 423).
532 IV. B. emnys.
566 Ed. i. *repeats* with, *by error.*
576 Ed. ii. But yit *for* And on.
633 Ed. i. chach, *a misprint.*
644 *Both editions* heares, *a misprint* (*Ov. M.*, IV., 522, ferens).
694 Ed. i. chfilde, *a misprint.*
751 Ed. ii. of a.
754 Ed. i. disdiane, *a misprint.*
763 Ed. ii. too this same *for* even to this.
808 „ streyght became *for* tourned in.
809 „ A mightie *for* Into a.
821 „ he did.
862 „ *omits* the.
897 „ waters.
906-7 „ When Andromade . . . was nowe set free.
912 „ *omits* full *before* lightly, *and reads* juice.

BOOK V.

68 Ed. ii. he did *for* did he.
70 „ that he did.
134 „ Labelles *for* Tables.
154 „ it did *for* did it.
176 „ this *Clytie* tooke.
196 Ed. i. *omits* of *after* than, *by error.*
230 Ed. ii. he did.
262 „ Duke Phyney . . . forthought.
300 „ And *for* As.
345 „ if that *for* and if.
468 „ The third part now of all the world doth hang.
471 „ how *for* the.
511 „ fountaines Cyanee.
514 Ed. ii. tooke aunciently hir name
543 Ed. i. eake *for* take, *a misprint.*
548 Ed. ii. she did.
641 „ no *for* not.
702 „ shee dooth.
723 Ed. i. *and* Ed. ii. is *for* it, *a misprint.*
794 Ed. i. *inserts* thereof *after* part, *a misprint.*

BOOK VI.

77 Ed. ii. there commes *for* appeares
146 Ed. i. hovering, *a misprint.*
171 Ed. ii.:—
And least that tyme may from this curse hereafter.
548 Ed. ii. seene *for* wont.
661-2 „
Anon their journey came too end, anon they went a land
In *Thrace*, and streight King *Terew* . . . .
701-2 Ed. ii.—
. . . . wordes which nippingly him stung,
Did drawe out streight . . . . .
703 Ed. ii. He *for* And.
711 „ quivered.
712 „ it still *for* that it.
723 „ this tale.
744 „ agreeing fitly too.
758 „ feynds *for* feynes.
853 „ is *for* seemes.
858 „ Assurance whither *for* Resolution, if.

BOOK VII.

4 Ed. ii. the *for* his.
126 „ did then.
249 „ wandring.
318 Ed. i. *omits* tryple.
405 Ed. ii. in *for* by.
406 Ed. i. To his.
479 Ed. ii. this *for* his.
486 „ thence *for* hence.
500 „ Were bred.
510 Ed. i. enterteinde.
550 Ed. ii. sung.
551 „ prowdnesse.
558 „ hathe seene *for* behelde.

BOOK VII.—*continued.*

560 Ed. ii. hathe seene *for* beheld.
570 „ would.
632 „ Did knowe him well.
719 „ helplesse.
771 „ I did.
788 Ed. i. Astnoid, *a misprint.*
831 „ the *repeated, a misprint.*
839 Ed. ii. performing streight my vowes.
848 Ed. i. and Ed. ii. wy.
1001 Ed. ii. had given.
1060 „ like of.
1107 Ed. i. *omits* the *before* Love.

BOOK VIII.

Ed. ii. EIGHTTH.

68 Ed. ii. his *for* this.
292 „ looked.
389 „ to keepe.
440 „ (quoth hee) *for* is he.
467 „ lightly *for* likely.
522 „ Come yoonglings.
672 „ And sore *for* But yet.
678 „ one selfe same quight, *omitting* instant.

BOOK IX.

43 Ed. i. pawing armes, *by oversight*
45 Ed. ii. sprinckled.
51 „ against the.
80 „ you *for* thou.
109 „ of meales.
143 Ed. i. uppon a vaine hope.
280 Ed. ii. *Philoctes.*
283 „ the Lyons.
310 „ let them.
362 „ the torments *for* and torments.
452 Ed. i. wombe *for* bresta.
462 Ed. ii. beasts.
553 „ exceeding.
569 Ed. i. wake, *a misprint.*
579 Ed. i. *and* Ed. ii. mee; *I have restored* bee.
585 Ed. ii. no oother.
749 Ed. i. *omits* of.
751 Ed. ii. no grace.
760 „ following.
782 „ issued.
784 Ed. i. turnd.
886 Ed. ii. the uttermost.
914 „ And eke.
929 Ed. i. modther, *a misprint.*

BOOK X.

6 Ed. i. stirrring, *a misprint.*
30 Ed. ii. same howge.
67 *Both editions* oft; *I have restored* soft. *Compare* Ov. *Met.* X. 63, supremumque 'vale,' quodmia vix auribus ille acciperet, dixit.
107 Ed. ii. Pitchtree.
119 „ As overshadowed.
169 „ the tyme.
220 „ thy leaves.
328 „ get you.
345 „ the fault.
479 „ gushed.
519 Ed. i. take.
570 Ed. ii. too hyde.
645 Ed. i. rest heere, *omitting* us.
660 „ with sore, *omitting* the.
798 „ thinkst *for* thinkest.
810 „ aden.
830 Ed. ii. Least that thyne overhardinesse.
863 „ as long *for* as that.

BOOK XI.

59 Ed. i. *omits* And *before* there, *a misprint.*
78 Ed. ii. Trachian.
81 „ the *for* he.
83 „ fowler.
87 „ sore *for* for.
116 „ graunted.
117 „ he is in.
123 „ yearth.

BOOK XI.—*continued.*

198 Ed. i. make.
211 „ no woordes.
214 „ on him.
247 „ were.
328 „ thou doo.
367 „ fit.
382 „ no ende.
407 „ what ever thing.
416 Ed. i. and Ed. ii. uppo.
418 Ed. ii. of zea.
435 „ nowght.
469 „ wandred.
473 „ ioyes.
504 „ they will.
543 „ lenger.
569 „ wynd *for* wend.
605 „ lightning.
634 Ed. i. when.
641 Ed. ii. water.
673 „ aryved.
684 „ like a the stringed bow upon a cloudy sphere.
693 „ barble.
710 „ keevering.
716 „ dreame.
729 „ Queene of.
764 *sic.:* the Latin is *falso tibi me promittere noli.*—XI., 662. *Query* now?
835 Ed. ii. too shoore.
851 Ed. i. of Ceyx.
871 Ed. ii. whom.

BOOK XII.

44 Ed. ii. things is practisd every where.
54 Ed. i. are like.
55 Ed. ii. rebound.
59 Ed. i. and Ed. ii. confusely.
63 Ed. ii. For every.
94 „ woondring.
99 „ nor.
112 „ wound.
113 „ Javeling.
118 Ed. i. Axëtions, *a misprint.*
205 „ myne.
217 Ed. ii. match.
320 „ mossy ground.
354 „ The wyne.
390 „ enmye.
407 „ enmy.
432 „ the yellowe.
501 „ The stout.
523 „ become in the thing art.
561 „ enmy.
591 „ were slaine.
633 „ death.
644 „ bespoke.
650, 686 „ thintent.
664 Ed. i. It any, *a misprint.*
687 Ed. ii. wyght.

BOOK XIII.

34 Ed. i. the third.
59 Ed. ii. prayse.
130 „ this one mark.
136 Ed. i. whose same, *a misprint.*
139 Ed. ii. doo seeke.
142 „ enmyes.
203 „ With store of womans.
257 „ enmyes.
292 „ had *for* hath.
307 Ed. i. fruther, a *misprint.*
308 Ed. ii. the tent.
322 „ makes.
352 Ed. i. wha, *a misprint.*
392 Ed. ii. from.
412 „ was got.
419 „ hence amid hir.
424 „ upbray.
455 „ enmyes.
469 „ one clayme.
518 „ thintent.
531 „ as when that *Agamemnon* be
557 „ thintent.
603 „ rage yit still.
604 „ enmy.
619 „ enmyes.
639 „ the wasshing.

BOOK XIII.—*continued.*

657 Ed. ii. enmye.
659 Ed. i. see *for* shoe, a *misprint*
660 „ hard, a *misprint.*
679 Ed. ii. Troyane.
686 „ Troyans.
719 „ streames.
820 „ leavefull.
860 „ Pachinnus full.
1037 Ed. i. is was, a *misprint.*
1073 Ed. ii. Not leaning.
Ed. i. creere *for* cleere, a misprint
1089 Ed. ii. lay.

BOOK XIV.

6 Ed. i. An *for* And, *a misprint.*
170 Ed. ii. yee.
174 „ will make.
266 Ed. i. thē.
316 Ed. ii. portion.
321 „ and when *for* and that.
332 Ed. i. *and* Ed. ii. Furilochus, *a misprint.*
333 Ed. ii. take.
506 „ treason.
513 „ *inserts* shyre *after* Tyrrhene.
786 „ streyght will.
797 „ and *for* with.
980 Ed. i. ayre þ did vher [*i.e.* ayre did up her]

BOOK XV.

57 Ed. ii. Nereth.
58 „ Emesus.
179 „ Troyane.
181 „ A late.
219 „ lesser *for* better.
221 „ thy yeare.
228 „ wexing.
259 „ had.
306 „ a channell.
323 „ Then.
433 „ name is.
440 „ Cynnamon.
[508 *Read* sowles.]
702 Ed. ii. heerefore.
[721 *Read* Ambassadours.]
729 Ed. ii. they did of.
741 „ were *for* well.
770 „ boughes.
795 „ vynds.
818 „ welcomb
836 „ peercelease.
892 „ hir *for* theyr.
916 „ quyght bee.
952 „ glistred.

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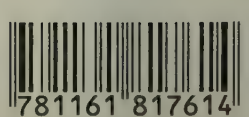

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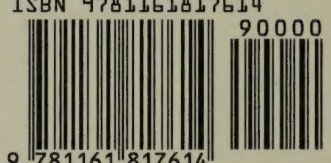
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